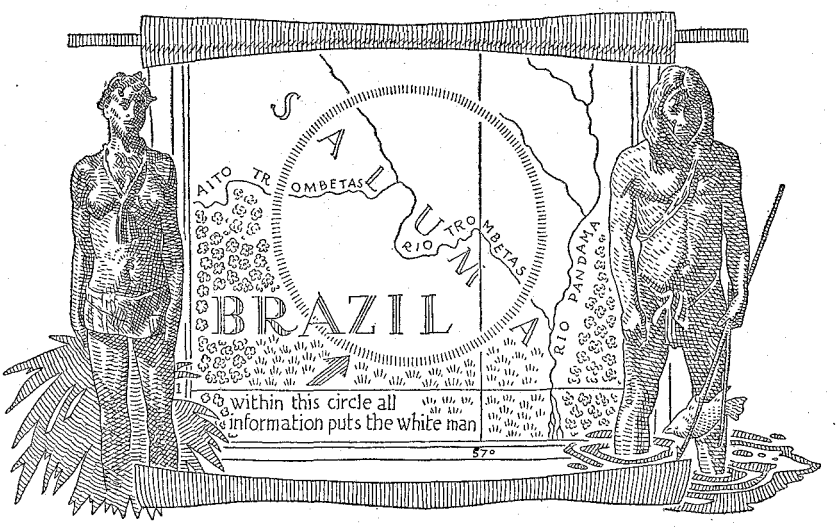
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. C JULY, 1936 NO. 1



Report on Redfern

By Desmond Holdridge

PART I

Is Paul Redfern alive? The American aviator who disappeared on a flight to Brazil in 1927 has been the subject of mysterious and exciting rumor ever since. Stories that he is a prisoner of an Indian tribe have persisted. Desmond Holdridge, who knows that region and its inhabitants, set out a short time ago to get the truth about Redfern and to find him if possible. In two articles, he tells of his adventures and of what he discovered about one of the mysteries of modern times. The second article will appear in the August SCRIBNER'S

LIKE most men with a lifetime of hereditary power behind them, Canapé looked taller than he really was and the bizarre contrast between his sloe black skin and his Dutch Colonial officer's whites did much to maintain the illusion. Mynheer Wong introduced us and even as he acknowledged the introduction, Canapé tapped the woven black cords wrapped tightly about his long, narrow head.

"You must excuse my obeah," he said, "I have been suffering from a headache."*

We both nodded and Mynheer Wong motioned us to seats by his desk.

"Canapé," the Commissioner began, "the white man is here with a letter from the Governor. He is going to ascend the Marowyne and the Tapanahoni as far as the Indian country. He will need a canoe and some men; he will need your help and I have here the letter requesting that you accord him every courtesy." He tapped the fat envelope on the desk. The arms of the House of Nassau were embossed on its heavy surface and inside was a potent missive, in both Dutch and the ungodly Djuka talkee-talkee.

"Hum," pronounced Canapé, Granman of all the upper river Djukas. Then he hitched himself over the desk. "Has the white man brought me some small present?" he asked eagerly.

Wong looked at me and I nodded.

"A watch, a bush knife of the best kind, tobacco, an umbrella, several—" I stopped, for Canapé had lifted his hand slightly.

"Then," he said, "let the white man send it to me after dark by a messenger and let the messenger say it is a gift from the Commissioner. You know," he concluded, slyly, "if some of these headstrong young fellows knew about my getting presents from him, they would say I was taking a bribe!" He laughed at the absurdity of the very idea and Wong and I dutifully laughed with him.

Then Canapé raised his voice so that it could be heard among the hangers-on who lolled about on the porch of the little administration building.

"But this is an important matter," he rumbled. "Alone I cannot decide it; it will be necessary to call a *krutu*."

He turned his head.

"Call Amokosi, Asidiri, and Buddy!" he shouted to some one outside.

"Ee-yah, pa-pa!" came a prompt reply and then there was the swift patter of bare feet on hot cement.

"You will see an interesting thing now," Wong told me. "The *krutu*

* I am not going to introduce the elaborate and tiresome machinery of translation into this account except where the translated subject matter is of sufficient importance to make the reader want to know by what means I understood what was being said to me. Also I will spell Djuka words in their most recognizable English form.

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is the African council in its purest form."

A not awkward silence fell. I looked out of the window, feeling Canapé's eyes on me, and saw the broad, yellow Marowyne. On the far shore the tin roofs of the long, sinister buildings of the penal settlement in St. Laurent reflected the blaze of the hot Guiana sunshine.

"He is observing you narrowly," murmured Mynheer Wong, in his precise English.

"I know," I replied. "When he gets done I'm going to look at him, too." So, for a few minutes I looked at a calendar, a cloud, a fly, and my feet, but always my eyes came back to the hideous prison buildings on the French shore. Cayenne. Devil's Island. Dreyfus. Hell Beyond the Seas. Forty-five per cent of the prison population dead annually. The dry guillotine.

Canapé stirred and courteously offered me the chance to examine him without the necessity of a mask. His keen, aquiline features had nothing in common with the American concept of the Negro. His lips were thin and the skull was as finely modelled as a greyhound's. The closely kinkled hair was beginning to gray. Sun wrinkles were around the river wise eyes. I forgot the horror that squatted on the opposite bank and was beginning to think about Nigeria, the Kingdom of Meli, and the possibility of some wild desert strain, when the door opened and the councillors entered.

The first was a giant; not in stature, it is true, for he was not above ordinary height; but his shoulders were unbelievable and the chest under them was a mighty contrivance riveted to a flat stomach, thick loins, and powerful legs, the whole black fabric sticking out at odd spots through the ancient undershirt and swaddling cloth he wore. He was Asidiri. Amokosi was next, a sturdy, shrewd fellow with a very pleasant face. Behind them came Buddy, lighter in color than the first two, and with an unctuous deference in his very breathing. These privy councillors were briefly introduced, whereupon they squatted on little benches they had brought with them and were silent and unobtrusive.

"Now to business," said Wong. He cleared his throat and began to read.

"'To Canapé, of the Otto lo,* Granman of the Aucaner† Bush Negroes in the Upper Marowyne and Tapanahoni Rivers: Greetings.

"'This will introduce a white gentleman who will ascend the Marowyne and Tapanahoni to investigate the report that Paul Redfern, American aviator who disappeared in 1927 on a flight to Rio de Janeiro, is alive among the Indians of the Suriname hinterland. It is requested that you give him every aid,'" etc., etc. Wong's voice droned on to the complimentary close.

"And now—" Wong laid the letter down and signed the *krutu* to begin.

"You have heard?" inquired Canapé, over his shoulder. "The white man goes up the river. He needs a canoe and paddlers. He will visit the Indians. He will look for the white man said to have fallen among them in his flying machine. The white Granman sends him."

"Ee-yah, Granman," chanted the councillors, who seemed to say yes to everything. Then the etiquette of the *krutu* bogged down the very simple affair—the hiring of a canoe and three men—in a highfaluting extravagance of form and ceremony. No one could speak to any one else directly; all communication was through a third person who chanted the ritualistic yes and thereby saved the speaker from cross examination or argument. The "dummy" would then turn to the person to whom the remarks were really addressed and say, "Have you heard?" If necessary, he stood ready to repeat it all. These proceedings generated an extraordinary atmosphere of harmony and agreement, but not a great deal was accomplished in the way of making decisions. A half hour went by before we got to such solidities as wages. The working of the *krutu* speeded up then and when I named a figure it was assented to so quickly I felt I had been overgenerous.

The matter of wages straightened out, Canapé cleared his throat, as he did each time he was ready to speak. On the last expedition that went up the river, the people had been hungry. He whistled, slapping his mouth rapidly as he did so; it was a curiously expressive gesture. Asidiri began to shuffle about uneasily.

I asked what ration the people regarded as necessary to fast travel. Asidiri cleared his throat and the Granman turned to him with a grin. He signed him to speak.

Asidiri inclined his body slightly and held his clasped hands before him. It is so the subjects stand before their ruler and the big fellow further abased himself by adopting a ridiculous treble in place of his normal rumbling bass.

"I am but a little boy," he peeped, "and it is not fitting that I speak before the Granman and such distinguished company. And I cannot say what others may wish to eat. But, *speaking for myself,* I need seven-kilos-of-rice-two-kilos-of-meat-two-kilos-of-sugar-four-kilos-of-flour-and-a-bottle-of-soy-oil. All this every seven days."

He sighed and, to my relief, stepped back. By the way he rattled it off, I was sure he had committed the whole list to memory as an unattainable ideal; it was Asidiri's notion of Djuka heaven. Fifteen kilos of food a week! That was about four-and-three-quarter pounds a day. It was splendid eating. My five hundred kilos of food would last about two months, at that rate. But we succeeded in cutting some of the items and, at last, a ration scale was agreed upon. Asidiri's mouth was watering, but quiet, crafty Amokosi was trying to catch the Granman's eye.

Then the terms of the agreement were recapitulated and the Granman promised to pick the paddlers himself and send me in his own canoe.

"It is settled," said Canapé.

"Yes, Granman." This from the Greek chorus.

And it was settled. Later Mynheer Wong spoke of the agreement.

"The Granman has given his word; there may be minor difficulties but they will take you where you are going and do exactly what the Granman has promised to do."

I had implicit faith in his words; more, perhaps, than was justified, considering that all depended on the good will of a tribe of black barbarians who feared and hated white men as their greatest enemies.

That afternoon Amokosi came to see me. "I am going as your captain and the Granman's representative," he

* The *lo* is a clan of which there are 13 in the Marowyne and Tapanahoni.

† Aucaner is the true name for this particular tribe of the runaway slaves, loosely referred to in Suriname and this account as Djukas.

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said. "Buddy and his son-in-law will also go."

"I'm glad," I replied, quite sincerely. "What about Asidiri?"

Amokosi grinned. "Oh, he can't come; I don't know why."

But, from what I later heard, old Amokosi had deftly maneuvered the greedy giant out of the job in the subsequent choosing of paddlers, and fifteen kilos a week is still Asidiri's unattainable heaven.

After tea at the government rest house, I walked about the little village that here, at the mouth of Africa's own river, succeeded in being neatly and cleanly Dutch. But, despite its Dutch flavor, Albina's beach was crowded with long, graceful canoes with lovely, curved bows, carved seats, and the lines of fish. Thick, sturdy black men were making minor repairs on them; between them, bare-breasted black women washed their gay little togas. Beyond was the broad, deep Marowyne, the flowing road, and above the town was the lurid beauty of the planet's greatest forest, a green tangle that is forest as the Himalayas are mountains and the Atlantic is the sea, an impetuous flood of chlorophyll that flows south two thousand miles to the blood-soaked swamps of the Gran Chaco, and west to where it breaks against the stark ramparts of the high Andes.

Feeling a trifle exalted by the thought that, on the morrow, the living green walls would close around my own canoe, I stepped in to see the lonely English trader who supplies the gold prospectors of the upper Marowyne with provisions. He was busy getting a canoe load together, but he paused to introduce me to a short, stocky blond man who was slightly drunk and possessed of a wildly exaggerated English accent. He was a Latvian, he said, a gold mine promoter, and he lived in St. Laurent, visiting the Dutch shore on occasion only. For some reason—no good one, I suspect—he developed, in the time it takes to drink two warm beers, a fixed desire to take me over to that piece of national sadism on the Cayenne shore.

"I'll give you a magnificent dinner," he hiccupped, genially. "We'll crack a bottle of champagne." I shook my head.

"I think I can arrange for you to see a guillotining," he continued, piling attraction on attraction. "We have ten for the knife this week. Most exciting, really, you know. The prisoners kneel in a hollow square and watch it all. Most interesting—over in a second—you must come. Ten of the blighters, too. There is a murder over there almost every day. The conditions under which they live—work—food—sun. They're bound to fight and kill each other. And when they do"—he made an expressive chop at the back of his thick, red neck with a plump hand.

I shook my head and rose. His pleasure in seeing such beastliness reacted on me most unpleasantly—it was as if he were one of the unspeakable brutes who have erected that blot on civilization. I had some trouble, later, in getting my mind off St. Laurent and back on the Marowyne.

But, in the morning, all was ready and if I had visualized myself pushing off from the beach in Albina with the Granman's own canoe under me, my pleasure in the prospect was only slightly lessened by Mynheer Wong's bright invitation to use his own launch as far as the first rapid. The launch was a sturdy, utilitarian thing of steel with a Diesel engine, and it made no pretty picture surrounded by the graceful Djuka canoes. But it did save a day's paddling and with food hard to get and hard to carry, a day saved assumed an importance it does not ordinarily have south of latitude 23° N.

Both the Commissioner and the Granman were on hand to see me off and, with Mynheer Wong translating, Canapé and I flung compliments at each other in reckless fashion. He told me it was a pleasure to have been able to help me. I said that I was deeply sensible of my debt to him; had I been his own son he could not have been kinder to me. We rested there, and I felt that the decision was mine on a technical knockout.

The Marowyne was broad and smooth and the launch ate the distance. After an hour, mountains appeared on the horizon, the Nassau Gebergte, and I discovered that no Djuka knew they were named for the ruling house of Holland. Djuka canoes poled their way upstream. Out in the middle of the slow river, canoes from the interior drove down, urged by the broad-bladed, carven paddles. Once we passed a thatched hut, in nowise different from the others on the bank except in the tint of the skin of its inhabitants; they were well-formed people who paid no attention to us, and their skin was golden.

"Ingi," said Amokosi. "Galibi." They were peaceful remnants of the Carib horde that burned, raped, and plundered its way from the middle of the continent, up into the islands of the West Indies and, mayhap, to the very coast of Florida, until, in the sixteenth century, a more accomplished plunderer with a white skin and steel weapons stepped in and showed them how the game was played in an older world.

The motor thumped, the green banks slipped by, and I began to take stock. I had a canoe and almost a half ton of things to eat. I had a rather wide experience with South American aborigines and river and bush travel were not new things to me. There were other expeditions in the field, but it was a big field—a field about the size of New England—so I was glad, rather than otherwise, that I was not the only one who took the Redfern story seriously. I had seen the remnants of one expedition in the hospital at Paramaribo; a pair of unfortunates that had been brought out of the interior forests unconscious with fever and starvation and had just missed dying. In Georgetown, I had talked with Art Williams, the flyer, of his aerial exploration of the area in which Redfern had been reported, and had heard something of the results of his rather hasty and ill-planned overland trip. And up in the Tapanahoni, two weeks ahead of me, there was a very odd crowd. Lawton, American Consular agent at Paramaribo, was leading an expedition composed of himself; Farrell, a past commander of an American Legion post in Panama; Ryan, a Hearst newspaper correspondent; and a creole guide who claimed to know the Indians.

I was thinking of the reports I had heard of the character of their provisions and preparation and, also, of the chances of my meeting them when a clamor broke out aft, among the canoemen. Or, more accurately, the constant clamor intensified and changed in character. Coming out of my Diesel-punctuated reverie, I saw a canoe ahead, with a white man's face peer-

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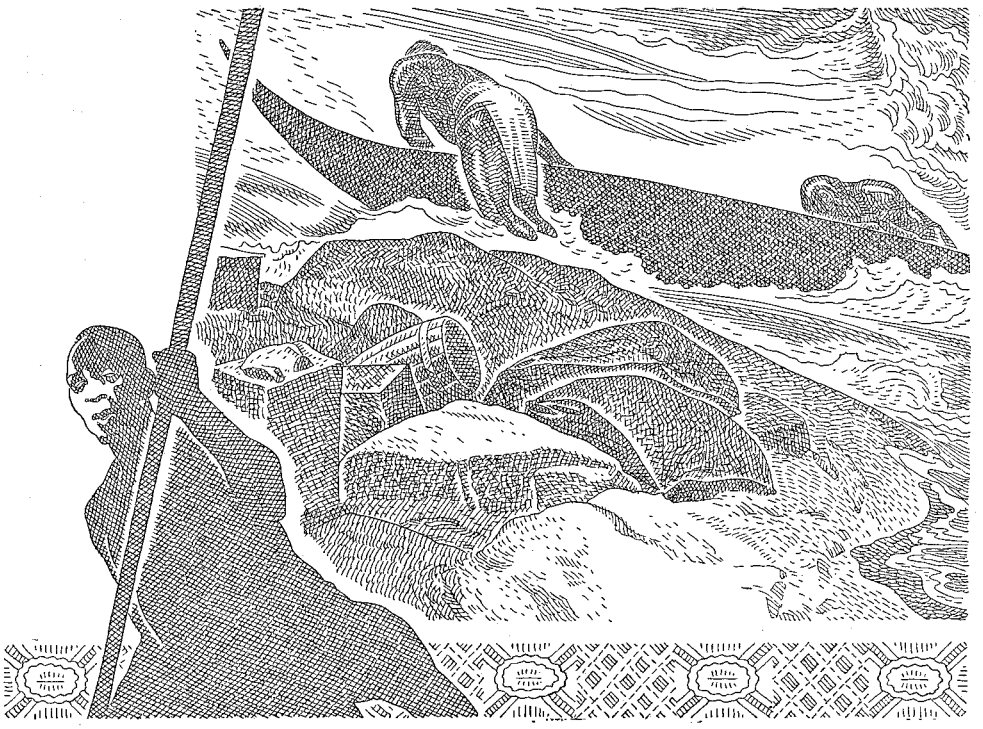

ing out of the thatch shelter aft.

"Me godoo!" exclaimed some one. "Masra Lawton!"

A small, stubborn-looking Stetson was crammed uncompromisingly down on the stiffly held head, cutting a brown line across a stubborn, pugnacious face. It was Lawton, and clearly a person with whom I must speak. I stopped the launch and we introduced ourselves. In a moment we had agreed to camp together, for the first rapid was less than a mile away.

"Do you know what I have in that canoe?" he demanded, fiercely, when we were established ashore and I had inquired after his expedition. *"Over a thousand pounds of white man's grub!* Why? Don't ask me. Those other fellows just sent it back. They said they didn't use such things in the bush. They've gone on with rice, salt fish, and salt horse. Not much of it, either.

"At Drie Tabbetje, the big Djuka village, they fired the cook and said hereafter every one must do his own cooking. Then they gave me one of those damned army mess kits and said I could cook in that. Then they laid out all the decent grub we had and said 'Back to Paramaribo with it.' So I quit."

Lawton was considerably upset over the break-up of the expedition, of which he had been the nominal leader, and for a long hour I heard of every detail of its financing, equipment, prospects, and its remaining members, Farrell, the Legionnaire, Ryan, the newspaper man, and Vanenberg, the creole guide.

I assured him that his troubles had been nothing compared to those of Roch and Pacht, the two half-dead explorers I had seen in the hospital.

"Roch and Pacht!" he bawled. "Are those two still in Paramaribo?"

"Left last week," I assured him.

"Thank God!" he sighed, and then after a brief silence he asked curiously, if I had talked with Roch. I nodded.

"What do you think?" he asked, watching my face intently.

"He was all wrong," I said.

"Right. That fellow started this Redfern story. He reported he went up a Brazilian river, saw Redfern, spent three months with him and then went out by way of Suriname. Now, the Consul in Para had him arrested for posing as a commander in the American navy and the police investigated him thoroughly. They accounted for every day he was in the Amazon Basin and said he was never off the main river. I'll show you the file when you come down."

"Fortunately," Lawton went on, "this story is based on the report that creole missionary at Drie Tabbetje sent out. It's independent of Roch's yarn. You'll see Melchers—that's the missionary—when you get up farther." Lawton hitched himself around in his chair. "By God," he said, "if I had rice for Djukas I'd go back with you; Ryan and Farrell would drop dead."

But Lawton had no rice and, in the morning, we got into our respective canoes and with a brief wave to each other started, Lawton for the coast and I for the Tapanahoni.

"Good luck," said Lawton. "I hope you find something."

"Thanks," I told him. "I'm not coming down until I've found the rights of this yarn."

Soon a turn in the river hid Lawton's canoe from sight.

And then travelling was a day-by-day monotony of hot sunshine, rippling black muscles, clunking paddles, shouts in the rapids, the mighty height of the melodramatic blue sky, and the green tapestry that hung from the tall forest wall. From my shelter aft, where I sprawled, a presumably fragile white man, I could watch Ademan, the bowman, thrust his pole into water that, here above the tidal range, was black and, turning, walk aft for eight or ten feet, driving the canoe forward in a great sweep. Aft was Buddy, the steersman, reverent, suave, and with a touch of some other blood beside that of Africa. Immediately in front of me, Duffy, a very caricature of a Negro, held cheap cigars between enormous, platter-like lips, and concocted remarkably good meals on a charcoal stove half afloat in the bilge water. Duffy was my curious town boy, who had been hired to cook and interpret.

All was beauty, monotony, and uneventfulness, though there were exceptions, of course.

Thus, a few nights above the first fall we stopped at a Djuka village on an island and Amokosi got permission for us to sleep there. The inhabitants were mostly big-breasted women and noticeably unenthusiastic about my presence. I saw little of them. But at fifteen minutes after the moonless midnight, I awoke with a start.

In the distant forest, a band of howl-

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ing monkeys made the blackness tremble. But they had not awakened me, I knew; it was something else, something close at hand. Not above, but among the other night sounds, I began to distinguish a curious clucking. In quality it was precisely like the clucking of a hen but it was a sinister sound, for it was without pitch or cadence and it had a rapid, unvarying rhythm. And then, as I lay in my hammock and tried to identify the sound, a deep voice, through which ran a thread of madness, burst on the night.

"Ee-ah! Ee-ah! Ee-ah! Ee-ah! Ee-ah! Ee-ah!" it groaned and then followed an agonized sentence ending with the words, "Masra Godoo." It was a shocking thing to hear and I can only compare it to what might be heard if a lunatic were being tortured, horribly, into the confession of a crime he was too addle-witted to have committed.

I was very frankly frightened and even though I lay in the folds of a big hammock, my knees succeeded in knocking together. Duffy heard it, too, for I could feel his hammock shudder.

"Duffy!" I called, in a low tone. "What the devil is wrong in that house?"

Back came Duffy's voice, nervous but reassuring with the weight of definite knowledge.

"Jumby, Mynheer," he whispered. "Obeah. A god come and talk through the man's mouth."

Not another cry came from the god-possessed votary and, after a time, I grew accustomed to the peculiar clucking—a rather rare night bird whose call near a village is regarded as a prophecy of death—and drifted into a fitful sleep. Just before dawn, just before the hot sun of latitude 5° N. came up over the dank forest, the obeah-charged air was burdened with the sweet sanity of New England, of commuters catching trains, office boys yawning in bed, and eggs being boiled, for the clangor of an alarm clock made in New Haven brought me to full wakefulness. The local obeah man used it to rouse himself when he had been up late.

Above this village, the Marowyne had its share of troublesome rapids and the Tapanahoni was worse, but on that river we travelled under the protection of a water god. Immediately inside of the Tapanahoni's mouth, there was a shrine on the bank. A blue and white flag hung from a tall standard; beside it there was a cross without a head, covered with the same blue and white cloth as that of which the flag was made. Before the symbols there were sacrificial offerings.

The canoe stopped, and Buddy addressed the god.

"I ask your permission to go up the river. I bring a white man with me. Let us travel without accidents, and give us a safe return. Thank you." Or so, if I believe Duffy's translation, did the prayer run.

Also, I was beginning to notice that Buddy was showily religious; a matter that made me distrust him. He always prayed loudest to his dark gods and when he had rum he made a great parade of pouring a libation on the ground for the earth-spirit, a ceremony performed by the other Djukas in a quiet and inconspicuous fashion. Buddy was Voodoo's self-righteous man, and as obnoxious in his godliness as any civilized person of the same mentality.

Inside the Tapanahoni we were involved in more falls and rapids but until we reached Granhollo Fall, we were able to drag the canoe through loaded. Granhollo, though, was a bellowing brute of a thing; the Tapanahoni flung itself over falls, benches, dikes, and dams, rushed frantically through the side channels and among the islands, tore at the roots of trees that stared out over the hurrying waters, and met Djuka cunning and experience at every turn with all the tricks and artful dodges with which a river may assault a canoe. But the Djukas were its master; Granhollo was a maniac whose every mad whim was known to them.

They portaged a thousand pounds of cargo around the thundering river and then, shouting and bawling, flinging down the gauntlet of brain and muscle to the impersonal force that opposed them, they dragged the canoe through the side channels, and, foot by foot, fought their way onward.

When they had reached a big step in the flying water I turned to Duffy, who had passed it before.

"What do they call this part of the falls?" I asked.

Duffy thought a moment and failed to remember.

"What is this part called?" he shouted to the embattled Djukas.

They bent gazes of concentrated, impotent fury on him.

"If I tell you," roared Amokosi, "the canoe will sink!"

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For the falls had a god and if his name were mentioned, he would see that feeble humans had invaded his home and he would smite them down.

But, for all their grunting, the Djukas were almost as impersonal as the river itself. And, why not? That fall was a blessing. Without these barrier cataracts that obstruct every one of the flowing roads to the interior, the slave rebellion of two centuries ago would have been a dismal failure, a crime expiated on the rack. Without the falls, the troops would have caught them, every one, and dragged them back before they could steal women from the plantations, before they could sow fields, before new shrines to the gods of Africa could be erected. But the falls stood in the way and to the Netherlanders the falls were things of another world before which they, men of the flat lands, were helpless.

And though the Djukas heaved until their muscles all but burst through their black satin skins and the veins stood out in their foreheads, they never once cursed the cataract that opposed them.

A few miles below Drie Tabbetje, the barbaric Djuka capital, we halted while Amokosi went ahead to announce my coming; in a few hours he was back; the white man could come. The village elders waited to receive him.

We had not paddled long before Amokosi told me to fire a shot; I fired it. The walls of forest were as thick around us as ever and I saw no signs of the Djuka capital. Fifteen minutes later Amokosi told me to fire two shots; I fired them, perplexed, because still I saw only the dense green riot on the banks and islands. But my shots were scarcely fired before an answering salute rang out from the bank only a hundred feet ahead and out stepped the village elders, wrinkled, age-bowed, black men, with slow firm step and rheumy eyes, dressed for most part in what appeared to be nightgowns.

I was greeted with a ceremony you associate with royal progresses and such. Then, at the instance of the eldest elder, I went through a fringe of dangling palm leaves, hung from a pole to brush out any attendant devils, and was led into the village.

It was a village of twelve hundred people and it was so screened from the river that, were it not for the presence of the canoes, it would have been possible to pass it without knowing it was there. It was a remnant of the two-century-old quarrel with the still feared white man, the strange creature of unguessable motives, who was so easily deceived in small things and so tragically cunning in the important ones.

A special house, built for the accommodation of the rare white visitor, was given to me with great ceremony, and my baggage brought in and carefully stowed. And then, in filed the elders. There was an uncomfortable silence while I sat in the one white man's chair and the old men of the council squatted on their beautifully carved benches.

Amokosi appeared near the door, caught my eye, and asked me outside for a little *krutu*. I went.

"Soapy!" said Amokosi. Then I understood; there was to be a round of drinks on me.

I sent for the soapy, as they call the fighting white rum of the land, and the strained, official atmosphere was somewhat dissipated. I called for cups and soon a drink for each of the *gran suma,* the village personages, was poured. We drank, and the dammed torrent of talk and explanation burst forth. My every move in the river was detailed by my paddlers. What Canapé said was related. What the Commissioner said was reported. What I said was told. The paddlers' pay and their rations were discussed. It took quite a long time and the rum began to work. The council cupped its collective hands and clapped them in unison, and in a like manner, they stamped their wrinkled old feet.

"Gran respekil" they chanted. *"Gran respekil"*

They said other things, but these words occurred and reoccurred. They were paying homage to me as the Granman's guest.

But the rum had a lot to do with it.

The *"gran respeki"* thing was gone through several times and at this juncture Melchers, the missionary, arrived, resplendent in a silk polo shirt and freshly piped sun helmet. He was young, about twenty-five, I think, and a mulatto or perhaps a quadroon. More important, he had a sensitive, intelligent face, and he spoke Dutch, French, English, and talkee-talkee.

While the rum-primed oldsters cackled together, I talked with him about the story of the white man with broken legs, the white man who had fallen from the plane, and lived among the Indians.

I took up a copy of the report Lawton had sent to the State Department.

"I'll read it to you," I said. "This part quotes you. You tell me if it is correct."

" 'During December, 1934, I received instructions from the central mission at Paramaribo to send some one to the Indians higher up on the river, to collect samples of Indian handicraft for an exposition to be held in Holland. I therefore dispatched a bush-Negro named Pajé with two boys to the upper river. He returned in February of 1935 and stated that while at an Indian village (name unknown), he was told of a white man who had come out of the sky, had both legs broken and was living in an Indian village only three hours from where he was, but as he was not interested and was about out of food, he did not take the trouble to go and see him. The statement was made to me before the report of Roch's discovery reached the colony and at the time I did not take much stock in the story.

" 'On April 15 there entered the hospital at Drie Tabbetje an Indian named Kapan from the village of Sapukunu on the Paloemeu River, suffering from yaws. He remained in the hospital one and one-half months.

" 'In the meantime, I had received a letter from the district commissioner at Albina requesting that I make inquiries regarding Redfern. I questioned Kapan, but it was nearly a month before I succeeded in obtaining any information from him. After threatening to stop his treatment he told me that there was a white man on the Paloemeu River in the village of a Piaiman,* that he, Kapan, had seen him and that he was crippled so that he could not walk, that he had come out of the sky and he had seen his machine which was wrecked on the savannah and not on a mountain. Also that one Sapukunu, who was chief of the village where he lived and after whom the village was named, had helped the white man from the machine when he had crashed.' "

I looked at him inquiringly.

* Witch doctor.

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"Yes, si-ir," he said, slowly and carefully. "This is the story. Only the Indian fellow name be Kapau; Kapan is badly spell."

"What did Kapau call the airplane?"

"Paranakiri Kanoa—a white man's canoe. He said it came through the air with a great roaring."

Now, the reliability of the story Melchers had told Lawton depended on two things: his personal integrity and the accuracy with which the statement of the Indian, Kapau, had been understood.

"How did you manage to communicate with Kapau?" I asked, curiously.

"I speak his language," Melchers said, with a confident smile.

"You speak his language, yourself?"

"Surely."

"Then you have travelled up there?"

"No-o-o—I haven't. But I was among the Galibi on the coast and they are speaking the same language as these top-side Indians."

This was an interesting point; both the Galibi of the coast and the tribes of the frontier were Carib peoples, speaking Carib languages, much as the French, Italians, Spanish, and Portuguese are Latins speaking Latin languages. But, despite a basic similarity in the tongues, a knowledge of one does not give the ability to understand a difficult story in another.

Fortunately, I had a small Trio vocabulary collected by General Rondon, the Brazilian explorer who escorted Theodore Roosevelt down the River of Doubt. This I checked against a similar vocabulary collected by a French explorer fifty years ago, from the same Indians. Since the missionary's ability to understand what had been told him was so all-important, I chose ten common words from the Rondon vocabulary and asked him to tell me the words as he knew them.

He made a score of only 60 per cent correct.

This would indicate, I feel, that he would be able to understand the general drift of a story told him by an upper Tapanahoni Indian, but might very easily make a bad mess of the details. On the other hand, Melchers spoke the talkee-talkee fluently and Pajé had told him the same story as he had heard, or thought he had heard from the Indian, Kapau.

We were interrupted at this point by the village council taking an alcoholically dignified farewell. When they left we got back to the matter of the white man up on the savannah.

"Do you believe," I asked him, "that Paul Redfern is alive, up there?"

"I do not be able to say the white man be Mr. Redfern," Melchers replied, "but I do be sure there have a white man top-side who fell in an airplane. Now, here is one part no one else know. There have a Djuka here who just come from the bush. He travels with the Indians and he tell me the Indians talk of a white man named Tukuyenu."

"Can I see him today?"

"Right now; he is to my house."

So we crossed to the mission on an island opposite the Djuka village and there I was introduced to Hernesi, the bush-Negro who knew about Tukuyenu. The conversation was too rapid and complicated for me to follow but Melchers translated.

"He is say that he was in Kumarú village—that is an Ulukuyana village far up the Tapanahoni—and his Indian friend there had a knife and a spool of wire of different kind what he did never seen before. He ask the Indian where it was coming from and this Indian say a white man, named Tukuyenu, was give it to him."

The Tukuyenu story was long and a great deal of cross-examination was necessary. It emerged in this form. In some village over in the Brazilian savannah a white man had appeared. He was in great danger of some kind and had claimed to have almost been killed in a fashion Hernesi could not understand. He had been among the Indians for seven or eight years and by an Indian woman had three fair-haired children. More Hernesi did not know but he would take me to the Indian who told him the story.

And there the matter rested as far as any one in Drie Tabbetje could tell me. No one knew more; for the rest I had to go higher up the river for there was Pajé's story to check, and there was the interesting Tukuyenu, the white man who, in some mysterious fashion, had almost been killed and who had three fair-haired children by an Indian woman. Clearly the answer lay with the Indians, up river.

We had not finished talking entirely when some of the old men came in. They arranged another man for me and two small canoes. Amokosi was resigning; he was peeved at Hernesi's going and when Hernesi heard of it he simply walked off into the bush and returned no more.

So, still another man had to be found and by the time the prolonged arguments and conferences incident to the affair were over, I felt like a rag.

Outside the neat little house, the life of the village went on. From time to time a tom-tom sounded, drumming out a rhythm to Africa's ancient gods. At my front door, a Dutch flag fluttered; at my back door there was a big obeah shrine. Before the shrine's banner there was placed a sacrificial bottle of Holland gin—a jolly old god lived there, to all appearances. But I felt lonely and the pulse of the tom-tom made me keenly aware of the fact that I was one white man in an African village, strangely lost up a New World river. I should have been warned by the very keenness of my sensation of loneliness and taken a big dose of quinine but, instead, I wrote letters I had intended to make long ones but, in the end, made quite short because the very writing made me feel worse. I sealed the letters for a canoe going down the following day and, after my nightly ten grains of quinine, tumbled into my hammock.

It was only when I began to shiver with cold and fell into troubled sleep to awake, hours later, drenched in sweat, that I realized I had had a light touch of fever.

At daylight, though, I had a slight headache only. Outside, I could hear the mumbling of old men's voices, and peering out, I saw the whole village council assembled around the shrine. They were talking and praying and had the air of men listening to perfectly plain answers.

"Dey talking to the god!" said Duffy, coming in with breakfast. "So dey does when white people come."

I never found out who the god was nor what he said but my surmise that he was a jolly old god was fully confirmed for, from time to time, his votaries burst out laughing as if he were telling them funny stories. The talk with the god wound up with cackles of laughter and the old men filed in to say good morning. They all looked mightily pleased and well disposed to-

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ward me. From later events, I suspect that the god told them I was the biggest fool ever to invade the river.

Some small attempt to make me stay another day was frustrated and at a fairly early hour I was in the river again, the long bows of the two canoes rippling the black water.

A few miles upstream, two canoes flying Dutch flags appeared and in a moment we were alongside them. McDonald and Kersoud, two educated mixed bloods, were in them and it developed that they had been quietly despatched by the canny Dutch government to investigate the Redfern story. They had been up the Tapanahoni for a long way and had stayed for three weeks in Yulu, an Indian village near the Brazilian border.

"We came back because we had no facilities for going on. We had Kapau with us and he . . ."

"Kapau!" I exclaimed. "Why he's the man who said he saw Redfern!"

McDonald smiled dolefully.

"He says he didn't. We have Pajé right here in the canoe and he says that he knows nothing about the story."

Pajé was a short, slightly bald little Djuka and at once I brought out Lawton's report to the State Department and read it to him. McDonald translated it, sentence for sentence.

"It's a lie!" shouted Pajé. "I never said such a thing!"

"There you are," McDonald shrugged.

"Well," I said, "that about settles the story, doesn't it?"

McDonald smiled wanly, for he was half sick. And then he said a very curious thing.

"Of course," he remarked, ruminatively, "if we had had the right equipment, we would have crossed the frontier, made a canoe, and dropped down the river to where the Indians say the man is."

"But I thought the story was a fake!" I said, surprised.

"Oh, I suppose it is," said McDonald, gloomily. "Maybe you'll meet Mr. Ryan; we saw him at the second Indian village."

And then they shoved off, leaving me very much bewildered. Kapau said he knew nothing and Pajé said it was all a lie. And still there was something the two creoles had heard or they would not have talked about making a canoe and dropping down a Brazilian river. And there was still Tukuyenu to investigate. When I was through, I wanted every avenue for a new Redfern legend closed. And to close them I had to investigate Tukuyenu, and whatever had made McDonald consider descending a Brazilian river. But my heart was not in it as it had been when I thought the story true.

The new boys were vile workers; they talked and played and paddled very little. Finally, a growing sense of irritation made me order Duffy to tell them to get a move on. At once bedlam broke loose.

"Does the white man think the Indians are around the corner? Have we got to be engines? We'll leave him at once if he talks this way!" They were very truculent about it and I wanted to go on, so I subsided. But plainly there was trouble ahead.

The net result was that it took us three days to go to the last Djuka village on the river, a place called Granbori; ordinarily one day and a half would have been enough.

Granbori was not large but religiously it was very important. No headman met me here but a felanti, or priest for the Voodoo shrine, came to perform the ceremony of "taking me out of the canoe."

A *krutu* was called and here it was that I had my first suspicion that the Redfern story might be a true one. The elders of the village drank my rum, laid the groundwork for future grafting, and asked why I had come. I spoke of Redfern and they all said they had never heard of a white man being among the Indians. They made a great point of this, but while they were talking an ancient dame who held herself erect with a crooked stick came in and began to talk. Her voice was high and reedy but the men listened respectfully and, I thought, without pleasure, for their glances in my direction were uneasy.

I heard the word Ingi, which means Indian, then Saluma, the name of a tribe of the Upper Trombetas region, in Brazil, and then the word bakra—white man. She spoke lowly but with emphasis, in the manner of a person imparting a weighty secret.

"Duffy!" I bawled. "Come quick!"

Poor Duffy was terribly clumsy and shaky on his pins and he tripped and fell twice in his rush to answer this suddenly urgent call.

"Ask the old girl what she just said!" I instructed him.

"Oh, nothing at all," the crone told him, "I was just talking."

"But what was it?" I pressed. She still maintained it was nothing and finally she said she had merely been saying that the Indians traded dogs a great deal.

It was a lie; I was sure she was saying something about a white man and the Saluma, but she would not talk.

Discouraged I went to the hut allotted me and found a choice crowd of Djuka women waiting to beg rice and sugar. Wearily I explained that I needed these things for myself and my paddlers and assiduously they rubbed their bellies. At this moment Duffy came in.

"Mynheer," he said, "doan listen too much to dem Djuka. Dem lie plenty. If dem doesn't understand why a white man axe a t'ing, dem lies. Mostly dem lies anyway. Dem so afraid of white man dem *won't* tell de trut' to him. I was up with Doctor Kahn a month ago; we come dis far and den we go back from de fall just above here. But we meet Indian dere and dem Indian say dere have a white man wid de Saluma."

At this moment, the light from the door was cut off and, turning, I beheld a young man with tawny skin, shoulder long black hair, a red loin cloth and a bow. His body was smeared with red paint and just behind him was a girl, as tawny as himself, and naked but for a scanty square of red calico dangling from a cord around her slender waist.

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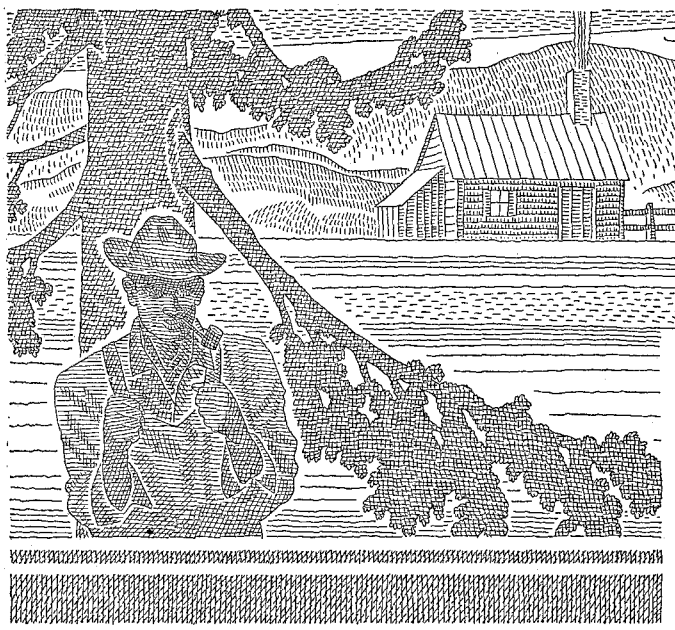
Humor and America

By Max Eastman



DAVY CROCKETT
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
MARK TWAIN
ARTEMUS WARD
JOSH BILLINGS
RING LARDNER

Most essays on humor are solemn. This is full of laughter. American culture began a hundred years ago in American humor, declares Mr. Eastman. Our nation born in an era of skeptical common sense takes a cultural direction entirely different from that of Europe, created in an age of imaginative belief

ONCE I called on a famous psychologist in Europe, and in the course of a not too psychological conversation received some advice.

"I want you to go home," he said, "and write a book on America, and I will tell you what to call it. *Misgeburt*—what is that word in English? No, not *monster*. *Miscarriage*—that's it. The *Miscarriage of American Culture*—that shall be the title of your next book, and you will tell the truth about the whole awful catastrophe."

We laughed, somewhat unsymmetrically, at this jest and I asked:

"What makes you hate America so?"

"Hate it?" he said. "I don't hate America, I regret it. I regret that Columbus ever made the mistake of discovering it!"

It happens that I am as a patriot rather slow to boil. I think of myself instinctively as a citizen of the world and have the habit of discussing the defects and merits of my native land—except for its plumbing conveniences, about which I brook no two opinions—in a mood of cool appraisal. Therefore this violence of idea, in a great authority on the manner in which violent ideas are formed, stimulated rather than incensed me. America *has* failed to shine in most branches of human culture which transcend the mood of the matter-of-fact. We are a hard-surfaced folk, or have been. Our serious culture is like one of those modernist plays enacted on a bare stage with no back-drop and no scenery—and withal a sentimental play. We have used our brains well, but not our imaginations, not our emotional perceptions. We lack "depth"—whatever depth is—and we lack fineness.

I recognize all these facts and sense a validity in the view-point of the old-world critic. And yet as I left his study I settled back with a very comfortable feeling into being an American, and being a part of the process of creating an American culture. My feeling was not only comfortable, but also a little gleeful, a little on the laughing side. It was as though I had said to the old man: "It is just as well you don't understand our system—wait till the home-stretch and we'll show you."

The basic thing historically is that America was born late, and spent her youth with grown-up brothers and sisters. She is precocious—or she is "old-wise," to translate a better German term. I mean in so far as she is wise at all, and not like all other countries full of dead men and clods. Our earliest heroes—Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Tom Paine—were disbelievers in the legends in which all other early heroes lived and breathed. They were heroes of the matter-of-fact, and of will and resolution based upon a knowledge of it. A lot of religious and cultural top-hamper that came over with us on the ships, and then the long and pious effort of our second-rate geniuses to imitate it, has obscured this fact. Where other "national minds" were born in an atmosphere of imaginative belief, ours was born in an atmosphere of skeptical common sense. It was born with the industrial revolution and with modern science.

"Poets," said Benjamin Franklin, in a poem almost bad enough to prove it, "are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind."

This does not mean that we are standing still at a goal. It means that we are moving in a different direction. We started in fact and are moving toward imagination; other cultures have moved the other way. I have no assur-

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ance where we shall come out. It may be impossible to work this process backward. But if it is not, then those other more imaginative cultures will fade out and die. For facts *are* facts, and once they are known you cannot with inward dignity deny them. I think and hope that American poets will find a way to unleash the imagination, and cultivate subtleties of feeling, without losing that inestimably precious sense of hard fact which is instinctive with us and not a thing that we have slowly had to learn. Nothing could be more interesting than to try to do this. No national mission, or adventure, could be more exciting.

That is why I felt comfortable in returning to my own nest of Americanness, after agreeing with so much that the great man in Europe said. Why I felt like laughing, is not so easy to tell. It may be that I was retreating into the fastnesses of our own cultural territory. I was running up the flag on our sole impregnable fortress. For America *has* unleashed imagination and cultivated feelings in the one realm where, held down by that harsh sense of fact, she instinctively could—the realm of humor. "You may laugh at our crudity and make jokes about Columbus, but we could make a better joke and laugh with more imagination." That is perhaps what I was saying to the old man. That is what I want to say here.

It is no accident that Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln—both men in whom humor took the place of ideological anchorings—became and have remained in the world's eyes the representative Americans. Their headstrong sensibleness, their steadfast confrontation of fact, and their adjustment through humorous emotion to the predicament in which facts, steadfastly confronted, place the wishful heart of man, is the key-note of our culture if we have one.

There was hardly a bolder and lonelier thing a man could do in Lincoln's place, than crash through military discipline with acts of human mercy. There, if anywhere, he needed the support of angels or ideas. "Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good," he would say to the indignant military. Or: "I put it to you to decide for yourself; if God Almighty gives you a cowardly pair of legs, how can you help their running away with you?" And in this acceptance with a quizzical playful emotion of life's ultimate predicament, his mind would find rest, his will the requisite support. It is not a trivial or incidental thing to be as humorous as Lincoln was.

"I'm quite sure," said Mark Twain, "that . . . I have no race prejudices, and I think I have no color prejudices nor caste prejudices nor creed prejudices. Indeed, I know it. I can stand any society. All that I care to know is that a man is a human being—that is enough for me; he can't be any worse."

In that, it seems to me, you have the whole temper and equilibrium of Mark Twain's mind, the ruthless vision—out of those hawk's eyes—and the laughter. You cannot separate the two as solemn critics do, and arrive at something called "Mark Twain's philosophy." Facts are awful, but you can be honest if you laugh—that was his "philosophy."

I am not saying that these attitudes are final, but just the opposite, that they are the starting point of a distinctively American culture, and that nothing is final. In order to see them so, however, it is necessary to disregard most of what has been done by the historians, for they call American culture everything that developed on this continent. I can find roots running back, but I think American culture as a distinct entity began not so very early in the nineteenth century. And it has its natural beginning, just as all national cultures have, in a mythology—a mythology which has been described, rather unfortunately, as the "tall talk" of the western frontier. If you want to see how much more it is than that, you should read a few pages of Lowell Thomas's sapless collection of "Tall Stories," and compare it with a page of Constance Rourke's chapter on "The Gamecock of the Wilderness" in her book about *American Humor*. I spare you the sample from Lowell Thomas, but here is a page from Constance Rourke's rich book. She is describing the legends which grew up around the historic figure of Davy Crockett.

> The story of his life in one of the almanacs began by picturing him as a baby giant planted in a rock bed as soon as he was born and watered with wild buffalo's milk. Another declared that as a boy he tied together the tails of two buffaloes and carried home five tiger cubs in his cap. In another he wrung the tail off a comet, and announced that he could "travel so all lightnin' fast that I've been known to strike fire agin the wind." . . . On one of his adventures he was barred by an "Injun rock so 'tarnal high, so all flinty hard that it will turn off a common streak of lightnin' and make it point downward and look as flat as a cow's tail." Once he escaped up Niagara Falls on an alligator. "The alligator walked up the great hill of water as slick as a wild cat up a white oak."

In the end he became a demigod, and spoke in his own person:

> One January morning it was so all screwen cold that the forest trees were stiff and they couldn't shake, and the very daybreak froze fast as it was trying to dawn. The tinder box in my cabin would no more ketch fire than a sunk raft at the bottom of the sea. Well, seein' daylight war so far behind time I thought creation war in a fair way for freezen fast: so, thinks I, I must strike a little fire from my fingers, light my pipe, an' travel out a few leagues, and see about it. Then I brought my knuckles together like two thunderclouds, but the sparks froze up afore I could begin to collect 'em, so out I walked, whistlin' "Fire in the mountains!" as I went along in three double quick time. Well, arter I had walked about twenty miles up the Peak O'Day and Daybreak Hill I soon discovered what war the matter. The airth had actually friz fast on her axes, and couldn't turn round; the sun had got jammed between two cakes o' ice under the wheels, an' thar he had been shinin' an' workin' to get loose till he friz fast in his cold sweat. C-r-e-a-t-i-o-n! thought I, this ar the toughest sort of suspension, an' it mustn't be endured. Somethin' must be done, or human creation is done for. It war then so anteluvian an' premature cold that my upper and lower teeth an' tongue war all collapsed together as tight as a friz oyster; but I took a fresh twenty-pound bear off my back that I'd picked up on my road, and beat the animal agin the ice till the hot ile began to walk out on him at all sides. I then took an' held him over the airth's axes an' squeezed him till I'd thawed 'em loose, poured about a ton on't over the sun's face, give the airth's cog-wheel one kick backward till I got the sun loose—whistled "Push along, keep movin'!" an' in about fifteen seconds the airth gave a grunt, an' began movin'. The sun walked up beautiful, salutin' me with sich a wind o' gratitude that it made me sneeze. I lit my pipe by the blaze o' his top-knot, shouldered my bear, an' walked home, introducin' people to the fresh daylight with a piece of sunrise in my pocket.

Is it any wonder that this childlike and savage imaginative explosion, crashing in on the refined habits of English literary humor of the genteel tradition, gave rise to the idea that exaggeration is the sole thing at which Americans laugh? Expressing, as Miss Rourke says, "an exhilarated and possessive consciousness of a new earth and even of the wide universe," these legendary heroes found no room to exist in British drawing rooms of the Victorian era. They were indeed too big for that. But among their own companions—and the companions of Davy

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Crockett are Theseus and Hercules, Thor and Baldur—these American heroes are not distinguished by size, but by humor. All mythical heroes have been exaggerations, but they have been serious ones. America came too late for that. Her demi-gods were born in laughter; they are consciously preposterous; they are cockalorum demi-gods. That is the natively American thing—not that her primitive humor is exaggerative, but that her primitive exaggerations were humorous.

I am not very strong in history—it is one of the things I have put off writing until I should have time to read up on it. But it seems to consist of riding some idea through a morass of facts that would bog you down and drown you if you were not mounted. And I should like to propose a brief history of American literature, of American imaginative culture, in which the idea would be that it is only about one hundred years of age, and is not to be regarded as a gradual deposit of calcium in the backbone and vision in the eyes of nice white-handed New England teachers and preachers, mastering a graceful penmanship and learning to write almost as well as the English poets, but as a rough laughing growth springing up out of the struggles of the pioneers, and having its background in a humorous mythology, in legendary heroes taken as a joke.

If imagination is what we failed of in our belated infancy, it is in this humorous mythology rather than our sober poets that we began vigorously to have it. And it is in the humorists, rather than the poets, that, up to recent times at least, this vigor of imagination flourished. This was what made them something of a sensation in the world. They did of course exaggerate. Imaginative humor runs out automatically into exaggeration. How could you play laughing-havoc with the qualities of things, and not pile them up into quantities that also overwhelm the mind? The two things go together like size and shape—the inordinate quantity and the preposterous image. Ring Lardner said that "if the penalty for selling honest old beer to minors was a $100 fine why two to fourteen years in a meat grinder would be mild for a guy that sells white pop on the theory that it is a drink." As a modification of the penal code that is indeed extreme, but it is also—is it not—fantastic? And the fantasy, not the extremeness, is what makes Ring Lardner's hand unmistakable in the writing of it.

> At high noon the wind was blowing a 2 inch gale backwards and neither scow would move, so the starter postponed it till along came a breath of fresh air, which was a ¼ to 2". Then away went the two sloops like a snail with paralysis.

> They were in Brock's inner office, the walls of which were adorned with autographed pictures of six or seven of the more celebrated musical comedy stars, and a too-perfect likeness of Brock's wife, whom he had evidently married in a dense fog.

> She smiled and Rita noticed her teeth for the first time. Most of the visible ones were of gold, and the work had evidently been done by a dentist for whom three members of a foursome were waiting.
> "Does she think," said Stu, "that just because she comes from the golden State she has to run around with a mouthful of nuggets?"

That is the way Ring Lardner exaggerates. And here is Mark Twain:

> "Kings" and "kingdoms" were as thick in Britain as they had been in little Palestine in Joshua's time, when people had to sleep with their knees pulled up because they couldn't stretch out without a passport.

> I own millions and millions of feet of affluent silver leads in Nevada—in fact the entire undercrust of that country nearly, and if Congress would move that State off my property so that I could get at it, I would be wealthy yet.

> Twenty-four years ago, I was strangely handsome. . . . In San Francisco, in the rainy season I was often mistaken for fair weather.

> Pa's got a few buck-shot in him, but he don't mind it 'cause he don't weigh much anyway.

You can find all the exaggerations you want in Baron Munchausen, but you cannot find a phrase to match those in any writer of English before Mark Twain. Even Lord Byron's wit was not lighted with these exploits of poetic humor. In Charles Dickens you could search all day for a phrase to print on the page with them. "Mark Twain can be quoted in single sentences," says Stephen Leacock, "Dickens mostly in pages." But all vigorously imaginative minds can be quoted in sentences—all of the tribe of Shakespeare. And American humorists, casual and unsustained as their flights are, belong to the tribe of Shakespeare. It is as though that revival of an Elizabethan gleam and range of vision which we call the romantic movement, and which occurred in poetry in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, occurred a half century later in the United States and in humor instead of poetry.

Comic imagination, then, or what I prefer to call poetic humor, would stand not only at the beginning, but close to the center of my briefer history of America's imaginative culture. Another feature of my history would be our humor troubadours. For America has not only a comic mythology; she has had her minstrelsy of laughter too, her jesting tramps or gleemen, who got about by making people smile instead of singing to them. Artemus Ward was the prince of this tribe, a travelling printer who could write "copy," and subsequently a platform entertainer. And he brought something from his Eastern home that was not to be found at all in that loud humor of the pioneers. It was not exactly what we call a "dry New England wit," and I am not sure but he got it out of his own bosom rather than out of some abstraction called New England. It was what underlies that dry wit in a laughter-loving rather than a caustic mind—a taste for pure absurdities. Artemus Ward liked to speak out before the public the kind of "foolishness" that is indulged at home. Phrases like "of the same similarness," or "Why is this thus? What is the cause of this thusness?" acquired a delicious drollness on his lips. He made people laugh by saying things that made absolutely no sense, or which there was absolutely no sense in saying.

> I was born in the state of Maine of parents.

> One of the peculiarities of my lecture is that it contains so many things that haven't anything to do with it.

He used to have with him when lecturing on the Mormons a panorama representing what he saw in Utah. In his picture the lion on Brigham Young's gate had a ridiculously elongated tail. He would point to it and say: "Yonder lion, you will observe has a tail. It will be continued a few evenings longer." It appears that his British audience could hardly hold their joy when he pointed to one of the Nevada mountains and said in a modestly informing tone: "The highest part of that mountain is the top."

It is of course impossible to revive the alluring plausibility which his pres-

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ence could impart to such a statement, how he could make the whole mortal being of a listener move with breathless playful expectation to this simple fall. We merely know that it was true. When it came to making humor humorous—and it very often does—Artemus Ward seems to have had no equal among men. No man on the platform was ever more successful or more loved.

I think the unique quality of his humor can be conveyed, after a fashion, by saying that his jokes were almost always blunt. If they had a point, he would slur it in the utterance so that you could hardly catch the gleam. And frequently they had no point. And frequently they would seem to lose their point, or forget all about it, and go wandering off in search of some ludicrous situation or image.

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well, it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

Artemus Ward was not perhaps more gifted than other American humorists, but his gift was more unusual. He was, like Poe among our poets, a prodigy. And like Poe he was so recognized in Europe as well as in America. After his first London lecture in 1866, *Punch*, in an editorial ovation, advised "funny men on or off the stage, to hear Artemus Ward 'speak his piece' at the Egyptian Hall, and then, in so far as in them lies, to go and do likewise.

"To be sure Artemus Ward's delivery of fun is 'un-English.' But there are a good many things English one would like to see un-Englished. Gagging, gross, overdone low comedy is one of them. Snobbishness is another. The two go hand in hand. One of the best of many good points of Artemus Ward's piece is that it is quite free from all trace of either of these English institutions."

Those who think that British humor is a very subtle fluid whose quiet stream has been disturbed by the coarse loud guffaws of the Americans, may learn something from these lines. The fact is that Artemus Ward so surprised London with the possibility of a gentle grace and mental quietness in platform humor, that all English society was excited about it. Even the heavy-sitting queen was lifted by the general wave of enthusiasm.

"The most delightful fooling," she said, "that it has ever been our good fortune to hear. During his extraordinary prologue the audience fairly laughed till they could laugh no more, for the strange, quaint, quiet, gentlemanly humor of the lecturer was irresistible."

"Never was an American in London so beloved," said Moncure D. Conway, and Charles Reade nick-named him "Artemus the delicious." "His jokes," said *The London Times*, "are of the true transatlantic type to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel."

It would be easy, with such a lead, to exaggerate Artemus Ward's Americanness. In his love for pure absurdity, he must take his place with Lewis Carroll as an event in world literature rather than an American event. Chesterton has said that the Victorians "discovered nonsense," and it is true that they were first in the pure love of it. But their nonsense derives some sense from the fact that it was designed for the entertainment of children. Their pointless jokes have always that point. That serious thought sustains many a true lady and gentleman in the indignity of enjoying them. It gives moreover a flavor of condescension, almost a baby-talk flavor, to some of their finest foolishness. Artemus Ward's delicious adsurdities were for grown-up minds. He loved nonsense with a manly and mature love.

Unfortunately for the world, he died in the midst of those lectures in London, when he had barely become conscious of his powers. No literary monument exists to perpetuate his rare spirit. Only in the testimony of those who heard him, and in collected fragments—here too like the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe—is the original quality of his mind to be perceived. But almost as Poe stands at the source of a tendency toward "pure poetry," or poetry as an art and not a preachment, so Artemus Ward stands at the source of a tendency toward pure humor—toward the cultivation of absurdity so exquisitely that it is treasured without condescension for its own sake.

It is the blending of these two strains—the primitive vigor of imagination and the mature enjoyment of nonsense—that gives its distinct flavor to American humor. Both Mark Twain and Josh Billings were aware of this flavor, and tried to identify it by isolating the word "humor" for the purpose. Mark Twain said that the art of telling a "humorous," as opposed to a "comic," or a "witty" story, "was created in America and has remained at home." And Josh Billings apologized for the failings of this art by explaining that "Americans haven't had time yet to bile down their humor and git the wit out ov it."

Josh Billings was a crude character in comparison to Mark Twain—a "cracker-box philosopher," and on some subjects rather more of a cracker-box than a philosopher. But he possessed these two gifts, the comic vision and the liberated taste for foolishness, in a degree that enabled him to create a new artistic form. He would appear in our brief and reckless history as the father of imagism. For he was the first man in English literature to set down on his page, quite like a French painter reared in the tradition of art for art's sake, a series of tiny highly polished verbal pictures, and leave them there for what they might be worth.

The crane is neither flesh, beast, nor fowl, but a sad mixtur ov all theze things.

He mopes along the brinks of kreeks and wet places, looking for sumthing he haz lost.

He haz a long bill, long wings, long legs, and iz long all over.

When he flies thru the air, he is az graceful az a windmill, broke loose from its fastenings.

The gote is a koarse wollen sheep.

They have a good appetite, and a sanguine digestion.

A maskuline gote will fite ennything, from an elephant down to his shadder on a ded wall.

They strike from their but-end, instead ov the shoulder, and are as liable to hit as a hammer is a nail-hed.

They kan klime ennything but a greast pole, and know the way up a rock, az natral az a wood-bine. . . .

The Duk iz a kind ov short legged hen.

They kan sale on the water as eazy as a grease spot.

Duks hav a broad bill which enables them tew eat their food without enny spoon.

Thare ain't any room on the outside of a duk for enny more feathers.

The duk don't kro like a rooster, but quaks like a duk.

There is little in New England poetry up to that date as graphic as some of this Poughkeepsie auctioneer's meta-

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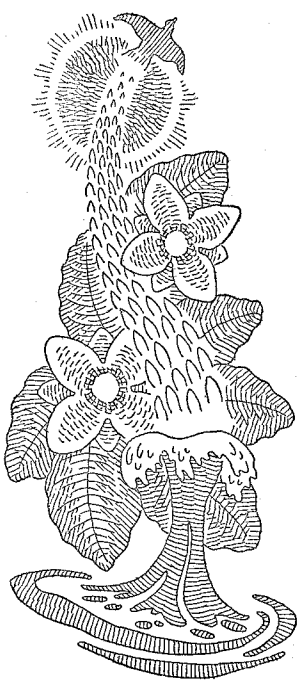
phors—nothing quite comparable to his statement that goats "know the way up a rock as natural as a wood-bine," which is Homeric. Our history would make much of the originality of Josh Billings, and also of his crudity—for our whole history would be of something crude.

We should also devote a considerable and animated section to the great American art of laughing at oneself—that "humor of discomfiture written in the first person," which Leacock again says "absolutely distinguishes" Mark Twain from Dickens. It was not original with us, nor with any one in history. But with us, I think, it first became a humorous convention. It first seemed the natural and appointed way to engage a reader in the joys of ridicule. One of the most interesting processes in cultural history, and most indisputable, has been the steady playing down of cruelty, and playing up of sympathy, in laughter. And this tendency of American humor stands at the height of that curious, and seemingly almost Christian, development. When you have taken upon your own person a defect or misfortune with which you propose to invite laughter, you are surely not inviting sneers. That is what Constance Rourke means, perhaps, by attributing to American humor as a whole a quality of "tenderness." A more complete and universal understanding of the mood of play would probably describe it better.

We hold ourselves up to laughter because we believe in laughter. We understand it, and know how to distinguish it from snarling and showing of teeth. We believe in being humorous. We believe in it more with our souls than most civilized folk. And this, if my hypothesis about our general culture is correct, is because we have had the energy and the abounding spirits of a young nation, and yet our childhood fell in a day of skepticism instead of animal faith. We have made more of humor because deprived in infancy of serious childish fancies.

Such in outline would be my chapter on humor as the origin and almost the central stem of America's distinctly own imaginative culture. It would go on to tell, of course, how this native tree of laughter, rooted in a humorous mythology, grew to its height in Mark Twain and his contemporaries, and then about the time of his death suddenly burgeoned out all over the sky and with a violent hilarity, and a certain thinning of the life-sap, blossomed. We might call our chapter *The Root, Stem and Petals of American Humor.* It would not agree with the prevailing opinion that this recent phenomenon, this still continuing shower of arrantly hilarious laughter, known variously as The Newer Nonsense, the Larger Lunacy, the Higher Goofyism—or "Humor Gone Nuts," as Donald Ogden Stewart calls it—is an essentially new departure. It is the natural bloom of the tree. It was all foretold and predestined in the riotous mythology of the pioneers and in Artemus Ward's consecration of absurd nonsense—two things which might almost exonerate Columbus for his little mistake, a natural one after all when sailing west for India, in discovering America.

That would not be the whole of our history. It would say much of Edgar Allan Poe, stifled in this cold climate of fact because he lacked the gift of laughter. And it would say more of Walt Whitman, so like Mark Twain in his passion for democracy and fact, and yet unlike him as another world because instead of humor he relied on mystical belief. And with these strands to weave, it would say something about the future—about what might be done by a mind, trained in fact and true to it, equipped as such a mind must be with humor, and yet not ill-at-ease in deeps of feeling and among fervent ventures of imagination, not ill-at-ease among revolutionary ideas, not condemned to make a final resting-place of fact and laughter.



RECORDED—WHERE?

By Helene Mullins

When life is done,
And all these troublous days
Are but a ripple on the eternal sea;
When the rising sun,
Brilliant and warm, sheds no more light for me;
In what new phase
Shall my turbulent spirit then be manifest?
Perhaps when I
Go back into the elements, some pool
Hitherto calm will have strange tremors; high
In the air some bird may falter, or some cool
Sane clerk may drop his pen and beat his breast.
Perhaps instead,
Some patient dust coalescing into stone
Will draw me into a different form of peace
Than ever I have dreamed of. When the lone
Last journey starts, and all these problems cease,
Where shall it be recorded? In sky or grass,
In forest or field or desert, what thing shall dread
Life for a startled moment while I pass?

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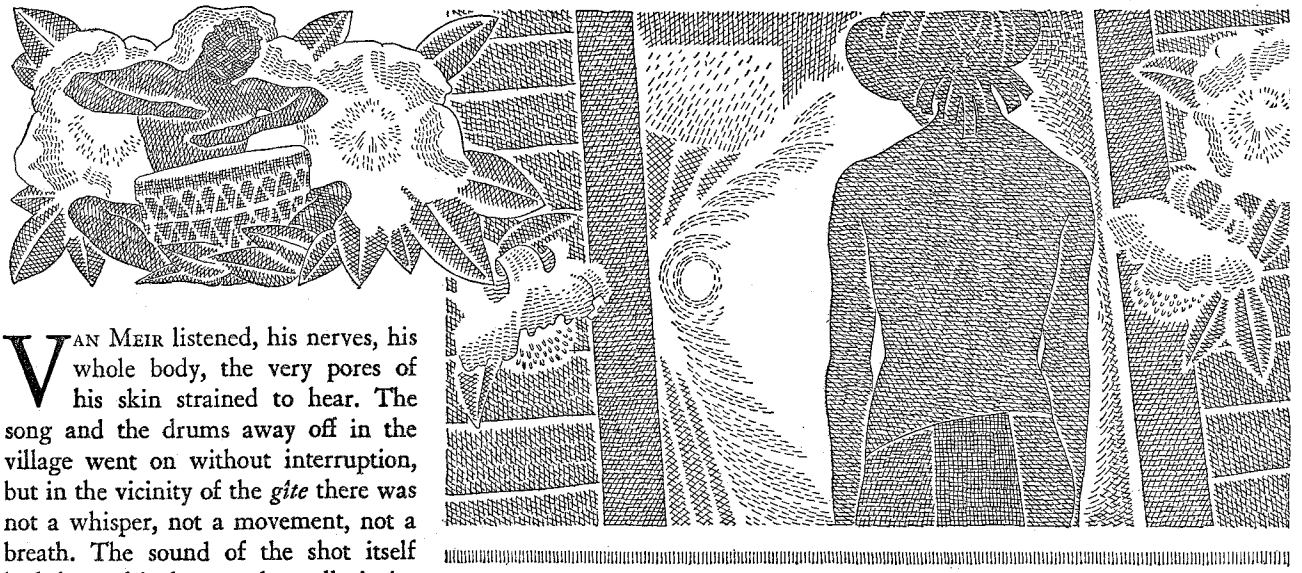

The Bitter Passion

A STORY

By Grace Flandrau

VAN MEIR listened, his nerves, his whole body, the very pores of his skin strained to hear. The song and the drums away off in the village went on without interruption, but in the vicinity of the *gîte* there was not a whisper, not a movement, not a breath. The sound of the shot itself had been frivolous and small, insignificant altogether, dropped without a ripple into the silence about the house. Indeed, this silence seemed to be universal, to hold all the forest in its spell, for the drums, the reiterated notes of the dance song—so continuous on these nights of the full moon—had ceased almost to be a sound, had become merely one phase of the dense African night.

He heard nothing, but all at once he burst out, "Damn them, damn these blacks, you never know, you never can tell." And then, hearing his own voice speaking to nothing, to nobody, he drew in his breath gaspingly as if to take back into himself the words and very voice in which they were spoken. Frowning, he said, matter-of-factly, "Yes, yes, I must think, I must call. I must send the runner."

He put out his hand to strike the gong, but in the moonlight, that spread upon everything its calm unearthly light, he saw, though he had not felt, that his hand was shaking. He knew then that his knees, his whole body was trembling, and that there was a strange rigidity at the back of his neck as if, were he to turn it, it would break. He tried to loosen it, to control the trembling that had gained every limb, but he could not, and suddenly a baffled fury rose in him—ridiculous that there should be a part of himself that escaped his will and reason, over which he had no control. It was absurd, no reason for it whatever—was there? He was alone, wasn't he? Wasn't he alone?

Suddenly he turned and walked jerkily to the door of the inner cubicle that had been Harvey's and stood there, sharply attentive. All was black darkness inside. The silence reassured him and gradually the trembling stopped, his muscles relaxed. He smelled the mould smell of the earthen floor, of the damp plaster and rotting beams and as he stood there a queer nostalgic inertia crept upon him, a kind of peace. He did not want to move, he did not want to stir from that place, he wanted it forever to be night and he alone with no need for thought or speech or action, to be in this dream, this dimension that was outside his knowing altogether.

But after a while his ear, keyed to the strained intensity of all his being, picked up an almost inaudible sound, the everlasting soundless sound of insect feet, the soft scratching, the dry-delicate movements. He saw the numberless tiny legs, the ferocious tentacles, the bright, many-faceted eyes. The moon came suddenly from behind a cloud that had darkened it and sent a pencil ray through the high slit in the wall. It fell *upon the bed* making a cloudy whiteness of the mosquito netting. And stifling a scream that rose in his throat, he rushed across the veranda and beat furiously upon the gong.

Irrationally during the next few days, Van Meir's only emotion was one of fury against the blacks. It was as if every other feeling had taken refuge, disguised itself, found outlet in this single feeling. There had never before been a white death among them and they crowded in from surrounding villages to look, listen, drink palm wine, take part in the death orgies that would have a different intensity because the dead man was a white. Nearby chiefs came with their music, their soldiers, their wives. They marched up to the *gîte,* drums playing, seed rattles hissing. They camped within sight of the open square, lay stretched upon reclining chairs of hide and antelope horn, their courtiers crouching about them. The common people came in from manioc and plantain fields and stood, a great ring of watchful faces and eager brilliant eyes, at a respectful distance. The signal drum spoke day and night. On the nearby hilltop the drummer bent over the great drum,

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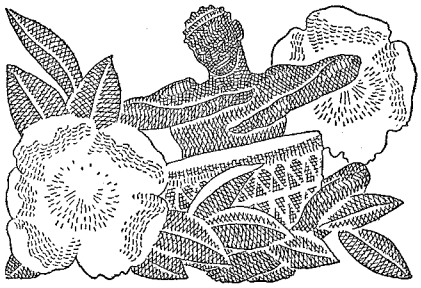

swift, intent, striking the male lip, the female lip, sending out the messages in parables no white man could read or transmit. And far across the dark ceiling of the forest, like a whisper, a throbbing that was more a sensation against the nerves than a sound, Van Meir heard the other distant drums that took the strange story and sent it on and on from village to village till it reached the farthest limits of the Ituri, till it went down, perhaps, to the sea itself.

And he could not stop them, he could not kick the drummer off the hilltop, he could not kick the whole damnable crew off the premises. What was the fellow saying? Ah, that he did not know. And along with everything that ran feverishly in his brain was also the thought that whatever it was they said he would give anything to know, too, *how* they said it, to understand the symbolic poetry-language of the signal drum. It should be studied, set down before it was lost, they should be made to tell, tortured, flogged. . . .

God—what did all this have to do with now, with what must be done, with the letter that must be written? He must control, somehow, this insane, irrelevant racing of his thought. The paper lay before him on the lamplit table, and painfully, as if all his will, his mind, his very body opposed it, he had set down a few lines. But a thousand urgencies seemed to be upon him, his thoughts, like his body two nights before, could not be brought under the control (the control people were so sure of) of his will.

Most troublesome of all was a question, a nagging uncertainty that seemed to be a part of all his other thinking —the cable. What had he said? He'd written and sent it off in such haste he could not remember. The man was a fast runner. In fourteen days he would reach the first post at N'Dogo and from there they'd relay the message to Stanleyville. Nobody could overtake him. But why should anybody overtake him? What the devil was there to worry about? It was the letter he ought to be thinking about now, not the cable.

If only the everlasting yowling of the death dance would stop. He wouldn't let them yell and cavort around the grave so they'd been at it in the village for two days and nights. The dark circle turning endlessly, faces blue-bronze in the death-like moonlight, feet delicate and rhythmic, tapping, pointing, knees flexed, body posturing, yielded up whole to grace and rhythm, instruments only for the dance, for beauty—that for his notebook (Good God—*notebook!* Was he crazy altogether?).

They were drunk too, he could hear that. Drunk not only with palm wine but with death itself, death as sharpening to the emotions as drink, as women, as if on some deep level all emotions were only one—a lust, a greed, a gusto—deep level white men no longer reached.

He buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Was there no way to control this frantic and altogether extraneous racing of his thoughts? Sweat rolled down his face and he shivered in the dank coolness that crept out of the forest. The death song rose and fell, monotonous like drifting rain, but with an underlying rhythm that was intolerably swift and regular. He dared not yell to them to stop. And even if they did—quiet—maybe that would be worse. The half-finished letter lay before him and the words he had written seemed strange and without meaning.

"—Your brother worked too hard. He allowed himself no relaxation and his health was undermined. And when he found that the formula on which he had worked so long was not a success, it was more than he could, in his actual state, stand up against. I found him at midnight. The bullet——"

He took up his pen, but suddenly he began shouting for the boy. "Ipoka," he called; "Ipoka."

There was no answer. He got up and went to the back of the house. None of the boys was to be seen. He was not hungry but he wanted to drink. "Ipoka!" he yelled again. Then, though he had heard no one approach, a voice spoke out of the darkness. "B'wana—" It was not Ipoka but the cook, Kole.

"Where is Ipoka?"

"He has left."

"Left?"

"Gone away. He will not come back."

Ipoka! Where had he gone, and why? He threw Kole some coins. "Go to the village," he ordered, "and bring me palm wine."

Ipoka had gone. And Ipoka had always hated him. Well, he'd always hated Ipoka—a fat ginger-colored fellow from the French Congo who had been with Harvey on his previous expedition. Ipoka loved Harvey and he hated Van Meir and he'd done it on purpose, that morning, when he smashed Van Meir's glasses, the sly fat swine, pretending to brush away crumbs and sweeping Van Meir's special reading glasses to the floor! Van Meir began to tremble with the rage he'd felt that day. The sense of the whole scene, too, was again upon him—the blowing rain that drifted across the veranda, the foul taste of the sticky gray oatmeal, scorched and underdone, the canned Portuguese butter. Once more the blood pounded in his ears as it had when he sprang to his feet and shot his fist full into the face of the black. The fellow reeled against the wall, then fell to the floor and did not rise. He could have got up, the bastard, but he didn't, only lay there making a loud and hypocritical outcry.

And Harvey of course—Harvey who never did anything, said anything, thought anything that was not perfect, Harvey, the regular copy book great man—was not pleased. What he said, oh, very politely, very superior, in the way he could be at times—(ah, yes, and was always keeping that space about him that put a man outside, that left him alone, reduced, insignificant) —was merely that he would not permit the blacks to be beaten. "Not at any time, Dr. Van Meir, or for any reason whatever." And as he spoke the blood rose and spread over his face, under his fine fair skin.

That flush—how the blood came up quick, like the very throb of his heart when he pitied, or was ashamed for some one else, when he suffered for some one else. Even in the laboratory, when he had to ask the repetition of a determination, Repeat, if you please, Dr. Van Meir . . . please be good enough to repeat . . . and blushed

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that he should seem exigent, or doubtful. No, no, of all memories not this one, not that flush that was so strangely Harvey's. Not that, not that— And all at once he saw, not Harvey, but something wild and terrible—a fury risen from innermost depths, a face stamped for a fleeting instant on the dark, his face, the face his eyes had never yet beheld, the face of his own hatred and despair.

It came and in a flash was gone. He was on his feet crying out, I have seen —*and it is too late.* But at the sound of his own voice he could no longer remember what he meant by the words, or what he had been thinking. It was gone from him as a dream goes.

Instead, he was back in America. It was that first day when, tactful as always, and sparing of his pride, Harvey had hired him. He was in the railway station where he and Harvey had met by chance, by the merest accident. He saw Harvey standing absently, his brown tweed coat thrown open, the unseeing look that was characteristic of him, in his faraway eyes. Harvey—the name had come to Van Meir suddenly—Harvey who had been a freshman at college when Van Meir was working at the Graduate School. They had met at various lectures and Van Meir taught one or two advanced classes which Harvey, though only a freshman, had attended. And it was with a tightening of the heart that Van Meir recognized him, a sudden slight emptiness in the pit of his stomach. Because he had heard so much about Harvey in the meantime, because Harvey was by way of becoming a famous man. While he, Van Meir, older, more brilliant, it had then been thought, was nothing, nobody. He did not want to be seen by him and turned quickly away. But it was too late. Harvey came forward and Van Meir's first renewed impression was of the strength and delicacy of Harvey's face. It was shaped a little like Shakespeare's—broad forehead, finely pointed chin. There was a stain of boyish color in his lean cheeks and his eyes were blue. Their look was both absent and thoughtful and there was something quick and tender in his smile.

"Why, this is Dr. Van Meir, isn't it? It's been so long I hardly recognized you. But I have not forgotten your excellent work—pH determination, eh, Van Meir?" He smiled. "We didn't like it much then, students are lazy. But it was a real contribution."

So he remembered that! Van Meir was pleased and reassured. It was as if he were suddenly all that he wanted to be in Harvey's eyes. And the slightly formal courtesy of Harvey's manner banished personal rivalries, set him and Harvey side by side in the service of something more important than themselves.

"I'm on my way to Boston," Harvey was saying. "I'm going to see that Pigmy fella, the man that's been out there doing those blood studies in Pygmies. Owens. Do you remember him?" He was at once alert, thoughtful, absorbed as always when it was a question of his work.

Van Meir knew Owens. Owens, like Harvey, was an important man in the experimental field, and once more the sense of his own failure fell darkly upon him. For this reason he said: "No, I don't. I've been doing practical work, commercial chemistry. When you're doing practical work you lose sight of the experimental side." He was thinking, too, about Harvey's English tweeds that had made him suddenly aware of his own cheap hand-me-down, ill-fitting and shabby, and his unbrushed shoes. And when they were on the train (Harvey, he'd noticed, had a parlor car ticket but when he saw Van Meir had none, had slipped it out of sight) he began to talk about himself, boastfully and yet off-handedly.

"I guess I'm too catholic in my tastes, Harvey, I guess I've wasted my time—from the practical standpoint that is. I get going in one direction and then I'm not satisfied. I'm not sure it's the thing I'm after. The whole field of science—" how histrionically he had waved his hand—"is so tempting, is such a challenge. I want to dip into it all, taste, investigate, speculate. No limiting *specialties.*" (Lies, lies, when what he wanted was what Harvey had, recognition, success, money enough, to be free. But he had felt superior somehow, saying this, had felt it in some way diminished Harvey.)

"Unfortunately, I happen to be poor. I have to make my living. That, I will admit, is limiting. But we can't all have a rich Foundation back of us, or a rich family." He laughed a little saying this, but uneasily, thinking maybe he shouldn't have said it; Harvey might suspect that it was aimed at him. And to offset it he added: "But you've been doing great work in the Congo, Harvey, I congratulate you." The words of praise choked him but he forced himself to utter them. Above all, Harvey must not suppose that he was jealous.

Harvey turned the talk back to Van Meir.

"Commercial chemistry," he said, "it's a great field. A wonderful field. Are you in a factory?"

"Factory, factory. They're such damn crooks, those people. Want to get all the expert advice out of you they can and then turn the job over to some kid just out of college. I was glad to get out. I—" He broke off suddenly. He hadn't intended to say that, he hadn't intended to let Harvey know he was out of a job. He wasn't sure, however, that Harvey had noticed; Harvey never seemed to be really interested in personal matters. But Harvey of course had heard because before they parted that day, he had offered Van Meir a job.

"I'm looking for some one to go to the Congo with me as a kind of assistant," was the way he put it, not suggesting that Van Meir might be willing to go, leaving that to him. "I do not want a collaborator, I want to conduct my experiment entirely by myself. But I do need help in the laboratory and I couldn't rely on a black." And then the blood burned up into his face because he had spoken clumsily, had implied that Van Meir's job would be merely to replace a nigger.

(Damn him, damn him, he's sorry for me, he's blushing for me. And at the same time there was a softening like tears in his heart and he had the impression, quick and profound, of a man who would care, who would be gentle even in his thoughts, with another man's failure and his pain.)

And because Harvey was what he was, what happened during the long journey was not unbearable, even to Van Meir. Harvey, Harvey, Harvey—all the way down the West Coast and up the long river. They came aboard from inland stations to see him, to talk to him. And for Van Meir it was only: "Oh, so you're with Harvey. . . . Great

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man . . . great idea. . . ." Harvey, Monsieur Harvey, Herr Doktor Harvey—Harvey, the big boy, and I'm the valet, the somebody he's taking along to wash bottles. Even the Frenchwoman, even after what had happened between her and Van Meir, going round in a kind of silly hero worship of Harvey, who didn't know that she existed. But Harvey was so unaware, so without interest in himself or concern for what other people thought of him, that it was bearable. It was even impossible not to admire a man who cared so little for admiration.

Yes, he admired Harvey, he liked Harvey, he was almost happy, but not quite. He didn't know what Harvey thought about him. He wanted Harvey to admire him, as much as he admired Harvey. He wanted Harvey to know something about him that was remarkable and profound (even if, so far, he had been a failure). He wanted to show Harvey how clever he was, to talk to Harvey about deep unsayable things.

And so, in the beginning, there were times when they talked. Nights when Van Meir would open a bottle of brandy and they would sit for a while beside the shaded lamp on the veranda. Harvey, of course, did not drink, or almost not at all. But Van Meir forgave him that. Indeed, as he drank, as the liquor released what was locked away, restored to him some lost faculty of love, he forgave Harvey everything, even his genius. He knew then that what he wanted more than anything was for Harvey to be his friend. The air would come night-cold from the forest, and in the stillness and solitude there would be only the cry of some animal silenced quickly in death. Or, far away, that sound of dance and song that was always a part of this Congo where men spent in somnambulistic patterns of rhythm and song the hours of sleep.

"Good and evil, Harvey, they're not what we think they are at all, they're something else, different altogether." Good and evil—all his life these two words had haunted him, had been imbued for him with some obscure and fatal meaning. "They're beyond our understanding entirely—I mean their significance, their ultimate significance. It may be part of the ultimate truth. And the truth, Harvey, we don't know it at all, we don't know anything as it really is. We fool with this and that manifestation of fact that comes under our eyes, but the final reality is outside our dimension, something different altogether. And yet it's close, too, it's as if you could put out your hand and touch it—(he knew what he meant, when he'd had enough brandy he knew this). It is all around us, very close, a breath away and yet we can never know, never conceive it. Maybe in meditation, after fasting, where thought ends, maybe then a sense of it, but no knowledge."

Or else he would tell Harvey about the holy man. The mountain side was high and steep, wraiths of white mist floated above the pines; and in the mountain-cold and purity was the sound of waterfalls and of goat bells tinkling. And that hermit was himself, Van Meir. He was the sage, beyond the flesh, beyond the dark, bitter passion of the will. And so he would talk, faster and faster, with some terrible pain in his heart, some anxiety and breathlessness he could not explain.

But afterwards, next morning, when he woke up, he would remember the night before with uneasiness—had Harvey noticed that he had been drinking?—even with a kind of shame. What he had said seemed meaningless to him now, and silly. And he remembered how Harvey had remained fastidiously aloof, repudiating him altogether. "I guess you're out of my depth," was what he would say, or: "I'm afraid I haven't given much thought to things like that." He would remember Harvey's face when he cupped his hand around a lighted match, how it came sudden and magical out of the dark, delicate and pure with the calm Shakespearean line of the nose. Maybe Harvey had thought he was talking about them—himself and Harvey. Maybe he'd given himself away. But what was there to give away? He didn't know, but it seemed to him that Harvey did. I was a fool, a fool to talk like that to Harvey.

And after awhile, he didn't talk any more to Harvey. Harvey had no interest in him, or in what he said or in anything outside his work. And suddenly these eighteen months of research kaleidoscoped across his mind; setting up the laboratory in this filthy hole; extracting the plant juices, precipitating the alkaloids. The assays, titrations, the note books crammed with the laborious calculations, and all the rest of the routine. And then the biologic work. Stand at the bench all day—. . . Repeat this, please, Dr. Van Meir, . . . please be good enough . . . accuracy . . . must be certain. . . . Nothing else. Nothing. No place to go, no diversion, no new faces, nothing to take a man's mind from what it once started to brood upon. Not even any talk. Harvey lost in his dream, his very accurate dream—lost in his work as a man is lost in love.

Nothing then, only their vile food, the quinine forever roaring in his head, the constant weary precautions against disease, infection, poisonous insects. The maddening stubbornness, slyness, inefficiency of the blacks.

And this one man always before him, with his preoccupation, his apparent absentmindedness that went along with a maddening, an infuriating awareness of details, insistence on the smallest detail, his inhuman absorption in the dullest aspects of the dull grind, in the endless recording of the most minute results that seemed absolutely nonsensical, purposeless to Van Meir. Nobody but this obsessed companion, nobody but Harvey, till he knew every little gesture, every movement, how he walked, rose, sat down, laced his boots, filled his pipe, held his coffee cup, the very way his throat worked when he swallowed down his coffee. Till he wanted to yell: "Don't—don't do it. Do it some other way, just once—for Christ's sake!"

"Your nerves," Harvey had said to him that day, the day of the trouble with Ipoka; "your nerves, Van Meir; this kind of thing is harder on some men than on others. Don't think you're under any obligation to stay."

So he wants to get rid of me, wants to hog all the glory. Just as if it wouldn't be his anyhow—Harvey's expedition, Harvey's method, Harvey's success when the time came. Practical immunization against malaria, or at any rate a remedy so swift, so sure, so lasting it amounted to that. Can't be done, the doctors said, the scientists said nothing better than the actual specifics could be found. But it could be done; Harvey was doing it. And when his method was perfected it would put Harvey

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on the very pinnacle of his profession, the Nobel prize winner, the Pasteur of the century.

And me—what about me? The question always at him, night and day, at him. He didn't know. But at least he wouldn't go. If he stayed on, some reflected ray from Harvey's glory might fall upon him. But he'd be careful, he wouldn't lose his temper or beat up the blacks. At least not in front of Harvey.

What about me? The question brought him sharp awake at night to turn and toss until daylight. Time passing that should be taking him forward to the brilliant destiny he'd always felt to be his. Time—and he had none left now, to spare. Well, drop it, never mind, something will turn up after this is over. But he'd been saying that for fifteen years and instead of going forward he seemed always to be slipping back. Why? Why? Oh, forget it, think of something else. But instead he would go back and back over every incident of his life. What had gone wrong? They all knew about him in Graduate School days—why Harvey's own paper for the Pavlov Society was built on studies of Van Meir's, was merely an interpretation of his own hydrogen ion determinations. He could have gone far with his work on the development of laboratory methods if he'd stuck to that. But he didn't. That was the trouble, he'd never stuck to any one thing like Harvey, like Owens. His fellowship, for instance—maybe he shouldn't have given it up. Well, there was that offer from the P and M people, he thought that would get him ahead faster, a big drug company. It would have, too, if it hadn't been for Sauer. Sauer had been against him, somebody was always against him. And taking credit, too, for all Van Meir's work. No. Then those Board of Health problems, that was all right but it didn't get him anywhere, didn't lead to anything. And lately it had been anything he could get and sometimes nothing. And so the years went by and found him always making beginnings. Found him in some blind alley like this one—a bottle washer in the Congo for a man ten years his junior, an anonymous assistant, that what's-his-name that was with Harvey. And when the job was over he'd be turned loose to drift as before, to accept the alms of bench work from some other dreamer and blusher like Harvey, on a problem that would bring glory to some other man—never to him.

A voice groaned aloud. Was it his? He jumped up, trying to pierce with his glance the night that stood like a wall about the veranda. Nothing, nobody. The dancing and the song had stopped, there was only black darkness in which he was alone.

Suddenly he remembered the palm wine. Kole had not brought the wine. He'd taken the money and he didn't come back. Damn him, damn all these lazy scoundrels. But even as he damned him he forgot all about Kole and the wine. It was the woman he was thinking of. And the rain.

For it had been the wet season then. It had been rain, rain that fell without ceasing, night and day, rain that was a power, a tumult, that roared upon the roof and leaped back hissing from the impervious clay of the clearing; or dropped softly, finely, noiselessly, a kind of snivelling and inconsolable weeping of the skies. There had been the great storms when the whole forest sprang out of darkness into the lilac glare of the lightning, when thunder shook the earth and there was the splitting crash of great trees falling on every side. And all this roaring violence had brought him release, made him believe again in his high destiny, made him want to shout aloud to Harvey what he knew—something fatal and different, close to the last mysteries.

Magic, too, in the rank air teeming with growth and decay tainted with smells of things rotting and springing to life. The fecund damp drew living mould even from cloth and shoes and blankets. (Life and death, good and evil, close, to be known, to be understood.) Poisonous creatures multiplied—malarial mosquitoes, spiders, scorpions, deadly, thousand-legged worms, tiny things that sucked and clung, that fed under your toes and armpits. A teeming world, a world under water, gone back to its beginnings, become a sea.

Her body too, when he first saw her, was streaming and gold raindrops hung in the great swaying Magbetu headdress. He had come awake suddenly, aware of something unusual—less a sound than the sense of a movement outside his door. The flashlight was under his pillow—kept, as they kept everything that might be needed in the night, inside, so that the mosquito net, securely fastened under the mattress, need not be disturbed—and, as he flashed it on, the door opened. A woman, naked and streaming rain, stepped into his light. She wore only a small patch of bark cloth between her thighs and he saw that her shoulders and full, high-pointed breasts were of extraordinary beauty. She stood quite still, smiling, her hands held down and a little open, and so waited in silence, held on his little point of light. He noticed, too, that the rain made a thunder that drowned out all other sounds.

This woman came from another place but she had relatives here and they had given her a house on the outskirts of the village. And after this night he went to see her there.

Why, then, didn't Harvey mind his own business? Why did Harvey have to be such a damn busybody? Such a damn puritanical snob? There are certain things a man can't stand, a man can't forgive. He can't forgive another man who finds him out, who finds out what he has tried to hide. He can't forget that he has been caught out like a schoolboy up to naughty tricks.

"I'm sorry, Van Meir, but I can't have it." And at the same time the blood flooded up under his skin and he kept his eyes turned away, not to make it worse for Van Meir by looking at him. "I will not have a native woman on the station in this capacity. I will not tolerate that sort of thing."

You won't have it, *you* won't tolerate—he felt his blood rush up, pounding in his ear drums. What Goddamn business is it of yours? Did Harvey think because he had hired him to wash bottles for him that he'd bought a slave? A line drew tight around his throat, cutting off his breath, cutting off the blood. He turned away, not able to speak or draw a breath.

Then, as he stood there turned away, his face swollen with the stopped blood, he felt Harvey's hand on his shoulder. "Ernest"—Harvey had never before called him by his name of Ernest, "isn't there something I can do, Ernest?"

And unwilling, not intending it, he heard his own voice whisper (so that he might not sob):

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"About what?"

"About everything, my dear fellow. About—well—whatever it is."

If he could have wept then, if he could have talked to Harvey—not nonsense about good and evil, mountainsides and sages, but about himself, about all the aching far-off memories. About his boyhood (our home so full of pain and anger, our proud father, hating the whole world for his own failure, his scholarly poverty in a land of riches, entailing upon his only son the redemption of his monstrous and defeated ambition). About his youth, his young manhood, all he had longed to have—love, friends, achievement, a measure of success, and had never had. And the later years, the nightmare struggle, forever putting out his hand to grasp what was not there, slipping back a step for every one that took him forward, pacing his frantic treadmill in despair.

If he could speak! But no, a man didn't do that. A man didn't speak, a man didn't yield. Not to Harvey, damn him, who'd had it all so easy. No, no, you couldn't, you said nothing, you acted as if nothing had happened, as if you hadn't been insulted, put in your place, treated like the lackey you were—working like a slave at your bottle washing job while Harvey— No, he would not speak. But now there began to grow in him only one wish—that Harvey should not succeed. It wouldn't matter so much then, about him. He would not care about his own success, if only Harvey, too, could fail.

Then, upon the darkness always within him, there was the morning of the sun. The rains stopped, the burning equatorial spring returned to earth. White flowers, mortally sweet, bloomed on the jungle, monkeys were like high winds in the trees, raucous birds flew, brilliant and screaming. And in all the hidden places of the forest were love and heavy wombs and sucking young.

And this time of life and blooming was the fitting time of Harvey's triumph. The experiment was reaching its end, the formula on which he had worked so long was achieved. There was only one step left to be taken.

"A full dose," Harvey said. "I've got to know the toxicity—for whites of course."

"Well, double the dose and give it to a nigger."

Harvey said no. "I'm not particularly interested in the tests so far, with the natives. After all, they've used this drug in some form for too many centuries themselves. They may have a tolerance—but we've been all over that often enough. No, what I'm after is to be sure that it's non-toxic in adequate doses for whites."

Whites . . . blacks . . . oh, he was sick of all this immaculate certainty . . . unnecessary godamn righteous certainty . . . check accuracy . . . eliminate error . . . repeat . . . assay . . . toxicity for animals . . . (he suddenly remembered those first three monkeys) for natives . . . for whites. Why should Harvey carry it to such lengths? Tangle up with Darwin and organic evolution? This was pharmacology, serology. Shove it into a black and see what happens.

"I'll take it myself," Harvey was saying. "I'll take a shot or two myself."

Van Meir's lips went a little dry, his tongue felt big in his mouth. Maybe he ought to offer—and why did he have to remember just now, those monkeys—how they died! He recalled the very number of that first faulty preparation. He saw it now, it was on the bench with the rest of the flasks, a little one, dusty but well stoppered—at the far end. From where he stood he could see the number marked on it—a large "27" in blue wax crayon on the glass. Flask "27" . . . the three monkeys . . . error, his error. But that was "27," that was almost a year ago. There was no error now, no error in "32."

In spite of himself, looking at "32" he experienced a sharp emotion—that small flask, all the thought, the effort, the care, the ultimate of devotion—a man's life—flask "32"—the tropics made over, a new boon, as the newspapers would put it, to humanity. Harvey's life, Harvey's work, Harvey's glory. . . .

And all the while too, he was thinking of what Harvey had just said, of the experiment that was to be made. His pride, his vanity demanded that he, too, make an offer. "I should be willing—" he heard himself say. "Why shouldn't the test be made on me?"

"Thanks, Van Meir, that's very good of you." Harvey's clear light eyes darkened a little with his appreciation. "But I shan't accept. There's a slight risk—some discomfort maybe, nothing more of course. But I'm the one to take it."

A risk, a slight risk. But what if there were a mistake, some unforeseen complication? What if it were a great risk? What if there were real danger? What if Harvey were to die? The words exploded in his mind—no, no, he mustn't allow himself to think of that. Besides, it was absurd. The poisonous ingredient was too slight, it had been too well assayed in minute doses. But if there were some mistake?

The idea fixed itself in his mind. He dwelt on it secretly, lovingly, intently. When he lay down on his bed it was there and he would make all kinds of plans about what he would do if Harvey were to die. He would stay on, of course. He would perfect the method. The Foundation would transfer the funds to him. In time the expedition would come to be known as the Van Meir expedition. It would be the Van Meir method, the Van Meir fluid. Van Meir the great man, the Pasteur of the century.

It was like a sweetness, like fine food on a greedy palate, like a woman's tantalizing lips on his. Out of defeat and hopelessness into the gold and brilliance of a dazzling future. And if into this dream the thought thrust itself, but Harvey is not going to die, it came as a shock, it presented itself as an intolerable injustice to him. He would turn then bitterly upon himself. Of course Harvey would not die, he would live, a hero not only of science but of romance as well, a man who had risked martyrdom in the service of humanity. (Good God, was there no end to the ways a man could torture himself?) Whereas, if only . . . and there was a possibility, there was a risk, Harvey himself had said so, there was just a chance. . . .

His whole life now was drawn inward, he was lost in his secret argument, he was a man consumed by a hidden fire. Sometimes when Harvey spoke to him, he did not hear. He did not sleep, he saw his face bloodless, his eyes burning and empty. And one day he made an error in a titration. Harvey lost his temper. "Good God, Van Meir, a mistake at this time might be dangerous."

Van Meir began to tremble. Insults

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now—arrogance, now that success was so nearly his. And those other words—a mistake now might be dangerous—fastened themselves leech-like in his mind. Nor did they come into it as if for the first time. On the contrary, they were neither new nor unfamiliar, but part, it seemed, of something that had been there for a long time.

The sun that day in the laboratory was blindingly bright, torturing to the eyeballs, to his raw nerves that lay along the very surface of his skin. He had the needle in his hand—he was to give the injection, but the inside of his head was full of noise, of a strange roaring. He could hear nothing else, and he could not see very well. That is, he could not see flask "32" so near to his hand. What he saw was the row of other flasks that contained the fluid in different stages of development and the various alkaloids from which it had been made. Especially without even looking, he could see the small flask marked "27"—with its clear liquid one drop of which, if taken by mistake—one little drop——

"Well, get the syringe." Harvey's voice was buoyant, excited. He had been rubbing his forearm with alcohol and now he turned away to the cabinet where the gauze was kept. His back was toward Van Meir. "I think——"

But Van Meir could not hear what Harvey thought. Harvey's voice came from too far away. The flask, the very small one, the liquid that looked so clear, that looked so innocent (those monkeys—but it didn't last long, it lasted hardly any time at all)——

The roaring in his ears had grown louder, it hummed, rhythmic, like a gigantic cosmic dynamo. He had become a man without a will, whose faculties no longer belonged to him, whose body and muscles were outside his control. In his eyes, in his knowing, was only that one thing, that one small flask. And suddenly his hand shot out. It darted, swift and rigid, but careful too, for the opening was so small. The needle sucked, the hand jerked back, safe. *Safe*. . . . And yet, into that inner tumult something penetrated, reached toward him. It was a voice, speaking very quietly. He heard the words but it was a moment before he could understand the sense of what he heard.

"I've changed my mind, Van Meir," Harvey's voice said. But was that Harvey's voice? Was it a voice he had ever heard before? Had he ever seen his face as he saw it now? Harvey had turned (when, at what moment did he turn?) his cheeks were burning, and he did not look at Van Meir as he spoke. "I think it will be—wiser—" Harvey's breath was short as if he had been running—"to wait. I can—complete my records, first."

Wiser—complete— His fingers were suddenly stiff, the needle fell from them. And when he bent forward to pick it up everything went black before his eyes. His head was whirling and he had to take hold of the bench to steady himself. After a moment his eyes cleared but he could not see the needle—had it rolled away out of sight, or had Harvey pushed it with his foot?

Harvey said something else but his voice came from such a great distance now that Van Meir could not hear it at all. He heard nothing but the tumult that was in his own head. But he saw Harvey's face very plain. He saw it so plain that when after a time, spent doing he knew not what, not speaking, not daring to look again for the needle that had fallen—when he went at last out of the laboratory and walked along the green path to the house, Harvey's face was there too, it was before him, so bright and close that if he put forth his hand he could have touched it. Harvey's voice that had been so far away came closer, grew louder, with a steely thread through it, a tone he did not recognize, a tone that frightened him, a tone that filled him with a wild and mounting desperation.

Harvey—what had he seen? Harvey, Harvey—what did he know? Harvey, *of all the men in the whole world*. . . .

He stumbled up the veranda steps and would have fallen but Kole caught him. He pushed the boy from him, furious, and stumbled to his room. There was a bottle of brandy there and he lay down on the bed and began to drink.

He poured it out in cupfuls, but the liquor did not intoxicate him or mitigate what he knew. He tried to remember nothing, he tried to tell himself there was nothing in all this, nothing. "A man can change his mind, can't he?" he asked in a loud voice, and found his teeth chattering as if in a chill.

It was late when he heard Harvey's voice talking to Ipoka, heard him come along the corridor that divided the two halves of the house. He was at Van Meir's door. He could see the outline of Harvey's figure, short but with broad shoulders, and his broad high forehead that glimmered in the dark. And it seemed to him Harvey had to catch his breath before he spoke. "You—" he began, and his voice was husky so that he had to clear his throat—"the work is practically done. You are anxious to leave the station. I have sent for the bearers, they will be ready in the morning to take you away."

He had turned to go before he finished speaking, his voice had attenuated itself to a kind of sharp whisper. His footsteps went back down the corridor to the veranda and he and Ipoka went down the front steps and away. It was a long time before he came back. He passed Van Meir's door without speaking and went into his room.

And fear had eyes, fear had hands that clutched at a man's heart, fear had a thousand dreadful faces. Fear—fear! Harvey knew, Harvey would tell. All would be known. No hope now in all the life before him, no escape. This was the end. If Harvey lived . . .

He drank, he emptied the bottle, he became loosed from all moorings, carried forward on a dreadful current he had no desire and no power to resist.

Again the man alone on the veranda was aware of the time and place. He was aware that the sun had risen and was high above the forest. He must have dozed a little because he seemed to have heard, as if they were spoken in his sleep, three words—*Harvey's mosquito net*. They did not seem to come out of any thought of his own, but to have been said to him by some other man.

These words brought him to his feet and he hurried into Harvey's room. Blankets and sheets were neatly folded on the bed, but there was no net. Damn them, damn them, the snooping interfering busy-bodies! He rushed through the house shouting for Kole. He found him in the cook house eating his breakfast of sour manioc. The white paste was wrapped in a green leaf and stuck to the boy's thin black fingers as he thrust it into his mouth.

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The vomit smell of the stuff sickened Van Meir. He began talking rapidly in pidgin Bangala, making gestures, saying to himself at the same time, I'm talking too fast, too excitedly.

"He took it," the boy said sullenly. "Ipoka."

Ipoka. Fear was a sudden knife in his heart. Well, if Ipoka did steal the net, it was merely to use it himself. For no other reason. Of course. He convinced himself rapidly and carelessly of this, and besides that he did not seem now to care. He lay down on his bed he had had Kole move onto the porch, but he did not sleep. He did not think about the net or about anything. His mind was not empty, for there was something there, imminent and important, but he could not bring it into thought. He lay in his bed with a strange apathy upon him. Kole brought some food and left it beside him and in the afternoon he sent the boy again for palm wine.

Night came and then day. And after that, night and day succeeded each other with curious rapidity. He had no thoughts. The lethargy that held him was like the deadly paralysis of a dream. He could do nothing, he could not even think. Especially he could not go to the laboratory. If a ring of fire had circled it he could not be more effectively shut away. He could scarcely remember, in fact, what was to be done there. His plans, his burning ambition, seemed to belong to another man altogether, to another life. He cared for nothing. And yet underneath this apathy, he was aware of a driven, hurried feeling, as of many things to be done. He lay all day on his cot oppressed by this feeling of urgency, but powerless to act. Sometimes phrases came strangely to his lips— "And if the salt hath lost its savor . . ." and once he said aloud: "To have loved myself so dearly—only for this."

He lost track, too, of the days and nights; he did not know how many had passed. There was no more palm wine to be bought in the village, so he sent Kole down the river to get some. He was desperate for sleep, and when the boy came back he drank all the wine at once and slept till the following afternoon.

When he wakened he knew at once that something different had happened. He knew it as an animal knows, by minute sense perceptions of which he was not aware. He rose hastily and went to the edge of the veranda. A white man was standing at the far side of the plaza talking to Kole. He saw the man's head bent, listening, and how he pricked the red earth nervously with his small cane. Back of them he saw the chair and the bearers and the soldiers who stood listening, leaning on their guns.

He knew this man; he was a government clerk called Maurois, assistant to the Commissioner of District. Yes, yes, he said to himself confusedly, putting his hand to the back of his head. There were a buzzing and pressure there that made it hard to think. Now they had seen him. Kole saw him and said something to the white man and the latter, without turning, looked over his shoulder at the *gîte*. Then, jerking back his narrow shoulders, he came briskly across the clearing.

The buzzing became very loud and he thought: I must be careful, I must think, I must speak with care. Maurois was a little fellow with bulging, brilliant, hyper-thyroid eyes. He put one finger to his helmet in salute and began to talk rapidly and dryly, looking not at Van Meir but at the ground.

"Monsieur the Commissioner of District is on his way to Lubalu." He jerked his head back in the direction of Lubalu. "You did not notify his excellency."

Van Meir moistened his lips and his throat closed painfully. "I intended, I was about to send——"

"Don't you know it is the rule?" The bright bulging eyes of the little clerk were now fastened on his and he could not take his own away from them. And so they stood staring at each other in this startled, watchful way.

"We learned it of course, from the blacks. And then we met your runner." Something distorted the sallow face of the little Belgian, a spasm as of determination, of fear. (He fears me, he is afraid.) "We saw the cable, and also—Ipoka——"

The cable, ah, yes, the cable! And Ipoka—all he had not been able to remember, all he hadn't known, that had been like a weight, a blindness, was imminent in him now, ripe for knowing. Known indeed, already, only he refused to find the words, but would let *him* say them, and so waited, all his nerves become ears to hear, all of him light and bodiless with this expectancy, this weight lifted. Seeing too, as if he had never seen it before, the forest standing so close, so still, the misted burning sunlight, blue-gold and soft on the red earth, the pointed limbs of a tall native who moved, swift and free and without sound across the square. So that he was amazed at all this beauty, beauty that is enough—*that was enough,* he cried in pain and wonder, and I did not know.

At the same time the clerk's voice was saying the words Van Meir knew he would say: "In the right temple, your cable said that Harvey shot himself in the right temple, but everybody knows——"

He put his hand to the veranda railing—something was going too fast, the runaway feeling in his head— Yes, of course, everybody knew, even the little clerk knew, *about Harvey's right hand,* about the laboratory accident. "Yes, yes," he must have muttered, "yes, of course."

For: "You admit?" the little clerk cried out sharply.

Admit? What had he said? "I—it was a mistake. I meant to say, his left."

"You meant? Oh, that's it? But there are others—Ipoka—to say he *was* shot in the right temple. And why," he flung out suddenly, on a different, high tone, "would a man shoot himself *through* a mosquito net?" Then, abruptly he dropped the subject. "But—I have orders, I must report back. It is not far to Lubalu."

He was nervous, frightened, eager to get away. A silly little man, frightened by Africa, by the district commissioner, by Van Meir. Van Meir saw the little crooked legs in wrapped puttees hasten across the square, saw him hoisted into his chair, saw the poles raised on the shoulders of the blacks, saw him strike one of these smartly across the face with his little stick. He saw the last of the bearers disappear into the forest.

Now nothing moved before his eyes, not a leaf fluttered in the impenetrable wall of green. Even the four soldiers leaning upon their guns, did not move.

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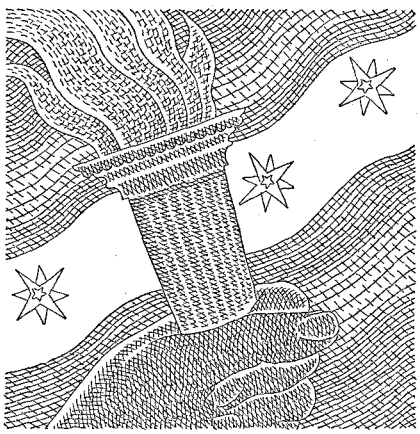
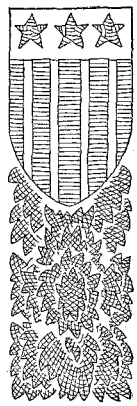
The Search for an American Way



By Henry A. Wallace

Can we master the problems of a mature nation without a change in our Constitution? That depends, in the opinion of Secretary Wallace, upon whether the Supreme Court follows the letter or the spirit of the Constitution



THERE are those who say that the United States is now about ready to follow the same path that has been followed in the Old World. Some even say that the spirit of the United States is less inclined than the spirit of Europe to face the problems of a mature nation. It is said we have been lucky in having such a thin population relative to vast natural resources. But now that we are growing up to our natural resources and find ourselves faced with the problem of learning to live with one another, can we do any better job than the worried peoples of Europe?

We cannot afford to shut our eyes to the influence of Europe upon us. If, for example, Europe increases its production and limits its imports, America may have no choice but to take countervailing action. Economic self-sufficiency in Europe, carried on long enough, inevitably will influence American production and import policies. An elaborate system of subsidies and controls in Europe will have its repercussions on the United States in this twentieth century, just as the events and ideas of earlier centuries in Europe in one form or another touched American shores and affected our development.

I do not mean that we imitate Europe. Our physical resources, our political and cultural traditions are too different for that. Indeed, here in the United States we have a "chosen land" in which because of abundant natural resources and less pressure either of internal population or of surrounding populous nations, mankind is less compelled to travel in specific channels by hard material fact than is the case any place else in the world.

We have free choice between a number of ideas. It is a matter of tremendous significance to the future of the world which type of idea we embrace. Without in any way minimizing the influence of physical fact upon ideas, I believe man can develop a harmonious relationship between himself and the world of hard physical fact, and in his ideas recognizing that world, he nevertheless can rise superior to it.

Suppose we start with where we are. Of the root ideas which have characterized the people of the United States and which have worked their way out into the world of hard physical fact, these four come to mind:

1. Belief in democracy, liberty, freedom of speech, and the rights of man as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

2. Belief that God is best worshipped by regular labor, frugal living, careful saving, and good education for the children.

3. Belief in science, invention, mass production, and progress unlimited.

4. Belief in free competition under the rules of the game as laid down by Adam Smith and the Manchester School of Economics.

These ideas applied by sturdy men of good ancestry in a growing country of enormous natural resources could produce but one result—"the United States of the early twentieth century." Most Americans of the older stock are heartsick for the return of the America of thirty years ago. Looking backward from the perils of the post-war period they see that earlier, simpler America beckoning them to come back to a golden age. It will never return as it was, but it is definitely worth while to examine the four ideas which made the America which the middle-aged people of old American stock so love.

The idea of democracy and the rights of man was widespread in both Europe and America after the middle of the eighteenth century. It is increasingly apparent that the ideas which blossomed forth in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights of the United States found their English origin in the philosopher John Locke and their French origin in Descartes, Rousseau, Voltaire, Taine, and Montesquieu. These men all represented in greater or less degree an intellectual revolt from the restrictions of the early sixteenth century. Locke in the last half of the seventeenth century developed in typically British manner the ideas of religious liberty, religious tolerance, and government by the consent of the governed. The French philosophers developed, in somewhat more ideal and extreme but less religious form, ideas about the innate goodness of man and the probability that this goodness would manifest itself to the benefit of every one if greater freedom were permitted. The young brain trusters who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were seriously infected with European ideas which were destined eventually to break out in the bloodshed of the French Revolution. The tremendous interest in liberty, democracy, and the rights of man sprang partly from the Reformation and the Renaissance, both of which consisted largely in breaking old forms, and partly from revolt against the restriction which more or less absolute monarchy imposed on an expanding mercantilism. Those were the days of the first encyclopedias when it was thought that all information could be compiled in books and then everybody could read everything and the knowledge and rea-

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son of man would cure all the social ills. They were grand days of faith and hope. The United States will never be able to pay her debt of gratitude to the young brain trusters who formulated these European ideas into terms of action and governmental procedure.

For the theory of checks and balances as found in our Constitution we are indebted more to Montesquieu than to any one else in Europe. Visiting England in the first half of the eighteenth century he had found that British stability had resulted from the division and balance of powers of government in England. He wrote a book on the subject entitled *The Spirit of the Laws*, and this book influenced certain members of the American Constitutional Convention. The strange thing is that the British had departed from the theory of the division and balance of powers of government before Montesquieu's book was published. At the time the constitutional fathers read the book, the British had ceased having a departmentalized form of government such as Montesquieu extolled. Nevertheless, pressed particularly by Hamilton, the Montesquieu ideas had much to do with the formulation of the "checks and balances" theory as expressed in the Constitution. The Founding Fathers thought by the use of checks and balances they could prevent the return of any form of tyranny such as that from which they had suffered. They did not visualize the possibility that the checks and balances might conceivably promote a new tyranny of economic privilege and pressure groups and result at some distant day in the inability of the Federal and State governments to pull together for the national welfare.

The sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century concepts about liberty, the rights of man and the innate goodness of man manifested themselves in institutions for universal education, religious toleration, universal suffrage, the direct primary and all the varied paraphernalia of democracy. These institutions, in turn, gave an extraordinary opportunity for exploitation first by corporations and second by other organized class groups. But however much many of us may question the final outcome all of us must admit the extraordinary vitality and power of the ideas which were launched by the reformers and philosophers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The United States is their child. The American patriots drew their inspiration from these men and gave the inspiration a body such as no one in Europe was able to do.

The Thrifty Protestant Concept

The dominant contribution of the Protestant concept in the world of affairs was a strong emphasis on the idea that the individual best worships God by regular labor, frugal living, and careful saving. Men who approached God after the manner of John Knox and John Calvin found their spirits cramped in the Europe of the seventeenth century. New worlds free from the ancient bonds of Church and State appealed to them. Iron men, resolute women able to bear hardship and endless toil because they thought they were carrying out God's will, laid down the outlines of a structure which made it possible to conquer a continent in record-breaking time, and always they carried their families with them, built their schoolhouses and churches and imbued the next generation with the principles of industry and thrift.

Vital Protestantism typically found its origin with the lower middle class, but the habits of life which the Protestant idea cultivates result oftentimes in riches and thereupon a curious dilemma is presented. John Wesley recognized this when in one of his sermons he said:

"I fear whenever riches have increased, the essence of religion has decreased in the same proportion. Therefore, I do not see how it is possible, in the nature of things, for any revival of true religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality, and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase, so will pride, anger, and love of the world in all its branches."

Wesley's only solution of the dilemma was for the rich to glorify God by giving abundantly.

Many aspects of the Protestant faith no longer grip the imagination of the people of the United States, but the great middle class, especially in the farm region, still works, denies, accumulates, and trains the children of the next generation in the same spirit as always, even though the fine points of doctrine have been almost lost.

In the great industrial centers a curious transformation has taken place. In these areas Protestantism has become to a considerable extent identical with the upper-class way of life. The essential faith of this class is a belief in hard work, thrift, saving, the sacredness of capital, and the moral right of such a group to continue to govern, profit, and reap the rewards of the good life.

The strengths and the weaknesses of the United States are undoubtedly in considerable measure the outgrowth of the fervent concepts of such men as Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Knox. Probably no mental approach to reality was better adapted to rapidly expanding wealth production than the Protestant approach. Unfortunately, it has not been quite as well adapted to wealth distribution and wealth consumption in line with the doctrines of the New Testament.

The Idea of Science and Progress Triumphant

The scientists and great inventors of the nineteenth century were, in considerable measure, a product of the emphasis laid on knowledge and the rights of man during the preceding century. The power over nature given by science and invention during the nineteenth century was so great that the idea of "Progress Unending and Unlimited" was born. This idea was not formulated in definite form by the philosophers, but it was dominant in the minds of young Americans throughout the last half of the nineteenth century and the first twenty years of the twentieth century. The professors in the universities more and more accepted the material explanation of reality as the true one. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley had convinced the professors that humanity was essentially like the animals, that the animals were like the plants, and that evolution starting with matter had produced life and finally humanity. The impact of scientific philosophy on Protestantism in the United States resulted in reenforcing the Old Testament aspects of Protestantism and destroying for practical purposes many of the spiritual aspects of the New Testament, thus making modern Protestantism singularly like Reform Judaism.

During the twentieth century there has been an increasing disposition to

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question the almightiness of science, invention, and progress as holding the complete key to the good life and knowledge of the universe. Discoveries in physics, presumably the most mathematical and exact of the sciences, demonstrated that reality was much less tangible than had hitherto been supposed. The science and inventions of the nineteenth century gave man a materialistic optimism which was bound to disappear the moment the nations found it necessary to live with each other. The period of exploitation of natural resources, of labor, of agriculture, and of backward people was certain to come to an end within less than a century. The illusion of the all-sufficiency of scientific invention and unlimited progress is now being demonstrated. It was a phase something like adolescence, and the United States suffered from its handicaps and benefited from its advantages more than any other part of the world. For some decades the materialistic concepts based on science will continue to dominate many of our universities. But the newer science is beginning to undermine the older science, and the United States will soon be ripe for a more adequate and fundamental philosophy.

Free Competition and Devil Take the Hindmost

Captain John Smith is reported to have said to the English adventurers at Jamestown, "If you don't work, you shall not eat." Under pioneer conditions men were stimulated to take care of themselves in a way unknown to Europe. The men of the American colonies developed the idea that they could take care of themselves and that they wanted to be left alone. This attitude which was natural in a pioneer country was reenforced, first, by the political doctrines about democracy, liberty, and the rights of man, and later by the economic philosophies developed by Adam Smith and his followers. It is an interesting coincidence that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776. Adam Smith didn't like governmental restrictions, monopolies, and political control over economic affairs. He thought it would be much simpler if free competition would straighten out these matters. The Adam Smith views developed into a doctrine of "claw and fang" in the economic world and for one hundred years the doctrine has been worshipped by business men. Among economists the doctrine has increasingly been abandoned during the past forty years but business men still cling to it, or think they do. Of course, what the business men are actually clinging to is the belief that government should interfere to give them tariffs, favorable corporation laws, and monetary and taxation control of the sort which they approve. They would be the first to cry out in terror if the pure Adam Smith doctrine were put into effect today.

The idea of free competition between small business units has never been tried in the modern world. Always there have been inteferences which are much greater than are generally appreciated by any except those who have lived in a capital city, and have seen the pressures applied to get government powers for special purposes.

The significant thing about the "free competition" ideas as they apply to American life is that by way of the university professors they furnished a philosophy which has been very useful to business men and financiers in enabling them to hold on to their governmental advantages while protesting the demands of other groups. Whenever labor and agriculture endeavor to get anything from the government, the professors of economics or the business men would shout, "economically unsound," and would bring out the familiar reasoning of classical economists. The jargon sounded logical, most of the newspaper men were convinced as well as a rather high percentage of the more well-to-do farmers and some of the labor union leaders.

In summing up the effect of the ideas which have made the United States, we can see how a hard-working, saving people have accumulated capital which has been used to set machines ingeniously to work to turn out increasing quantities of goods under a doctrine of "competition unlimited." The people have largely discarded a belief in the supernatural and a future life from which source they originally obtained much of their driving power. The competitive urge of the game has been used to some extent as a substitute but it has not proved altogether satisfactory. Disillusionment is beginning to appear and the fault essentially is with the nature of the ideas which have dominated the minds of the American people. What can we expect of the future?

The shape of the answer, if not the content, is in our past. Put 1936 side by side with 1787, and you see sharp contrasts in physical fact, in economic and political problems, but you also see deep spiritual kinship.

One hundred and forty-nine years is a short time in the life of a nation. Thanks however to great natural resources and to the industrial revolution, the United States was able to pack the work of perhaps a thousand years of any previous era into the century and a half following 1787. Its occupied land area increased at least twenty times, its population thirty times, and its productivity a hundredfold.

In 1936 the people of San Francisco are closer to the people of Boston than were the people of Philadelphia in 1787. In some ways, they are closer together than were the people of Lexington and Boston a century and a half ago. A modern Paul Revere with important news to spread would leap to a microphone instead of a horse, and in a few seconds Denver and Los Angeles, as well as Concord and Middlesex, would know that the British were coming.

The farmers of the great corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, dairy, fruit, and vegetable areas of the United States have come quite generally to realize that their work on the farm is tied in with a great commercial system that includes railroads, commodity exchanges, packing plants, textile mills, wholesale and retail houses, and the pocketbooks of housewives from coast to coast. They know now also that their welfare is linked up with tariffs, international trade balances, the weather in Argentine, and the valley of the Danube.

Workers in automobile, farm-machinery, and textile factories, in steel mills and mines, find their pay envelopes and their jobs affected by a hundred interrelated factors that include the buying power of farmers, the optimism or pessimism of the stock exchange, the ability of young married people to buy new homes, the inventions of new types of machinery, and the decisions of boards of directors of corporations on questions of expansion or contraction of production and the use of surplus funds.

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In 1936, only the small farms tucked away in the hollows of the Appalachians and the Ozarks are producing chiefly for home use. The men living on these small farms would understand the way most farmers in 1787 were living, just as they would understand better than any one else the accent and the meaning of words spoken by men in 1787. Strange islands in the commercial seas of 1936, these places where our contemporary great-great-great-grandfathers live! Only in these islands does 1936 shake hands with 1787 on the basis of a common mode of life. I suspect that the people in these isolated spots might agree quite readily, so far as they are concerned, with six members of the Supreme Court who say that agriculture is a local matter.

In 1787, nineteen persons on farms were needed to produce enough surplus food to support one person in towns and cities. The farmers of 1787 would be astonished to find nineteen persons on farms in 1936 furnishing the necessary food and fiber for fifty-six persons in cities and seven to ten people abroad. The farmers of 1787 looked with suspicion on the first iron plows, believing that they would poison the soil. They would gape with astonishment at the binder, the corn-husker, the combine, and the tractor of a modern farm. Farmers in 1787 thought thirty or forty miles a rather long distance to send meat from slaughtered animals to market. They would be astonished beyond all measure to discover pork and beef travelling a thousand or more miles to market in 1936.

The artisans of 1787 would be equally astonished by the automatic machinery of a modern factory and by corporations hiring thousands of workers and controlling business in many states.

The statesmen of 1787 were faced with tremendous handicaps in putting across the idea of Federal responsibility under the conditions of the times. Not only was trade and commerce largely local, not only were the people of the several States separated by bad roads, slow communication, unbridged rivers and other physical barriers, but the people were also separated spiritually by their traditions of loyalty to different State sovereignties. Few people in 1787 thought of themselves as "Americans"; they thought of themselves as Virginians, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians.

Yet the framers of the Constitution were successful in writing into the enduring law of the land, "We the people of the United States," conceiving the nation as a union of people instead of States, and establishing the Federal Government as the instrument of the general welfare.

At no time since the Civil War did Federal responsibility for union in the interest of the general welfare stand out so clearly as in the years of the present depression. Never before had the general welfare been so affected by great, nation-wide economic forces; never before were individuals so helpless to deal with these forces. Even so, the action which the people of the United States needed to take in the face of confusion in 1932 was hardly as drastic as the action the people had taken to meet confusion in 1787, or again in 1861. It was necessary neither to establish a new form of government nor to take up arms against disunion. But it was necessary to recapture the spirit of the statesmen who had founded the union and the spirit of the nation's greatest leaders in other times of crisis.

President Hoover in 1932 recognized Federal responsibility for many of the problems which had arisen out of the nation's policies during and after the World War. But it was not until 1933 that the Government was able to take really energetic action. In that year the nation sought to meet nationally its national responsibilities. It is not my purpose here to defend in detail the actions taken or draw lessons from mistakes made. What stands out clearly, however, is that world affairs since the War, and especially since 1930, have been such that the United States, like every other nation, has found it absolutely necessary to shoulder a vast amount of national responsibility.

Great concentration of economic power in the hands of a relatively few corporations, brilliant success in the mass production of goods of all kinds coupled with a rather dismal failure in distributing those goods continuously on a wide scale, technological unemployment, exploitation of the country's resources to the point where the problem of conservation is serious, complex international relations: these are the problems we have to meet today just as in 1787 the nation had to meet the problems of separate State sovereignties, confusion in money and tariff matters, and general chaos resulting from a weak national government under the Articles of Confederation.

The statesmen of 1787 were amazingly resourceful and daring in establishing a national mechanism with which to deal with their national problems. They frankly disregarded the letter of previous law, and created an entirely new instrument to take the place of the Articles of Confederation. I am inclined to think—though speculation of this sort is quite fruitless—that Madison, Franklin and the others, faced with our complicated problems today, would consider our efforts toward solution decidedly timid and lacking in sweep.

They would certainly recognize one very familiar issue that faces us today as it faced them in 1787. This is the question as to which problems are local in nature and which are Federal in nature. As the statesmen of 1787 assumed that many of the problems of their day were Federal in nature, so the Administration under Franklin Roosevelt assumed that many of the problems of 1933 were Federal in nature. Effective action of any sort required this primary assumption. The action taken in 1933, while much less drastic than the action taken in 1787, was dramatic and swift, and resulted in improved conditions.

Later, however, it was found that not all the groups and makers of opinion in the country were in agreement with the Administration on this question of local and Federal powers. The same thing had been true in 1787. Many historians, in fact, believe that a purely popular vote in 1787 would have rejected the principle of Federalism as incorporated in the Constitution. Only after a good deal of high-pressure salesmanship was the Constitution accepted.

In 1936 the situation seems rather less cloudy than it was in 1787. According to a vote taken by the Institute of Public Opinion, 56 per cent of the people agree that the Federal Government should have right of way over State governments. Only the large corporations, the Republican Party, New England, the Liberty League, and most of the newspapers of the country are apparently for States' Rights today.

To these sections, interests, and groups, however, must be added one

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other body, at least part of the time. The Supreme Court has disagreed in a number of instances with the position taken by the Administration on the matter of Federal powers. In the case of the NRA it held that the commerce clause of the Constitution did not give the Federal Government the powers it had assumed to set up rules for business. In the case of the AAA, it held that agriculture was a local matter, and that its regulation, whether or not in the interests of the general welfare, is a power not granted to the Federal Government but reserved to the States under the Tenth Amendment.

There may have been much in these acts and in their administration which was unwise. But the grounds taken by the Supreme Court in invalidating them raise a most fundamental question as to the ability of our form of government at crucial times to meet nationally the problems that have become national in scope.

To interpret the Constitution in the light of the spirit of its framers is one thing. To interpret it in the light of economic conditions as they were in 1787 when the Constitution was drawn up is another. I do not doubt that through the multiplicity of legal precedents available to the Supreme Court it is possible to take a narrow view of the Constitution which virtually limits the scope of granted Federal powers to those which would have seemed useful under the conditions of 1787. Other legal precedents, I believe, permit a broader view. The Supreme Court in the AAA decision, it seems to me, chose to interpret the Constitution in the light of a handicraft age when it took nineteen farmers to produce enough surplus food for only one city person, rather than in the light of modern machinery which enables nineteen people on farms to produce for fifty-six city people and seven living abroad—and, when foreign markets disappear, to pile up tremendous surpluses besides. In this decision I do not believe that the Supreme Court interpreted the Constitution in the spirit of the Founding Fathers who were concerned for unity and the general welfare under an effective Federal Government.

Were agriculture truly a local matter in 1936, as the Supreme Court says it is, three-fourths of the people of the United States would quickly starve. Were commerce actually limited to what takes place within State borders, nine-tenths of business and industry would be dead or crippled, and our great corporations would be bankrupt.

The doctrine of States' Rights, now invoked by the Supreme Court, was a barrier to progress even in 1787, and was the cause of terrible conflict in 1861. Today, the States mark no economic boundaries that make sense, and they provide only limited instruments for action to meet modern problems. Long ago the great corporations managed to break down States' Rights when they interfered with corporate expansion. Today it is clear that States' Rights are being invoked not for the rights which they defend, but for privileges they protect. They are being invoked by groups which have already obtained centralizing powers under government, but which by this means seek to prevent extension of centralizing power to other groups, such as farmers and labor.

Except for a small number of farm families living in isolated mountain valleys, we in 1936 cannot shake hands with 1787 on the basis of the way we live and produce and exchange goods. The six million farm families who sell 85 per cent of their produce to people living in cities and towns, the twenty-five million city families who must obtain this produce if they are to survive away from the land, the 90 per cent of the wage-earners who work for corporations and all of us who as consumers depend every day on goods and services which derive from all parts of the continent and from foreign nations, have little in common economically with the self-sufficing farmers, artisans, small merchants, and land-owning professional people of 1787.

We can, however, shake hands with 1787 on the basis of common spiritual aims. The men of 1787 provide us with a high goal to strive for in the courage and imagination with which they faced the problem of the general welfare. Literal application of the details of the Constitution which they bequeathed to us, if interpreted without recognition of the profound changes one hundred and forty-nine years have brought about, may result in the most terrible disaster. But interpretation of the Constitution in the light of the purposes of its framers, as revealed in the preamble, will make it a living instrument of progress.

The Dominating Ideas of the Future

The dominant political idea of the future will probably have to do with the discovery of more adequate methods of attaining unity in diversity. To some extent this is the same political idea the Founding Fathers wrestled with during the period of the Confederation and which in 1782 they inscribed on the Great Seal with the Latin phrase "E pluribus unum." Today because of the tremendous changes wrought by new inventions, corporations, and the shift of our population to the great cities, we find it necessary to examine the idea in a fresh manner. The Constitution of the United States endeavors to establish the idea of unity amidst diversity, but in action certain parts of our national life have often prospered at the expense of the whole because the checks and balances which were designed to prevent tyranny have been turned to selfish advantage. These checks and balances have been of such nature that we have found it necessary to throw them overboard in every time of great emergency. Only a very rich nation singularly strong and singularly isolated can maintain its unity in triumph over so many checks and balances. Our system employed by any great mature nation in Europe would result in rapid disaster.

The totalitarian or corporative state represents the ultimate in unity but it also represents the loss of democratic privileges which we hold so dear.

It seems to me that the unity which we are seeking has to do with evolving a concept of the general welfare grounded in both political and economic democracy. Can economic mechanisms be found which will enable all of us over a great continent to work not only for our own ends but for the general welfare? Can a political mechanism be perfected which will cause both the States and the three branches of the Federal Government to take into account more effectively the economic national welfare in all their actions? Can this be done without losing the personal privileges and liberties which we prize as the essence of democracy? In economic matters it would seem that there would be necessary increasing discipline on behalf of the general welfare. When a nation becomes mature there are certain types of economic liberty which cannot be tolerated any more than auto-

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mobile drivers can be allowed to disobey a red light. Business leaders have sensed this necessity for some time, and in the critical spring months of 1933 most of them were willing to experiment in this direction. The NRA taught us a great deal about policies which will work and policies which will not work under our form of government. The outstanding business men of tomorrow will be those who develop a better mechanism which will enable the warring classes and regions to work together for the general welfare.

With all the increasing emphasis on unity and interdependence which seems to me to be inevitable during the next thirty years, it should not be forgotten that human welfare and happiness can only be expressed through individuals. Individuals, however, can learn to find joy in each other and in community of effort and not merely by competitive strife. The unity of the future must call to the limit on the creative faculties of the component parts of the social mechanism.

There must be the fullest possible development of the individual not merely in his own right but also in terms of the opportunities which the welfare of the whole affords. There can be a combination of socially desirable results with all that is constructive and creative in each individual.

In the economic world it is inevitable that more and more emphasis is going to be laid on the idea of cooperation as distinguished from free competition. The only way in which democracy can survive the logical onslaught of the dictator-state aspect of Communism and Fascism is to develop the genuine cooperative idea to the limit. Producers' cooperatives are not enough. For the most part they merely take the place of middle men, and while in many cases they save a substantial part of the middle man's profit for the producer, they do not have any very profound effect on the people whom they serve. The cooperative way of life must pervade the community, and this means there must be consumers' cooperatives as well as producers' cooperatives, and ultimately industrial cooperatives. To live happily in a cooperative society takes an entirely different attitude of mind from that required in a society where free competition is the dominating rule. It is my belief that the hereditary nature of man is as well adapted to one order of society as the other. In fact, I am inclined to think that by nature most men are a little better adapted to the cooperative form of society than to the competitive form. The primitive cooperative forms of society as among the Indians, for instance, prove how readily the nature of man adapts itself to the community cooperative approach. Such primitive types of community cooperation do not, it is true, provide very successfully for the "general welfare" in terms of a high standard of material living because they are so limited in their scope. They cannot accumulate capital and develop enterprise on a broad enough scale to raise the standard of living. The inadequacy of primitive cooperative forms in the economic world is freely admitted but it seems to me they prove beyond doubt that the "inherited nature" of man as distinguished from the "tradition-molded nature" of man is as much adapted to the cooperative as to the competitive way of life.

The philosophy of the future will endeavor to reconcile the good which is in the competitive, individualistic, and libertarian concepts of the nineteenth century with the cooperative concepts which seem to me destined to dominate the late twentieth century.

It seems to me that thoughtful people today, in relation to prospective action, stand somewhat in the position of thoughtful men in the early 1780's. At that time they were increasingly aware that the set-up under the Articles of Confederation was not working out to meet national problems in an adequate way. They were thinking, suggesting, comparing ideas and plans, wondering what action was necessary, wondering what form it should take, whether the Articles needed amendment, revision, or what. They had not got to the point of actually formulating a definite plan.

Similarly, thoughtful people today are wondering what action will be needed. They know that solution of our present problems will eventually require a new kind of statecraft as effective in the economic field as was the statecraft of Madison, Hamilton, and the others in the more purely political field. The precise form of statecraft which will be required, however, does not yet appear. Thoughtful people today believe that the Constitution provides ample scope for evolution toward the new form of statecraft. Much depends, however, on the way the Constitution is interpreted and on the way old or new legislation under the Constitution is used by pressure groups. Much depends on whether the plain intent of the Constitution to enable government to promote the general welfare can really be effectuated under modern economic conditions. Present relationships of economic groups and the present scope of individual and governmental action do not work out sufficiently toward the general welfare. The question occurs, Who owns the Constitution, if not the people as a whole?

If our more privileged and powerful people under the present rules of the game—financiers, corporation lawyers, and directors—resolutely fail to understand the signs of the times, one type of statecraft may need to be evolved. If they are alive to the necessity for making certain fundamental changes in order to preserve the general welfare quite a different form of statecraft may be in order. One situation might eventually require amendments to the Constitution. Another might require nothing in the way of constitutional changes. But judging from the way in which privileged classes have acted in other countries in past times, conceivably we might have to work out in the spirit of Madison a mechanism which would embody the spirit of the age as successfully as the Constitution of 1787 mirrored the philosophy of the eighteenth century. If such action should be forced on the United States we may hope that action can be taken as bloodlessly as the Constitution was enacted and that the handiwork will be as enduring.

America's contribution in 1787 to world governmental practice was enormously significant. It is my belief that in the spirit, if not in the form of 1787, the United States can, in the not too distant future, make again fully as great a contribution to the productivity and ordered welfare of the peoples of the world and perhaps an even greater contribution to the consuming power and happiness of all the nations.

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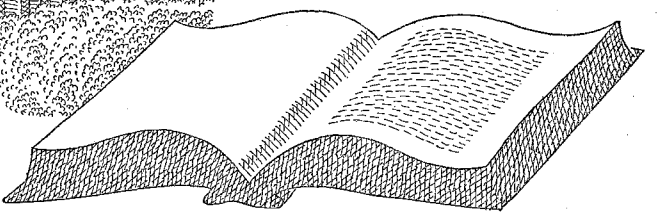
Although it was known that Shakespeare was indebted to Holinshed for much of the material of his historical plays, it was the good fortune of the Countess de Chambrun to establish the fact that the actual volume he used is still in existence, interlined in Shakespeare's own hand



The Book Shakespeare Used

A Discovery

By Clara Longworth de Chambrun

SINCE the early days when commentators first began seeking the sources of Shakespeare's dramatic plots in Ovid, Plutarch, Belforest, and Boccaccio, scholars have been forced to acknowledge how large a debt the playwright owed to an old British historian, Raphael Holinshed, but they were mistaken in thinking that the author of *King Lear* and *Richard II* utilized the first edition of Holinshed's monumental work in building his plays on the old historian's authority. Critics could not guess whether the poet's marked affection for this particular writer was purely literary, or, if youthful acquaintance with the historian who lived, as we now know, among the Shakespeares in the immediate vicinity of Stratford-on-Avon, led the poet to prize an old neighbor's work more highly than that of a stranger. Today, these two points being clarified, our knowledge of Shakespeare's artistic methods is greatly augmented.

Two certainties have been established since Mr. Boswell Stone published his important volume in which he proved by comparison of text variants between the 1577 edition of Holinshed and the one reprinted ten years later, that Shakespeare did his borrowing from one of the latter copies, and that he followed the text so scrupulously that often he repeats Holinshed's typographical errors.

And, a short time ago, it was my fortune to find the very copy of the chronicles which the great poet used.

No thought of taking up a pen myself ever troubled my joy in Shakespeare until I began studying modern comment upon him, and discovered that none of the so-called authorities knew what my grandfather taught me, that is: that the English dramatist obtained his Italian culture and notions of French from Giovanni Florio, resident professor in the house of Lord Southampton, the young Earl to whom Shakespeare dedicated his first poetical works.

In 1911 I entered into correspondence with Professor Furness and Sir Sidney Lee and found that ignoring Florio's original works themselves, they deduced that Shakespeare had not read them either! This is what started me on the war-path.

Florio called himself "the resolute" because he was determined to teach British contemporaries how superior were Dante, Boccaccio, and Michel de Montaigne to any poet, wit, or philosopher in England. I was equally resolved to prove, by the innumerable allusions to Florio's work and the direct borrowing of thirty proverbs from his *Golden Sayings,* how strong and durable this Franco-Italian influence had been. I procured and read Florio's linguistic and educational tracts and saw how useful they had been to Shakespeare.

This discovery proved so important that I began to be proud as any peacock and thought how rival editors in England and America would clamor to bring out this new evidence, novel, and, at the same time, so well established as to be practically "fool-proof." No one clamored, however, and my visits to the principal publishing houses of Boston and New York were greeted with a marked chill. They did not want to know about Florio, but about *me.*

No one denied that my discovery of Florio was important, but all agreed that it was much *too* important for an amateur like myself to exploit, especially an amateur with a French name. One editor informed me that, "It would not be so detrimental if it were German.

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Their commentators have a high reputation both here and in England."

In short, I found myself in the position of the man described by Robert Louis Stevenson, who, with a stolen diamond so large that it cannot be disposed of until divided into three or four parts, is forced to begin years of apprenticeship in order to learn how to cut his gem alone.

That is how it came about that my diamond-cutting was done in the French literary market. My articles were taken in a good many French reviews and were favorably received in Italy as well, but my American defeat rankled. If no one but a professor had the right to talk about Florio in English, why not acquire a professorial stamp myself? To this end I passed four terms in the Sorbonne classrooms on an uncomfortable bench.

Like the race-horse that gets weight for age, my forty years, among other advantages, had brought a large dose of philosophy. Perhaps the American editors were right after all. Certainly the mental discipline entailed in passing two difficult examinations before defending a regularly composed thesis, can do no harm to a would-be author, and I were an ungrateful pupil indeed not to appreciate what I owe to the Sorbonne and more particularly to the sympathetic help and counsel of M. Emile Legouis, before the dean and faculty conferred upon me the degree of Doctor in 1921.

Such a dénouement seemed paradoxical enough, but what came after is even more extraordinary. Some years later Mr. Joseph Lippincott of Philadelphia, whose house brought out that monument of erudition, the "Variorum Shakespeare," turned up in Paris and requested an interview. He approached me with a certain hesitancy lest perhaps I might consider myself too "scientific" to accept the proposition he had come to make: Could I, or would I contemplate giving him a novel which should be firmly based on facts concerning William Shakespeare in the manner of Sir Walter Scott? I need hardly say that I accepted this proposition, which resulted in the publication of the historical romance which takes its name from a sonnet printed in 1599, *Two Loves I Have.*

When it came to reprinting the first coincidence, which was to bring me in contact with the Holinshed, began to develop. Lippincott's London house decided to place the printing of *My Shakespeare, Risel* the English version of *Two Loves I Have,* in the hands of William Jaggard who runs the Shakespeare Press in Stratford-on-Avon. I was the more delighted with this idea since I already knew Mr. Jaggard to be one of the most enthusiastic and scholarly of Shakespeareans. The only doubt in my mind was whether he would enjoy printing my new findings which placed some of the old Warwickshire families, among whom he lived, in rather an unfavorable light, and as Scott says in *Kenilworth,* scandal about Queen Elizabeth cannot be spoken freely even today.

Two political events were of prime importance to the Shakespeare family: the condemnation of their Arden relatives and the conspiracy of Essex and Southampton against the Queen. Modern commentators omit both in recounting the poet's career. Sir Thomas Lucy, the petty tyrant, represented by William Fulman and Nicholas Rowe as the evil genius of Shakespeare's youth, was exactly what they described. His gross stupidity may be traced on the legal records of the county and the only thing which is not true in Shakespeare's caricature of Justice Shallow is that it does not make him black enough. Investigations in the Public Record Office had enabled me to reconstruct in brief the tragic case which was the direct cause of the family ruin and imperilled the existence of both John and his son. The *Baga de Secretis,* or secret pouch, at the Public Record Office contains the chief documents in this *cause célèbre.* That "truth is stranger than fiction" is fully proved thereby. Such a travesty of justice could never be found except in official papers gathered together by a Thomas Lucy to please a tyrant like Leicester.

As proof-correction went along, Mr. Jaggard checked up severely on my findings. Often during the six months we engaged in heated controversy over certain points I had brought out. Among others, he seriously questioned whether I had not exaggerated the rôle of the Elizabethan censor in Shakespeare's time. He inquired in one letter, what backing I had to prove Edmund Tilney's hostile attitude toward the plays. I gave my evidence and threw in another remark, reminding him that even a history such as Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* had been threatened with suppression if a certain number of pages were not removed, and I quoted the account of the Queen's Privy Council as evidence. Immensely interested, Mr. Jaggard at once replied that he had in hand a copy of this second edition of the *Chronicles,* begun in 1585 and completed in 1587, and that he would check over his volumes, page by page, to see to what portions the authorities objected. I may say, at once, that they concerned the Earl of Leicester, but that was not the important point. In turning it over, methodically, he found marginal annotations and markings which led him to surmise that this set, which had come into his possession nine years before in regular descent from the original owners, all Warwickshire people, had been in Shakespeare's own possession. There was every reason to so believe, for more than one hundred words are in the hand which signed the poet's last will and testament, made in Stratford in 1616 "by me William Shakespeare."

Here I ought perhaps to say a word on why nobody has ever looked into the second edition of Holinshed for traces of Shakespeare's ownership. It has always been conceded by scholars until very recently, that when the dramatist was working up his historical plays, he must have gone for exact data to Holinshed's first edition of *The Chronicles of England,* which was published in 1577. Consequently, ever since serious study of Shakespeare's sources was instituted by early commentators, like Gerard Langbaine, Win-Stanley, and Rowe, it is this first edition which has been investigated in public and private libraries, and without result. Another reason which turned searchers away from any set but this first one was that among bibliophiles the volumes printed in 1577 are technically known as the Shakespeare edition. Only recently did Mr. Boswell Stone prove, by careful comparison of the two texts, that in several passages directly quoted by Shakespeare from Vol. II, the poet had followed the many misprints which occurred in the second edition.

I must confess that when Mr. Jaggard first wrote me last summer that the volume he had been looking over at my suggestion, and which without my suggestion would have continued to lie in oblivion as it had done for the past three

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hundred years, contained writing which looked to him like Shakespeare's own —though he did not profess to be a paleographer, I was skeptical. It seemed too good to be true and too much luck to come my way. I wired for a photograph of the writing and he at once dispatched an amateur print of an astonishing recipe which had been set down as an excellent cure for a horse's swollen joint. I had promised to submit it to the best experts on the Continent and did so, although I did not need them to tell me that the writing was actually the same as the official signatures endorsing the purchase and mortgage of the Black Friars Theatre, those of the will, and the ones contained in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*.

As may be readily believed, I lost no time in flying to Stratford to consult the volume for myself. That there might be no question as to the marginalia having been inserted by a later hand, with Mr. Jaggard's approval, I carried the volume to the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum and there obtained certification that whoever might be proved to have set these letters down, wrote before 1620. Not only the script itself, but the ink used made this certain. Wishing to be doubly sure, I submitted the volume to the authorities of the Bibliotheque Nationale with like results, and obtained from leading Swiss and French experts the statement that the marginal notations, written in the Holinshed between the reigns of Richard the Second and Henry the Seventh, were in the same handwriting as that of Shakespeare's duly attested signatures.

It would be impossible, at this date, to compute the importance of this discovery. Not only does the possession of this volume give us material enough to form a solid basis of comparison with other texts, but I do not hesitate to declare that the Shakespeare will is throughout written by him, and that other documents hitherto unrecognized will soon be authoritatively established.

Now, lest objection should be made to the one weak point of my case, I will name it myself, and at the same time, give what I believe to be a true answer. Why does the first volume of the same edition not contain any marks to show what Shakespeare borrowed from Holinshed's account of Macbeth, Cymbeline, and King Lear? I reply, we should not expect to find any marks in the edition printed in 1585, for there the old scholars were right. Shakespeare went to the first edition, read as a boy at Stratford, and I am persuaded that somewhere there is an old volume, printed in 1577, stained and discolored, roughly illustrated with woodcuts, where the same index fingers will be found pointing to passages in Cymbeline and Macbeth, and perhaps to the old stories of Robin Hood and Little John, which the poet—man and child —so dearly loved.

Until recently it was impossible to establish whether the young poet of Stratford could have had individual contact with Ralph Holinshed, or listened, as a child, to the stories of Macbeth and his wicked queen, King Lear and his three daughters, or the trials of Cymbeline, king of Britane, for, except that he came from Warwickshire, and that his will was proved in 1581, not much was known about the historian's life or habitat. By this will all Holinshed's belongings were left to a man whom he terms, "my master, Mr. Burdett of Bromecote," but whether Holinshed lived near or far from Stratford-on-Avon remained a mystery. Thanks to the efforts of the indefatigable Leslie Hotson, it has been definitely established during the past few months that Raphael Holinshed served as estate manager at the manor of Packwood, owned by Thomas Burdett and only a few miles from Stratford. There also resided the Christopher Shakespeares, close kin to John, the poet's father, and, sharing the same political disfavor. Christopher Shakespeare like John the Bailiff was denounced by the all-powerful Leicester and the county commissioner, Sir Thomas Lucy, as a suspect, to the Queen's Privy Council. Packwood was the very center of what were termed in the papers of those times "obstinate and malitious papists," and it is only necessary to read Holinshed's *Chronicles* to realize how his old-fashioned point of view conforms throughout to the Roman tradition.

He believed in the old standards, the old nobility, and the old church. He believed in auguries and portents—that when nature was let loose in storms, earthquakes and tempests, her perturbations boded ill to the citizens of the realm where such things happened. He believed that "murder will out" and proves it many times in the course of his *Chronicles*, but, like Shakespeare, he believed also that a sovereign, however wicked, when once duly anointed by proper ecclesiastical authority, might not, without sacrilege, have violent hands laid upon him or her—in short, it is not exaggerated to declare that most of the moral and political maxims in Shakespeare's historical plays, together with all the descriptions of nature in her relation to man, and the hand she takes in framing what is monstrous, were noted by the historian before they were put into dramatic form by the poet. One example may serve to illustrate hundreds of others.

At the conclusion of the last act in *Henry VI*, Part III, the imprisoned sovereign reproaches his would-be murderer with his physical monstrosity, mystically linked to moral turpitude:

The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign,
The night crow cried, aboding luckless time,
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees!
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Then comes the astonishing parallel:

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world . . .

The rest is cut short by the assassin's knife and Richard himself takes up the narrative:

Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward,
The midwife wondered, and the women cried . . .
"O! Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth!"

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

In Holinshed, you may read at page 712, Volume II: "It is for truth reported that the Duchess, his mother, had so great ado in her travail, that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet foremost . . . and, as the fame runneth also, not untoothed. Whether men of hatred report above the truth or else

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nature changed her course in his beginning, for, in the course of his life many things were unnaturally committed, so that the full confluence of these qualities, with the defects of favor gave proof of the rule of physignomie, 'distorto vultum, sequiter distortio morum.'"

When I came to identify the Skipwith copy of Holinshed's *Chronicles* as the very one used by Shakespeare when he composed *Henry VI* and *Richard III*, I was not surprised to find this particular passage marked with a double cross and heavily underscored. It is so throughout. Every passage marked in this precious volume leaves its trace on some Shakespeare play, but with what rhythmic genius the often dull prose has been clarified and vivified when set to the music of Shakespeare's rhythm. Well may his jealous rivals have accused "this upstart crow" for the facility with which he could "Bumbast out a blank verse," and think "himself the only Shake-scene in the country. . . ." It is indeed curious that with so many scholars searching far afield to discover the actual source of Shakespeare's historical learning, and combing the collections of Europe for some of the books from the poet's library, this precious relic was to be seen for the asking, so near his familiar haunts, midway between his birthplace in Henley Street and the "pratty house in brick and timber called New Place" where he finished his days. Hard by stands the old Grammar School, where old Ralph Holinshed must have occasionally dropped in to see how the neighboring youth of Stratford was learning its history. More curious still is it to observe the strange coincidence which brought this important set into the hands of a man who bears the literary name of William Jaggard—a name first known as the publisher of three editions of Shakespeare's *Passionate Pilgrim* and the monumental Folio of his complete dramatic works, collected by his fellow-actors in 1623.

Through direct evidence, external and internal, we can trace the set back through three successive owners and prove that, since the date of the first ex-libris it bears, Shakespeare's book remained in the region of his home. The first bookplate is that of Sir Francis Skipwith, Baronet,* set in handsome Baskerville type, and inscribed as belonging to the family library at Newbold Revel, Warwickshire (near Rugby). Next is that of Harriet, third daughter of Gore-Townsend, Esquire of Honington Hall (seven miles from Stratford). This Harriet married Sir Grey Skipwith, born September, 1771. Her lozenge-shaped ex-libris is found between that of Sir Francis and the next owner, Sir Paton d'Estoteville Skipwith, whose elaborate and many-quartered blazon, inserted in the volume, bears the date, 1889. When this Sir Paton died, a large part of his library (which included a fine 1623 original Shakespeare Folio†) was sold, and the Holinshed folio was acquired by a well-known Elizabethan scholar, the late Arthur Henry Bullen of Stratford. Bullen died in 1920 and the Holinshed was taken over with other trade assets by Mr. B. H. Newdigate and was sold by him a few years later to the present owner, Captain William Jaggard.

Thus, for more than a hundred and fifty years, this book remained close to the poet's birthplace and passed through only six different hands.

How and when it left the hands of Shakespeare's immediate heirs and successors, may easily be guessed, though two solutions to the question may be offered. The poet's last lineal descendant, who became his direct heir, was Elizabeth Hall, only child of his eldest daughter, Suzanna. Elizabeth married Thomas Nash and continued to live with her mother at New Place. A complaint, emanating from a Stratford mercer, Baldwin Brooks, and dated 1636, may furnish one explanation of how a number of Shakespeare's books left his library, for we may read in the Public Record Office how Brooks, unable to recover from the estate of the late Doctor John Hall, "now deceased nearly two years, though his will hath not yet been proved by Suzanna Hall and Thomas Nash" sues to enter into his credit. He did so by summoning bailiffs to break into New Place, where they seized, as is certified by the countersuit of Suzanna Hall and her son-in-law, Thomas Nash, in the court of Chancery, books, boxes, desks, monies, and other goods to the value of £1000. Readers of Dickens are aware that a suit which goes into Chancery rarely or never comes out, so we need not be surprised at remaining in ignorance of the merits of the case undertaken by Shakespeare's daughter to recover some of Shakespeare's books, etc., but the incident may explain how her father's Holinshed first left New Place. Thomas Nash's wife, Elizabeth Hall, after her husband's death, moved up somewhat in the social scale by marrying the widower Sir John Bernard of Abingdon, near Northampton. Tradition says that when she left Stratford June 5, 1649, to finish her days at Abingdon Manor, she removed a large number of books and papers.

I have only been able to gain contact with one volume belonging to Shakespeare's granddaughter, a Bible of 1599, handsomely bound, interleaved with extra copperplate engravings and presented to Elizabeth by her second husband who inscribed it: "To my dear wife, Elizabeth Bernard, whom God bless." It remained forgotten and unrecorded in the manor house after Elizabeth's death, February 17, 1669, and was sold two centuries after as an item in an "extensive Library of well-bound books" and has returned to Stratford. What were the other books? And what became, in the interval, of the Holinshed is a mystery, but when examined it yields a key to many hitherto unexplained enigmas. On opening the volume one is struck by the excellent condition of the beginning and the end. Should one only consult the early Plantagenet or the late Tudor period the reader's impression might be that this copy had seen little service. When, however, it is opened between the reigns of Richard the Second and Henry the Seventh, it is another matter. The text contains numerous marginal annotations, and underscored passages. In some cases pointing fingers are used to indicate an important paragraph and practically all these markings occur at points made use of later in one of the dramatist's historical plays.

That the poet leaned often over the volume and fingered the pages which

* This baronial family traces its genealogy, according to Dugdale, from Robert d'Estoteville, Baron of Cottingham, companion of William the Conqueror. A first connection may be established with the Shakespeares through Sir John Skipwith, who was knighted by Henry the Seventh for services against the rebels in Cornwall, while it may be remembered that the Shakespeare claim to gentility was founded on similar services to the same king.

† It is now in an American private library.

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tell of these reigns is shown by the fact that the lower portions are worn thin by constant thumbing and the corners literally pulverized. This, in itself, is of interest, for it shows frequent usage over a period of years and answers a possible hypothesis that a later hand than Shakespeare's might have marked the allusions in order to detect what part of the *Chronicles* Shakespeare had "cribbed." Such pen-work could have been done in a month or two without damaging the book, but a more important proof that these markings were made in Shakespeare's own day and by his own hand, is to be found in the ink and the handwriting declared, I repeat, by experts of the British Museum and Bibliotheque Nationale as prior to 1620; and now, let us turn to an examination of his writing which has been deciphered, letter by letter, thanks to the alphabet supplied by Doctor W. W. Greg in the volume entitled *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More:* we are richer by the possession of almost a hundred more words in the poets hand and this new treasure leads, as is so often the case, to the discovery of more.

In going through the volume page by page, a clear impression may be formed as to why the man who studied it made the pen-marks at the places indicated and to what use he converted them afterwards.

There is nothing particularly significant to my eye in the first two hundred pages. The reader seems to have paid particular attention to the origin of certain ancient customs and usages both civil and ecclesiastical. The establishment of the Salisbury ritual is indicated as important on page 15 by the marginal note "secundum usum," and also the institution of the four terms and the founding of Oxford as a seat of learning. "The King giveth an abbey" refers to one of the rare good acts of William Rufus. Pope Alexander's consent that Henry the Second should annex Ireland to the Plantagenet dominion is underlined as an important fact, and also that in case of imminent danger of death baptism might be administered by any person and in any place. Under Richard Cœur-de-Lion the anti-Jewish riots and the King's eagerness to obtain money, through any method no matter what, is again underlined. Marginal writing occurs three times between pages 152 and 212. "Twelve men chosen to see the assizes kept," "a lieutenant appointed to see missa demeanours punished," and the word *"Thunder"* sweepingly written refers to an account of a curious perturbation of the atmosphere during which many domestic animals and barnyard fowls took to the woods and became wild. I should not forget to mention that the annotator throughout is interested in the game laws and their application and the early use of the long bow, which Holinshed credits to William the Conqueror.

Not until the reign of Richard the Second is reached does the annotator seem to have settled down to systematic work in a series of marginal writings which refer each and all to the period of Wat Tyler's rebellion. We read: "Wat Tiler," "the names of the rebells," "the wicked deeds of the rebells," "the wickedness of the Northfolke men destroys all records."

At first this caused me perplexity for, as the dramatist never made any use of the riot episode in his drama of *Richard II,* why did he indicate this period as though he intended to quote from it? As I read the marked passages, however, the sphinx spoke. The old black-letter phrases concerning the wicked naughtiness of the Northfolke men yielded up their secret and the words written in Shakespeare's own hand made it sure: "The Lawes of Ingland should come forth from one creature's mouth." A like phrase is in Shakespeare's work, but not in *Richard II.* Nor does he apply Wat Tyler's boast as recorded by Holinshed to the disorders created by that famous rebel. There is more subtlety in Shakespeare's art, enough to keep commentators and critics guessing for upwards of three centuries. But how simple it looks when, turning to the scenes of Jack Cade's riots in *Henry VI* (Part II), we perceive that what Shakespeare picked out of Holinshed concerning the Wat Tyler disorders he has used to vivify and point up with a touch of greater realism the mock trial of the schoolmaster caught setting boys' copies and Jack Cade's successful occupation of London Stone.

The passage marked in Holinshed reads: "What wickedness was it to compel teachers of children in Grammar schools to sware never to instruct any in their art . . . if any man was found with a penner and ink horn at his side such seldom or never escaped with his life."

Shakespeare makes Jack Cade exclaim:

> Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school . . . away with him, I say! Hang him up with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. (*Henry VI,* Part II, Act IV, Scene VII.)

It is also made plain why on page 432 in the Holinshed he had noted Tyler's threat that all law should be abolished and issued thenceforth by his personal decree, for turning to *Henry VI* once again, we find Dick the butcher apostrophizing his leader Jack Cade to this effect:

> *Dick:* I have a suit unto your lordship!
> *Cade:* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word!
> *Dick:* Only that the laws of England shall come out of your mouth.
> *Cade:* It shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Thus far we have learned that Shakespeare's study of Richard the Second in Holinshed was primarily utilized in building up his *Henry VI.* But this does not mean that the historian's picture of England under Richard of Bordeaux was neglected by the dramatist. On the contrary, John of Gaunt's famous tirade against the scandals created by the Sovereign's purchase of Papal Bulls "grievously censuring" his personal enemies, is based on a long passage whose importance is shown by roughly drawn index-fingers, and more writing in the margins shows how spread of luxury among the unlearned and ignorant has brought effeminacy upon the kingdom.

The statement of Henry the Fifth's claim to France proves still more conclusively Shakespeare's debt to the historian:

> *Holinshed: In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*—that is to say, lette not women succeede in the land Salique, whiche the french glozers expound to be the land of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond; whereas their own authors affirm, that the land Salique is in Germany between the rivers of Elbe and Sala and that when Charles the Great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certain Frenchmen, which, having in disdaine the dishonest manners of the German Women made a lawe: that no female should succeede to anye inheritance within their lande, which at this day is called Meisen.

And it is amusing to observe how close-

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ly the dramatist renders this passage in blank verse, at the same time making the argument more clear.

Shakespeare:

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land;
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and the Elbe:
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established then this law,—to wit no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salike, (as I said) twixt Elve and Sala
Is, at this day in Germany called Meisen.

Once more a pointing finger, which indicates King Henry's conduct at the siege of Rouen, shows that the author has the intention to make use of a phrase which he has underlined, and, in fact, at page 567, he has noted how the "Goddess of battle, called Bellona, had ever, of necessity attending on her, blood, fire, and famine." Need we recall the prologue in *Henry V,* the description of the King rushing into war:

. . . and at his heels, leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire crouch for employment.

Again, writing in the margin of the Holinshed volume indicates a prophecy made by Henry the Fifth that "Henry of Windsor should lose all that Henry of Richmond had gotten." This is utilized by Shakespeare in the first part of *Henry VI:*

And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which, in the time of Henry, named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
That Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all.
(Act III, Scene I.)

At page 655 a *Bracket* (the first and last time this form of reference is used) indicates a passage on the horrors of civil discord, remarking that these apples are far more bitter than *coloquintida.* Later, Iago will recall the same word, which once and only once is to be found in Shakespeare.

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts
Shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. (*Othello,* Act I, Scene III.)

At page 714 begins a series of underlinings which refer, not to historical events, but to moral considerations, such as Holinshed loved to scatter through his writings and the dramatist was not averse to picking up. Holinshed dwells on the unwisdom of trusting a new friend made of an old foe. "Can we think," says he, "that the kindliness contracted in an hour is deeper settled in their stomachs than long accustomed malice many years rooted"—a theme constantly brought out by Shakespeare in dealing with the Duke of Gloucester's dupes.

At page 721, the historian begins to foreshadow the catastrophe which awaits Lord Stanley and Lord Hastings and the pen of Shakespeare underlines: "They wist not what they feared nor wherefore . . . men's hearts, by a secret instinct of nature misgive them as the sea, without tempest, swelleth of himself sometime before a tempest."

Holinshed refers in this passage to the public feeling prevalent in June 1482. Shakespeare makes use of it much later in *Richard III,* Act II, Scene III:

Three London burghers meet and discuss the news of Edward IV's death, which is not yet generally known. The *Second Citizen* remarks:

Truly the hearts of men are full of feare:
You can not reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

Third Citizen:

Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct mens' minds mistrust
Pursuing danger; as by proof, we see
The Water swell before a boisterous storme.

When the historian dwells still further on the occult influences which cast their shadows over coming events, Shakespeare underscores a long passage:

Holinshed: The self-same night before his death, the Lord Stanley sent requiring him (Hastings) to rise and ride—so fearful a dream alarmed him. Him thought a boar with his tusks so raised them both by the heads that the blood ran down their shoulders. Certain it is also, that riding towards London the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice stumbled, which thing, albeit every man wote well, also happeneth to them to whom no such mischance is toward, yet hath it been of an old rite and custom, observed as a token, notably foregoing some great misfortune.

Hastings's lamentation on going to the scaffold recalls both the dream and his horse's premonition of danger:

Shakespeare:

I, too fond, might have prevented this,
Stanley did dream, the boar did raze his helm
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly,
Three times today my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he looked upon the Tower
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

On page 725 there is an underlined passage telling how the king jestingly termed Shore's wife "equal to three concubines as in three divers properties, she diversely excelled, the merriest, wittiest, and holiest harlot in the realm." Richard seemingly recalls the phrase and term of approbrium:

. . . consorted with the harlot-strumpet, Shore. (*Richard III,* Act III, Scene IV.)

On page 726 the marginal reference "Answer of a chaste and continent lady" is heavily underscored, as is also the reply of Lady Grey in the text, when courted by the king: "as she wist herself too simple to be his wife, so thought herself too good to be his concubine." Out of this short passage Shakespeare has made an entire scene, brother Clarence look on ironically. It concludes:

Edward:

Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more but what my soul intends
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Lady Grey:

And that is more than I will yield unto;
I know I am too mean to be your queen
And yet too good to be your concubine.
(*Henry VI,* Part III, Act III, Scene II.)

Page 728 shows an underlined passage referring to the King's extortions, "immersements turn to fines, fines to ransomes, ransomes to misprision, misprision into treason."

These words, though not directly quoted, form the leitmotiv of Shakespeare's whole play, and at page 732 we find in Holinshed the extraordinary description of Richard of Gloucester's character and his habit of utilizing servile flattery and fawning affection to gain his ends. "A mind which knoweth itself guilty is in a manner dejected and given to servile flattery." And I need scarcely add that in presenting the Duke of Gloucester, both before and after his coronation, the dramatist never swerves from the psychology traced by the historian—of Richard's "servile flattery and deep dissembling."

No further marks occur in the second and third volumes (now bound in one) except a few pen scratchings made by a more modern hand, until the index. There in the large blank space preceding the printer's ornamental design or headpiece, Shakespeare notes a curious recipe for curing a horse's swollen joints. ("Blacke soape, pigge-meat and honny mingled together, good for a horse's legge swollen.") This recalls Sir William Davenant's affirmation which there is no possible reason to

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doubt, that the Stratford youth, on arriving penniless in London, was constrained to accept the first work offered him by James Burbage and turned his rural knowledge of horse-flesh into account by taking care of the gentlemen's mounts who rode to the theater. His recipe, I am told, is still excellent. The plant referred to as "blacke soape" is the medicinal soapwort or pasque-flower, whose dark, purple blossom is reproduced in Gerard's *Herbal:* "It groweth wild of itself near to rivers and running brooks, in sunny places." And—it may be especially noted—flourishes particularly in the Midland districts of England.

Again, on the last index page, inscribed transversally, we fall upon one of the axiomatic phrases so dear to the poet "As wealth maketh loftie, so want maketh lowlie," accompanied by the enumeration of the four virtues, so often pictured together in the prints and illuminated designs of the Renaissance — Prudence, Justyce, Fortytude and Temperance.

The colophon page also yields "a whole alms basket of words," pen trials or pen play set down in a moment of idleness by a hand which obviously could not stay quiet when ink and paper lay close by. The name "Rychard" is twice repeated, "finished in January 1587," "Your very goode friend," also four highly ornamental monograms of the style called in French *griffe de notaire*. There is a twice repeated fanciful design, two hearts, one upright, the other reversed, cleverly forming the initial "W." The spaces set by the transverse lines are dotted in one case with tiny hearts, in the other with "o's." The largest "W.S." monogram contains in the spacious curve of the capital "W" a minuscule "m" indicating by this terminal the abbreviation for "William."

The result of this study brings the poet much nearer to his twentieth century readers. In the first place it confirms beyond doubt the authenticity of the signature affixed to Florio's translation of *Montaigne's Essays* (British Museum). It also brings fresh evidence to show the identity of this hand with that which traced the one-hundred-and-forty-seven lines attributed by the authority of Doctor W. W. Greg to Shakespeare in the play of *Sir Thomas More,* by supplying material for direct comparison. The word "rebels," so often repeated in that manuscript, is given three times in the marginal notes, and it is interesting to compare line 112 of the riot scenes:

For to the king, God hath his office lent,
Of dread, of Justyce, power and command,

with the word "Justyce" before referred to. The important fact that certain marked passages in the *Chronicles* were not used exclusively in Shakespeare's printed dramas, but that one extract found its place in this censored play, proves beyond doubt that the authorities who attribute the *Ill May-Day Scene* to the same author as the Jack Cade riots in *Henry VI* were not mistaken. Holinshed says of Wat Tyler's rioters, "The wretches had utterly forgotten all law, both divine and humane, otherwise they would have been content to live under law and do unto others as they would be done unto." Shakespeare uses this in the same way already observed; that is, he takes the idea suggested by the text and adapts it to dialog. One discovery brings forth another and, in the present case, enables us to link the writer of these notes with two other important documents — Shakespeare's will and another of more sensational character. The ornamental monograms representing the initials "W.S." are practically identical with those which are traced at the top of the Northumberland Manuscript preserved at Alnwick Castle, where an opening stanza from *Lucrece* is jotted: "Revealing day through every cranny peeps and see . . . ," also the word "honorificabilitudine" which Shakespeare made even longer in *Love's Labor Lost* —"honorificabilitudinitatibus." Moreover, the name "William Shakespeare" figures, abbreviated and in full, more than ten times in the same handwriting, although the one or two persons who dared suggest that it was Shakespeare and not Bacon who wrote it, have been properly squelched by authority.

This is natural enough; the standard critic has never taken kindly to the idea that Shakespeare moved in a political world where the Elizabethan censor was active and the proof this paper brings, that the man who possessed these documents could have hanged for treason had they been found, is unpalatable. But such are the facts. The portfolio, found at Alnwick Castle, contained: a collection of manuscripts, several of which were denounced as "dangerous to the State." Chief among these was "Leicester's Commonwealth."

(To a modern reader this pamphlet is simply a well-reasoned plea for the right of Mary Stuart's son to succeed Elizabeth on the English throne. Clandestine copies were constantly disseminated throughout England, made by hired scribes, and the printed volumes brought over by Campion's missionaries in 1582 were promptly seized and destroyed.

The internal evidence that Shakespeare was conversant with "Leicester's Commonwealth" becomes manifest when we note that he borrowed some of its characteristic phrasing, both in his plays and poems. Two instances may suffice. *"Quietus est"* is a peculiar term and perhaps only comes down to us because Shakespeare makes Hamlet say in speaking of temptation towards suicide:

"He himself might his quietus make with
a bare bodkin."

Again we find the expression in its usual connection (that of terminating a duly audited account) on which the words *"quietus est"* were placed as endorsement (instead of the American form "O. K."). Shakespeare in his one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Sonnet, speaking of time, remarks:

"Her audit, though delay'd, answered must
be,
And her *quietus* is to render thee."

"Leicester's Commonwealth"—in its arraignment of the favorite, declares that the Earl is too ambitious, suspicious, and fearful to allow his particular reckonings to be audited, but would rather "stand upon the gross sum and general *quietus est* by making himself chief auditor and master of all accounts in this life, howsoever he do in the next." And the unknown author continues: "he is crafty, subtle to deceive and ingenious to wickedness. As for valour, he hath as much as a mouse. His magnanimity is base sordidity etc." Linking this unexpected epithet to the same animal, Prince Hal exclaims: "Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse." Apparently in reading "Leicester's Commonwealth" the poet's funny spot was tickled by the phrase and he applied it himself in composing *Henry IV.*)

So the discovery of Shakespeare's Holinshed and the comparison of his writing therein contained, turn the so-called Bacon theory inside out by indicating that though the poet was lured to write for the attorney while both were under Essex's and Southampton's patronage and perhaps even acted as his "shadow" occasionally, Bacon did not work to establish Shakespeare's glory either by composing the historical plays or drawing up the will which is written throughout in the same hand as the Holinshed marginalia, the Northumberland Manuscript and the duly attested signatures of William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon in the County of Warwick, **Gentleman!**

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The Old Lady Has Her Day

A STORY

By August W. Derleth

My great-aunt Lou's shrill voice dropped suddenly into the Pocket where we were sitting that October morning.

"Ha-hoop! You, Joe! Ha-hoop!"

My great-uncle Joe swung his heavy bulk around, down-curved his mouth, and looked plaintively at me, his mustache twitching, his blue eyes half droll, half sad. He uncrossed his legs and leaned away from the bole of the gnarled oak.

"I'm a-comin'," he shouted in the direction of the house, which lay some distance across the fields, only the gable of it jutting into the sky above an expanse of cornshocks and stubble, orange with pumpkins.

He got up, frightening a chipmunk from where it had been sitting with its curious eyes fixed upon us.

"I suppose ain't no use tryin' t' get outa seein' what my ol' woman wants," he said. "It's got so a body can't even set a spell but what he's missed.—You better come along, Old-Timer, or she'll be on my back for leavin' you here alone. Seems she seen a rattler here once las' year."

We went through the woods, rustling the yellow, red, and saffron leaves along the ground, up the slope of Stone's Pocket, cut into the fields, and came presently into the Stoll yard by way of the fence leading from the north down the pasture to the barn.

My great-aunt stood on the low back porch, one arm akimbo from her thin body, the other holding a limp towel. She eyed us over her spectacles, her pursed lips presaging trouble for my great-uncle. He was resigned to it.

"Since when has the cornfield moved to Stone's Pocket?" she demanded. "Sent Tom to find you where you was supposed to be workin', but he couldn't see you. Settin' in the Pocket, with work to do! My soul and body, if that ain't just like you!"

"You ain't called me back jest t' tell me that," said my great-uncle, faintly indignant.

"I have not, Joe Stoll. Gus Elker's been and wants you to come right over to Hank Bloom's place. Hank's in some kind of trouble, seems like. Wants you and Gus to see about it."

My great-uncle looked relieved. "Sure," he said, "I c'n do that. I reckon that corn c'n wait."

My great-aunt snorted. "It's been waitin' this long while," she said.

"Now, Lou, don't let it get the best a you," said my great-uncle. He turned to me. "C'mon, Old-Timer. We'll go see what's eatin' off Hank Bloom."

"And you keep your fingers out of it, whatever 'tis," warned my great-aunt sternly. "I know you, Joe Stoll, when you're a-fixing things up for people."

"You let me do the worryin', Lou," he said.

Hank Bloom's farm lay northwest of Gus Elker's farm, at the far end of Stone's Pocket and nearer to the junction of the Spring Green road at the Fair Valley store. It was bordered on the south by the winding hills along the Logtown road, and beyond, by the Ferry Bluff range. Along its western

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boundary lay Stone's farm. It was a large farm, as farms were known in the Sac Prairie region, and rambling, so that it was in fact, though it touched upon Gus Elker's land, some distance from my great-uncle's. We cut back to the Pocket, this time walking along its southern slope, and made for Bloom's.

The morning was warm for October, but aromatic from the Pocket with the smell of fallen leaves and smoke in the air from where it lay all around the horizon. The earth was alive with movement—mice in the fields, gophers in the Pocket, and squirrels scuttling rapidly from tree to tree, some with pouches filled with acorns and hickory nuts, plentiful that fall. The jays, seeing us, shrilled warnings into the Pocket, and once a chipmunk whistled in alarm. There was a background of twitterings and chirpings from a host of small winter birds in the Pocket.

Gus Elker, his melancholy yellow mustache drooped about his mouth, sat on the rail of Hank Bloom's barnyard fence. Bloom, a lanky man with iron-gray hair, though he was still young, sat beside him. Both of them looked the epitome of woe, Gus particularly, because, being naturally gloomy of aspect, the effect of genuine sadness on him was indescribable. Bloom was dejected in a dispirited way, and my great-uncle's coming roused response in Gus only, and this was a feeble and somewhat shallow enthusiasm.

"Here he is," he said. "Joe'll fix it. I mind me how he fixed that tractor works stock."

"What's up?" asked my great-uncle, his voice immediately officious and betraying his consciousness of Gus Elker's confidence in him.

"You tell him," said Bloom, turning to Gus.

Gus launched at once into his tale. "It's that there Stulpy. . . ."

"Hoh! That ol' buzzard. What's he done now?"

"Ain't what he's done, but what he's aimin' t' do," said Bloom morosely.

"He's aimin' t' take Hank's place away from him," explained Gus. "He's a-goin' t' foreclose the mortgage on it."

My great-uncle raised his eyebrows. "Ain't no trouble about that," said he, without hesitation. "You, Gus, you got enough money t' help Hank make his quarterly payment, ain't you?"

"Sure, and I offered it real neighborlike, but Hank ain't takin' it."

My great-uncle looked suspiciously at Hank Bloom, who stared glumly away, scuffing dust with one foot. "Why not?" demanded my great-uncle.

Hank shrugged. "Ain't no sense to it, nohow," he said. "That Stulpy's a mind t' have my place, and he'll just be waiting for the next time, that's all. It'll just be puttin' it off, the way I figger."

My great-uncle shoved his hat back and scratched his head, a gesture indicating the process of profound thought. "Some sense t' that," he admitted warily. "But jest the same, the money's a help."

Hank shook his head.

"Seems there oughta be somethin' we c'n do about it," said Gus.

"If he forecloses, this place'll go up for sale," said my great-uncle. "We might buy it in, or we might buy up the mortgage."

"I can't let you fellers do that," said Bloom. "You'll be needin' your money. Something we ain't ever got too much of. And Stulpy, he'll be biddin' the place up. 'Tain't so much the money he wants—it's the place. It's a good place, and he c'n make money on it, and he knows it."

"How much 's the mortgage?" asked my great-uncle.

"Never you mind," said Hank shortly.

"Three thousand," drawled Gus. "'Tain't exactly chicken feed any way you figger it."

"No, I guess not," agreed my great-uncle.

There followed one of those strained silences which none of them could break with any relevant contribution to the problem. A flock of tufted titmice came suddenly around the barn and scattered above us, calling shrilly and causing a momentary diversion.

"Bird-time again," said Hank. "They won't be here long anymore."

"Oh, them will," said my great-uncle. "Some a them maybe jest come. Them's winter birds."

Gus inched around on the fence-rail and peered off into the distance along the way we had come.

"I be dog if that don't look like your ol' woman, Joe," he said uneasily.

My great-uncle turned and looked. "It *is* Lou," he said presently. "If she ain't the mos' restless woman!" He cupped his hands about his mouth and called, "Ain't you comin' the wrong way, woman?"

"I? Sure not," she called back, her voice arched with shrillness. "Ain't trustin' you to come back soon enough."

My great-uncle turned to Gus and Hank, spreading his hands in disgust. "I don't see how a man a my parts come t' marry a woman like that," he said.

My great-aunt came up.

"Looks like a funeral," she said tartly. "Ain't seen you all lookin' so down for a good month. Somebody gone off with Hank's best milker?"

Gus frowned lightly, not daring to risk my great-aunt's sharp tongue by more than this fractional disapproval, and said in a gentle voice, "Stulpy's aimin' t' foreclose Hank, here, and Hank ain't gonna let us help him."

"Offered t' buy up the mortgage, did you?" she asked, eyeing my great-uncle scornfully.

My great-uncle nodded, a little sheepish now that his magnanimity had come under the disapproving scrutiny of his wife's eye.

"Good thing one of you 's got some sense," said my great-aunt. "Hank done the right thing refusin' your money."

"You ain't bein' a bit neighborly," said Gus stiffly.

My great-aunt ignored this. "I reckon Hank ain't against help so long as it don't mean money?" she said.

"Oh, no, Ma'am, not atall," said Hank quickly. "I know how much it means t' have a little money on hand, and I can't see any a my friends spendin' it on a poor investment like this in these hard times."

My great-aunt nodded, a satisfied smile on her face. "That's good sense," she said. "Pity that man a mine ain't got a mite."

My great-uncle roused himself to protest, "I don't see you doin' much helpful."

"No, but I'm thinkin', which is more 'n you and Gus are doin'."

"Thinkin'," echoed my great-uncle sarcastically. "What, I'd like t' know?"

"I say, let Stulpy foreclose."

My great-uncle could not have been

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more amazed had she tipped him backward off the fence.

"Let him foreclose!" repeated Gus in astonishment, gulping once, visibly, as if it had been necessary to physically swallow her words.

"Seems you heard me," said my great-aunt.

My great-uncle found his tongue. "You got a mighty short memory, ol' woman. Ain't forgot how ol' Stulpy got hold a your cousin's farm out Logtown way, have you?"

"I ain't, and I learned a lot since then," she replied in a sharp voice. "I'm sayin', let him foreclose. Let Hank dig up a couple a dollars to bid his place in when the time comes. If you all get the farmers hereabouts together the right time, ain't no reason Hank has to lose his farm, and he can make the mortgage the same time. You do as I say."

She smiled then, her glasses glinting in the sunlight, and added, "I'm goin' in to say How-do to Mrs. Bloom. You, Joe—you get back to that cornfield!"

During all the time between the foreclosure and the sale of Hank Bloom's farm, my great-aunt said very little about her plans. She sent my great-uncle and Gus Elker out to make sure that all Hank's friends would be at the sale, and saw to it that the farmers collected several hundred dollars for use if necessary. My great-aunt pointed out that with his usual sagacity, old man Stulpy had not advertised the foreclosure sale to any great extent.

"I know him," she said, and smiled saying it. "He'd squeeze blood out of a turnip. He's aimin' to buy up that farm himself—no loss to his pocketbook—fix it up a little, and make a big profit sellin' it later on. Just the way he did with May's farm. That's how he made his money—just waitin' for some poor devil to fail on a payment; then he jumps."

"That's legal," grumped my great-uncle.

"Skunk legal," said my great-aunt. "Ain't givin' a man like Hank a chance. A good man, too. Just failing once, and he's done. Don't make no difference what his crops been like, not to old man Stulpy. That's all Stulpy ever done in his life. Now he c'n drive around in big cars and you and me still has to use the Ford or the surrey."

My great-uncle could not see that marshalling Hank Bloom's friends would do much good, but he knew my great-aunt well enough to know that all would be far from well with him if he failed her. So he and Gus set doggedly about rousing the countryside, until at last they could assure my great-aunt that every farmer nearby would be at the sale.

"But we can't use force," he kept complaining, looking at her askance as if he had visualized her advancing upon Stulpy with his old shotgun. "I'd sure like t' see that skunk run off Hank's land, but we can't do it. 'Tain't legal."

"Ain't aimin' to use force," snapped my great-aunt. "I declare, Joe Stoll, I like to died if you ever give me credit for brain!"

"Ain't sayin' what kind a brain," said he.

My great-aunt sniffed and raised her eyebrows. "You're talkin'!"

The day of the sale duly rolled around. My great-uncle got ready to go over to Hank Bloom's place and kept urging my great-aunt to hurry. But she prepared at her own leisurely pace, exasperating him, until Gus Elker came, expecting my great-uncle to go with him.

"Go on," said my great-aunt.

"You be there, now," said my great-uncle, a little nervously.

"Oh, I'll be there," she said lightly. "Maybe not on time. But if I ain't on time, mind you stick to Hank Bloom's right and have that auction open on time. Right on the minute. Now, you hear that, Joe Stoll! And I'm dependin' on you to bid that place in in double-quick time, and not more 'n a couple a hundred dollars on it, either."

"Hoh! How'll we do that with that ol' buzzard Stulpy there?" demanded my great-uncle with a glance of great scorn.

"He might be late," said my great-aunt.

"Probably there a'ready," reflected Gus gloomily. Gus, at any rate, did not hide his skepticism of my great-aunt's advice.

"Then you c'n take along some crêpe and hang it over him," said she. "And over Hank's place, too."

The sale was set to begin at ten o'clock that morning, but it was customary to allow an hour's grace, so that the sale must start at eleven, if not at ten. It was Stulpy's custom, as my great-aunt knew, to arrive promptly at the hour set.

My great-aunt had surprisingly insisted that I stay with her rather than go to the sale at once with my great-uncle and Gus. They were hardly out of sight when she began to bustle about with great energy.

"Now, this is the road Stulpy's got to take to get to Hank Bloom's place," she explained. "Wagons and cars been goin' past this long while, and they must be purty near all there by now. It's twenty minutes of ten, and I reckon you and I got some work to do."

"Aren't we going to the sale?" I asked.

"Maybe, maybe not," she replied cryptically. "You and me's goin' to push pa's Ford out into the road and keep it there at that narrow place up next the brook. And it's got to be right square across the road, too."

"No gas in the car," I said.

"Sure, I know that," she replied. "I'm countin' on it."

She got into her jacket and hat and went with me out into the warm October day to the side-barn where my great-uncle kept his decrepit car. After a great deal of difficulty, we maneuvered the car down the grade and across the road, in such a way that it was impossible for any one to pass.

"Now we got to get it up a piece yet," my great-aunt said.

We accomplished this, too, thoroughly tiring ourselves. The car was now effectively wedged between two high banks, and a brook paralleling the road on the left.

"Now you go sit at the wheel," she said.

I scrambled into the car and sat there. "Now what?" I asked.

She reached into the back seat and got out the crank, which she hid in the grass near the brook. Then she went forward and raised the car's hood. Somewhat gingerly, she smeared a little oil on her fingers. Then she sat down on the running-board.

"Now we wait," she said.

"But maybe he's there already," I protested, gathering that she waited for Stulpy.

"It 'd be the first time," she replied. "He's never yet come 'til the last minute."

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Even as she spoke there was a sound of a car coming up the hilly side-road.

"That might be him," she said.

But it was not. It was one of the farmers who owned the store at Grell's Mill. He came to a stop and leaned out.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have it fixed in no time," said my great-aunt.

"Reckon I'll have to wait," said Ed. "Need any help?"

"Sure not," said my great-aunt, markedly insistent. "I guess we do seem sort a wedged in here. I'll tell you, Ed—you go round through our yard and along the pasture, and you can come to the road the other side of us."

"Sure you don't want me to help?"

She shook her head. "You just go on, Ed," she said.

He backed up and drove through the farmyard, and presently we heard him blow his horn twice sharply, to indicate that he had come out on the road again.

"That's one road old man Stulpy ain't goin' to know about," said my great-aunt firmly.

After a while a wagon trailed up the hill and was sent the same way as the car. My great-aunt saw with some concern that it was now past ten by almost a quarter of an hour. She was beginning to show nervous anger when at last the sound of a powerful car cut into the morning stillness. By the time that the car rounded the short curve beyond my great-uncle's driveway, my great-aunt was vigorously at work about the Ford's engine.

Stulpy, a heavy but not fat man, tall and rather imposing, with a square jaw and small fox-like eyes covered by octagonal spectacles, looked out of his Buick, which he had driven up so close that my great-aunt had to scurry out of the way. His old-fashioned style of dress and small whitening side-burns contrasted oddly with his car.

"You're holding up the road," he said coldly.

My great-aunt turned on him, faintly affable. "Ain't all of us can afford to have Buicks, Mr. Stulpy," she said.

He recognized her then. "I'd be obliged to you if you could move that car, Mrs. Stoll," he said. "I must be at Mr. Bloom's place very shortly, should have been there some time ago, had I not been held up at the bank."

"We're a-headin' that way, too," said my great-aunt with continued pleasantness. "But I reckon we won't be gettin' there this rate. The boy here don't know much about cars. We come down this grade and turned and run smack across the road like this. I like to died, I thought it was the death of us." She looked at him appraisingly. "Maybe if you was to take a look at this old rattletrap, we might be gettin' to sale in time."

Stulpy looked at his watch and climbed somewhat arrogantly and gracelessly from his machine, leaving the door stand open.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

"Seems to be in the motor," said my great-aunt.

He looked at her scornfully. "Or the driver," he said dryly, looking at me.

He pulled off his coat and vest, removed his hat, and rolled up his sleeves. Distaste was written all over his face as he bent over the machine. My great-aunt sidled up to Stulpy's car, and with an agility that would have done credit to a pickpocket, took the old man's watch from his vest pocket and turned it back ten minutes to quarter past ten.

She was bent at his side when Stulpy looked angrily up.

"I can't see what it is," he said. "But I'm not used to this kind of car, I regret to say. Your spark plugs don't seem to be loose, and your carburetor's not flooded."

My great-aunt looked meek and helpless, clasping her hands nervously together.

"Have you got any gas?" asked Stulpy.

"Gas?" she repeated. "We run this far—it don't seem as if we ought to 've run out of gas."

Stulpy snorted scornfully and strode around to look.

"There's not a drop here," he said.

Dismay slid over my great-aunt's face.

Stulpy went over and put on his vest and coat. He looked at his watch. "Ten-thirty," he said.

My great-aunt said tentatively, "Reckon you could spare us a little gas?"

Stulpy grimaced. "I haven't got any too much," he said sulkily. "But I suppose that's the only way to get that can out of the road. Unless you use dynamite, and it ain't worth that. I still got half an hour to make that sale. Got a syphon?"

"Well, now, I reckon we have somewheres about," said my great-aunt, and immediately began to rummage in the back seat.

The old man got more and more fidgetty, taking out his watch and looking at it again and again. Over five minutes elapsed before the syphon was found. Then it was she who drew the gas from his tank. He stood careful guard over it, refusing to allow more than a gallon to be withdrawn. And finally, he accepted the quarter my great-aunt thrust at him in payment.

Stulpy said, "Now, hurry up, Mrs. Stoll."

He got back into his car, started the motor and backed up a short way, ready to go on. My great-aunt made a great show of getting into the car and sitting expectantly at my side. Stulpy blew his horn raucously, and my great-aunt got out of the car again and began once more to hunt something in the back seat.

Stulpy rolled down a window and thrust his head out, his face now almost turkey-red with anger.

"What in hell's the matter now?" he demanded.

My great-aunt turned to him and said, "'Pears the crank's gone. The starter don't work—ain't worked since Joe bought the car."

"Lost the crank!" howled Stulpy.

He got out of the car again, his watch in his hand. "Look here, Mrs. Stoll," he said. "Is there any other road up to Bloom's farm?"

"No, I guess not," said my great-aunt.

Stulpy swallowed. "Why people like you have to drive cars like that, I can't tell," he said, looking annihilation at the machine.

My great-aunt waved her hands helplessly and said, "It's the taxes, Mr. Stulpy."

He stood now squarely before her and shouted, "You get that car out of there, Mrs. Stoll, or I'll run it down."

"My conscience!" she exclaimed. "You ain't meanin' that, Mr. Stulpy. Why, Joe'd sue you sure!"

"I thrive on lawsuits," Stulpy said.

My great-aunt looked uncertain. "Why don't you walk it, Mr. Stulpy?" she asked. "It's just up the road a piece. 'Tain't far at all."

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Stulpy pulled out his watch. Then he nodded gravely and said, "I can make it at that, I think. I'll park that car right here alongside the road."

"You can put it in our driveway if you want," said my great-aunt, smiling.

Stulpy scowled at her, parked his car, climbed around the Ford, and receded along the road at a greater pace than his appearance would have credited him with going.

My great-aunt sighed deeply.

"He's got eight minutes," she said. "I don't reckon he can make it." She shook her head. "I figgered on gettin' his gas low, but he was watchin' too close. But I guess we got him hogtied anyway."

"I guess we have," I agreed.

My great-aunt looked up the road and asked, "Reckon you could drive that little way up to Hank Bloom's, once Stulpy's out of hearin'?"

I said I thought I could, though I had not driven much before. We waited in silence, and presently, feeling that Stulpy had arrived at the Bloom farm, we got started a little uncertainly. We came to the farm without mishap not long after the sale had finished, and apparently just after Stulpy's tardy arrival.

My great-aunt, with a wide smile of satisfaction, caught immediate sight of a frothing and furious figure in the middle of a curiously silent and unsympathetic crowd of farmers. It was old man Stulpy, literally white with rage.

"Three hundred dollars!" he was shouting. "Is that all I get out of a three thousand dollar mortgage? I'll see about that. I'll jail the lot of you. I'll. . . ."

He caught sight of my great-aunt and pointed a trembling finger at her.

But whatever he wanted to say was delayed by the auctioneer, who said in a crisp voice, "We delayed a full hour, Mr. Stulpy. Everything is according to form and perfectly legal. The farm was to be disposed of, and three hundred dollars is the highest bid I received. Legally, I was obliged to accept it, and it is my conviction that the court will accept that sum. You should have been present."

"But you didn't wait an hour," Stulpy kept insisting. "It's two minutes to eleven now!"

A half dozen watches were extended toward him. On every face he read approximately ten minutes past eleven.

Old man Stulpy looked at my great-aunt and me. "They kept me away," he shrilled.

The auctioneer looked politely incredulous. Some of the farmers guffawed loudly. The sheriff, who had come up to his side, looked scornful.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Stulpy, that an old lady and a little boy could keep you from coming?" said the sheriff disdainfully. "Ain't claimin' forcible detention, are you? I don't reckon you got enough force there."

Old man Stulpy knew when he was licked. He subsided. "There's force and force, but I see your point, Sheriff. I don't suppose I need to ask who owns the farm now."

"No, maybe you don't," said the sheriff, grinning. "Some of the boys bought it and gave it back to Hank Bloom."

Stulpy nodded grimly, clapped his hat to his head, and strode back down the road without a word. If looks could kill, the look he gave my great-aunt would have put her to a torturous death and made some provision for a miserable after-life.

The sheriff said to my great-aunt, "I don't know how you done it, Mrs. Stoll, but he sure had it comin' a long while."

My great-aunt looked innocent. "I ain't done nothin' at all," she said, but smiled, saying it.

The sheriff shook his head. "You can tell that to Joe, but you ain't tellin' me. You had your foot in it. I know Stulpy—he ain't missed a foreclosure sale of his in his life."

My great-uncle came bustling up from a crowd that had been standing around Hank Bloom, congratulating him.

"Here's my ol' woman at last," he said boisterously. "Lou, you sure missed it! We been havin' some day!"

My great-aunt rubbed at the grease still on her fingers and said, smiling benignly, "This old lady has had her day, Joe Stoll. And it sure has been a day!"

CORAL LIZARD

By Fanny de Groot Hastings

How has the dragon shrunken in this age!
The foe of Michael's sword, St. George's rage
And Arthur's chivalry, the sire
Of legendary monsters breathing fire,
Half lion and half serpent, has become
A small and harmless lizard, shy and dumb.
This kin of ancient terror-striking beasts
Measures a finger's length and gladly feasts
On gnats unworthy a bird's appetite.
Now gracefully it glides out of the light,
Its coat, the tint of coral bells in flower,
Brightened by dews that are its daily shower—
A timid creature entering its lair
All overhung with tender maidenhair.

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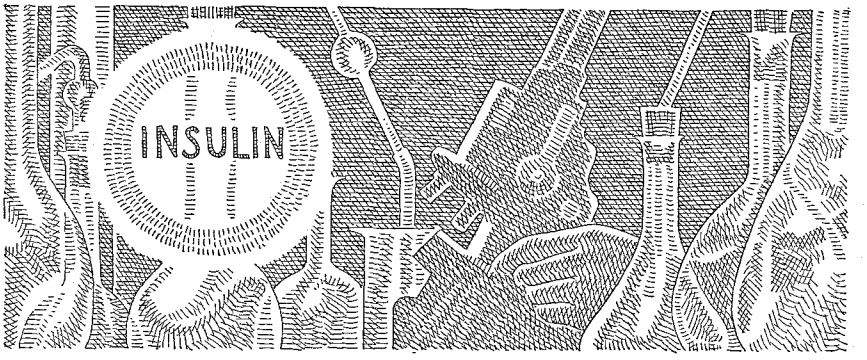

Modern Life Takes Its Toll

The Story of Diabetes

By Louis I. Dublin

Dr. Dublin, statistical expert of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, tells what science knows about diabetes and why it has risen to ninth in the list of causes of death

DIABETES is a disease which well illustrates the profound changes which have taken place in the point of view of medical research in recent decades. For a long time, medical investigators, enamored with the great discoveries in bacteriology, concentrated attention on the various infecting organisms—on those which cause tuberculosis, typhoid fever, pneumonia, and the other diseases which medical science has taught us how to control. Today, with the great accomplishments of preventive medicine through bacteriology largely behind us, physicians are spending more time and attention on the diseases which reflect the breakdown of the organism from internal causes. The development of our knowledge of diabetes and its treatment shows how great have been the recent advances in medicine along these lines and illustrates how much it is within our power so to fashion our lives as to avoid premature breakdown, and thus keep the body vigorously active over a long lifetime.

Diabetes is widespread in the United States. Four to five hundred thousand people in our country have the disease, and over two million other persons now living will sooner or later develop it. It is found at every age of life but affects, for the most part, people over 40. It is especially prevalent in cities. In 12 of the 93 largest cities of the country, the death rate from diabetes is now higher than from tuberculosis. It predominates among women in the most comfortably situated classes. Premature death from diabetes often means the loss to the community of a valuable person at the height of his or her career.

What is diabetes and how do we know when we have it? It is a disease in which the body is unable to burn up sugar in a normal fashion. It is characterized by an increase of sugar in the blood and in the urine. It results from the failure of the pancreas, or more specifically of certain cells in the pancreas, the so-called "islands of Langerhans," to produce enough of the hormone, insulin. If the disease is not discovered early during the process of routine physical examination, its presence becomes evident through the symptoms of hunger, thirst, copious urination, emaciation, and a sense of physical weakness. If, in the presence of these conditions, appropriate tests show the presence of sugar, the patient most probably has diabetes.

Up to fourteen years ago, the development of such symptoms was a very grave matter for the individual. A diagnosis of diabetes meant a complete change in the patient's life. No longer could he live normally; for if he ignored his condition and continued to live as he had previously, he would in all probability become progressively worse. If he were a young person, the breakdown was extremely rapid and death certain. Practically all of these young diabetics and a large percentage of the older ones succumbed to diabetic coma. Those who escaped coma were subject to conditions which are frequent among the malnourished—tuberculosis, pneumonia, and respiratory diseases generally. Infections were common and dangerous. Hardening of the arteries, to which diabetics are particularly susceptible, developed prematurely, especially in the legs, and often resulted in gangrene. Death from this condition was hastened by any break in the skin, because infection usually ensued. Surgical conditions in diabetics in those days presented such great risk that operations were attempted only as a measure of desperation.

Under such circumstances, what was the patient able to do to keep himself alive? For nearly one hundred and fifty years, diabetics found some relief in limiting themselves to a diet of animal food and certain vegetables poor in starches and sugars. But the outlook did not greatly improve until in our own time. In 1914, Doctor Frederick M. Allen introduced the under-nutrition method of treatment. This method consisted in fasting to produce freedom from sugar and in under-nutrition to maintain such freedom. Immediately, the diabetic patient's longevity was increased and the mortality decreased. But the very restricted life imposed on such patients by this method of treatment was little more than a prolonged invalidism for most of them. Particularly was this true of children, for they could not be provided with sufficient or suitable nutrition to meet the needs of their growth and normal development. Youngsters of fourteen looked like eight or nine. Even the Allen treatment meant only a year or at most two years of life for the child who fell a prey to this disease.

Then almost overnight, the situation changed. In 1922, Doctor Banting and Professor Best (then a medical student), working in the laboratory of Professor McLeod at the University of Toronto, succeeded in producing insulin. The great desideratum of medical science which had been hoped for

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and prayed for became finally available as the result of a truly brilliant experiment. These two men coupled scientific acumen with a great practical intelligence and arranged for the production of their new remedy on a large scale under the most rigid ethical and scientific standards. The substance was not only easy to produce but fortunately became inexpensive. Within a very short time, insulin was available in quantity in almost every civilized country of the world. This new substance released the diabetic from the bondage of invalidism, and he could now live a full life which differed little from that of normal persons.

The injection of small quantities of insulin, the amount being graduated according to the needs of the patient, made good the deficit in the production of insulin by the pancreas. He could now burn up sugar. The normal internal economy of the body was largely restored, thanks to this magic remedy. The diabetic child was no longer a victim marked for early death. Although he could not eat freely, as a normal child, he could again eat a widely varied and tasty diet that, at the same time, provided for proper physical development. He could romp and play with other children—indeed he was urged to do so for his own physical wellbeing. His life became that of a normal child, and he could grow into adolescence and plan for a career and a place in the life of the community. The diabetic in early adult life and in middle life could actively resume his work. Even the aged sufferer was made more comfortable. For their extraordinary accomplishment, Banting and McLeod received the Nobel Prize in medicine. One could hardly imagine a better choice for this award.

When we tell of the improved enjoyment of life brought to the sufferer from diabetes, however, we have told only half the story, for the discovery of insulin was equally a boon to the medical profession. The diabetic patient could now be brought safely through serious illnesses that had previously proven almost invariably fatal. Complications which required surgical treatment could be handled with hope of uneventful recovery. Doctors soon learned how to administer this powerful remedy, combining it with the dietary appropriate to the condition of the patient. Even diabetic coma, which in earlier days usually terminated fatally, could either be prevented or treated with real expectation of recovery.

These great improvements in the situation were soon reflected in the mortality record. Even more important was the obvious improvement in the condition of the patient and in the extension of his life. In the experience of Doctor Elliott P. Joslin of Boston, one of the most skilled physicians in this field, the average duration of life for a patient aged forty, for example, has increased from seven to nineteen years. The most notable improvement has been effected among children and young people, the expectation of life among children having been increased from less than two years to over thirty years. Noteworthy advances have been made at all ages.

Yet, in spite of the increasing efficacy of dietary restrictions and in face of the dramatically improved outlook for the individual patient effected by the introduction of insulin, more people are dying from diabetes today than at any time in the past. The 28,000 deaths in the United States from this cause in 1934 correspond to a death rate of 22.1 per 100,000 of population. Diabetes now ranks ninth among all causes of death. Only in recent years has it moved into a position of importance. In 1922, the death rate was only 18.3. Fifty years ago it was under 3, or less than one-seventh of the current figure. Diabetes mortality increased slowly but steadily until 1915, when Allen's under-nutrition method of treatment was widely adopted. That and the food restrictions during the war years cut the diabetes death rate, but by 1919 the upward trend again became evident. It was arrested only temporarily by the introduction of insulin in 1922. From 1924 to 1934, the trend was steadily upward. With the mortality rates now prevailing, 27 out of every thousand girl babies will eventually succumb to the disease and 15 out of every thousand male infants. In but ten short years, the probability at birth of eventually dying from diabetes has increased 50 per cent for female infants and 15 per cent for male infants.

The story of the growth of diabetes as a modern health hazard is written largely in the lives of our women. Whereas, in early experiences, male patients predominated, at the present time the mortality among females exceeds that among males by over 75 per cent. This great increase has not occurred among women at all ages, however. Boys and girls show relatively little difference in the frequency of diabetes. In contrast to the experience among older persons, the death rate in childhood has shown great and lasting improvement since the introduction of insulin. Even in early adult life there has been considerable improvement among men and a somewhat smaller decrease among women. It is in middle and later life that we find the basis for the rising importance of diabetes in women. While there has been little change in the mortality of men in middle life, among women the increase has been very striking. In old age, however, there has been a very sharp advance in the diabetes mortality for both sexes, but here, too, women have suffered more than have men.

While the highest death rate occurs among persons sixty-five years of age and older, the period of life in which the disease most often begins occurs considerably earlier. Doctor Joslin reports that among almost ten thousand cases diagnosed by him between 1898 and 1933, 27 per cent developed the disease between age fifty and age sixty, and 23 per cent between age forty and age fifty. His experience shows, then, that 50 per cent of these patients became diabetic after they were forty years old and before they were sixty; and 70 per cent between the ages of forty and eighty.

It is extremely difficult for the layman, and for many in the medical profession as well, to reconcile the amazing progress that has been made in the treatment of diabetes with a constantly mounting mortality from the disease itself. The facts appear a bit less paradoxical when we state that the death rate *among diabetics* has significantly decreased, but that the total number of people who become diabetics has increased to such an extent that, in spite of improved medical care, the number of deaths in proportion to the total population has continued to rise. Strangely enough, the presence of an increasing number of diabetics among us has resulted in large part from achievements which we consider entirely worthy and desirable and which

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we rightly hope to extend in the future. A brief analysis of some of the factors entering into the increasing death rate will help to explain this apparent anomaly.

Perhaps the most important influence tending to produce a greater number of recorded cases of diabetes is the advance in the science and practice of medicine. The successful attack on infant and childhood diseases and on such scourges as typhoid fever and tuberculosis has added many years to the average lifetime. An immensely greater proportion of people now arrive at the older ages than did formerly. For example, out of all the children born this year, three-quarters will still be alive fifty years from now, whereas only fifty years ago one-quarter of those born during any given year died before they were six years old. It can readily be seen that a much larger number of people now live to be old enough to acquire diabetes, which is predominantly a condition of middle and later life.

In a broad sense, any increase in the incidence of a disease that results from a changing age distribution of the population may be considered apparent rather than real. There is still another element that acts to produce a wholly apparent increase in the incidence of diabetes. Today the diagnosis is far more certain than at any time in the past, partly as a result of greater acquaintance with the characteristics of the disease on the part of the physician and partly because of the improved diagnostic technic and equipment which are available for his use. Furthermore, the adoption of urinalysis as a routine test applied to the millions of applicants for life insurance has led to the early identification of diabetics in many cases. The very discovery of insulin itself, by creating intense and widespread interest in the disease, caused physicians to be on the lookout for cases of diabetes as never before.

These facts do not altogether, however, account for the present diabetes situation. There is a significant and real increase in the disease with which we must deal—an increase which reflects our particular manner of living. In this country, as in many others, an honest effort has been made to raise the standard of living of the working population. This has been associated with an increasing use of machines in every field of activity, and consequently with a sharp decrease in the burden of physical labor of the average individual. As a result, the amount of food ingested has tended to exceed that required by the body. The net result is over-feeding on a huge scale and in the long run an increase in the number of people overweight or even obese.

Overweight is the chief constitutional feature in the onset of diabetes. Among Doctor Joslin's patients, 79 per cent of the males and 83 per cent of the females had been overweight. One-half of the men and well over half of the women were at least 20 per cent overweight; and large numbers were extremely fat. No less than 16½ per cent of the men and 26 per cent of the women had at some time been 40 per cent or more above normal weight. In like manner, the role of overweight in diabetes stands out clearly in the experience of the life-insurance companies. Among persons accepted for insurance, diabetes is far more frequently the cause of death among overweights than among persons of average weight or less. Furthermore, the toll of diabetes has been found to increase with the degree of overweight. Let it be understood, however, that in all probability overweight does not of itself *cause* diabetes. Rather, overweight is the exciting factor of the disease in individuals who are susceptible to its development.

The association of a high incidence of diabetes with an abundance of food on the one hand and a low expenditure of physical energy on the other, gives us a clue to the differential distribution of the disease among various groups of the population. As early as the sixth century, it was noted that diabetes was prevalent among the rich. The most complete study on the relationship between diabetes and social-economic class relates to England and Wales in the years 1921 to 1923. It was found that among men in the professions and higher ranks of business life the mortality from diabetes was 25 per cent above the average for all occupied and retired civilians; and among farm owners, retail merchants, clerical workers, teachers, and the like, the mortality rate was 45 per cent above the average. At the other end of the scale, mortality from diabetes was nearly 10 per cent below the average among the group which included skilled workers and sales clerks, nearly 25 per cent below average among semi-skilled workers and agricultural laborers, and nearly 35 per cent below among unskilled workers. A most striking feature of this study was the discovery of an extremely high mortality among persons engaged in occupations relating to the distribution and serving of food and drink. American experience tends to confirm these English findings. Hard work is a mighty good protection against diabetes.

A comparison of urban and rural life shows up much the same underlying differences. In 1932, the death rate in the urban part of our Registration Area was 27 per 100,000, but in the rural areas, it was only 17. Thus, for the country as a whole, the excess of the urban over the rural rate in recent years has been approximately 60 per cent. The pertinent difference between the mode of life of the city and that of the country is in the amount of physical energy required to do the day's work. The city presents an exaggeration of the recent trend toward mechanization. Less and less physical work is done, whether one is earning a living, keeping house, travelling, or amusing oneself. The housewife did not at first benefit so much from mechanization, but now she, too, has at her fingertips a whole array of electrical and mechanical servants which do the tasks that formerly required the expenditure of much muscular energy. Life may become too easy for the good of our bodies.

In a discussion of diabetes, we cannot omit the factor of heredity, which appears to be the important link in the chain of diabetes from generation to generation. Doctor Joslin found that the parents of his diabetic patients had diabetes four times more often than the parents of his non-diabetic patients and, in the brothers and sisters of diabetics, the disease was five and a half times as frequent as in the brothers and sisters of non-diabetics. The disease itself is not inherited but rather a predisposition to it. It tends to lie undetected until some other factor such as obesity brings it out. This diabetic predisposition is apparently transmitted as a simple recessive characteristic in the Mendelian ratios. The practical ap-

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plication of this fact lies in our ability to prevent, in some degree, the continuance of a diabetic line by discouraging the intermarriage of members of diabetic families. The chances of transmitting the tendency to diabetes are less when those with diabetic family histories unite with those whose families are free from the disease. It must not be thought, however, that complete elimination of the disease within a generation or two is possible by selective mating; first, because of the nature of hereditary transmission and, secondly, because family histories are so frequently incomplete or defective. It should be stressed, too, that diabetes is not a taint in any sense of the word. Moreover, the disease develops usually so late in life and may so easily be controlled that there is no need for alarm because of its hereditary aspects.

At present, then, the only real means we have to prevent the development of the disease is through the control of body weight. Obesity is to be avoided at all ages, but it becomes increasingly dangerous with advancing age. During middle and later life, it is definitely beneficial to maintain one's weight as much as ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds below the average weight for one's height and sex. An emphatic warning should be added here, however. Rapid loss of weight is dangerous and sometimes such loss is followed by diabetes. The person who has been overweight for a considerable length of time is jeopardizing his life if he or she suddenly undertakes a strenuous and rapid reduction in weight. Any considerable reduction must be accomplished through medically approved methods. The physician is in a position to give wise guidance and prevent serious mistakes.

Once a diabetic tendency has been discovered, continued medical supervision is indispensable. Self-medication too often proves disastrous. A mildly diabetic person may, as a result of dietary restriction, feel that he is "on top of the world," even while diabetic coma, quite unknown to him, is approaching swiftly. A suitable diet and insulin in an amount adjusted to the individual patient's needs constitute the usual successful treatment today. Some older patients can do well with dietary restriction alone, but only the physician is qualified to say whether the patient may do without insulin. The only effective method of insulin treatment is by injection. No permanent or lasting benefit has been proved to result from insulin preparations taken by mouth. It is vital that the patient learn early in his disease how to avoid coma, what to do when it impends, how to tell when he has had too much or too little insulin, and how dangerous to him are even the slightest infections. He should know the actual risks he runs in neglecting to follow his doctor's advice on the details of treatment.

A serious difficulty, in the present situation, is that a sizable proportion of diabetics who need insulin do not use it and all too many, having received it at one time, become irregular in its use. The excuse is usually that they thought the disease was being kept under control through diet alone. In other cases, either the patient or some member of the family objects to the use of insulin. In a small number of instances, the cost of the insulin is a bar to its use. Under such conditions, it is not surprising to find that diabetic coma still causes the death of many patients. To be sure, there has been considerable improvement in this regard in recent years, but much remains to be done, however, to prevent coma. The responsibility is largely with the physician to point out to his patients and to their families that in the great majority of cases the proper and regular use of insulin will help keep the patient in good condition. Where the price of the drug is a deterrent, the community should provide it free or at low cost. It is false economy to fail to provide insulin to indigent cases, for the good reason that otherwise a large proportion of them will before long require expensive hospital treatment for coma or for gangrene, and many will die leaving dependents for the community to care for.

Finally, we may say that we know enough about the nature of diabetes and how to control it, to justify an optimistic attitude toward our ultimate mastery of it. In the campaign against the disease, the same type of attack may be used that has proved so successful in the fight on tuberculosis. Indeed some cities have already begun to work along these lines. This program involves the cooperation of all the health and welfare agencies of the community—physicians and surgeons, and health and social workers. In New York City, where this movement has been carried further perhaps than in most other places, a Diabetes Association has recently been organized, the chief aim of which is to coordinate all efforts and to give leadership and direction to the movement. The first step taken was to study the clinical facilities of the community. These clinics are of prime importance because they serve that large group of patients who are unable to employ a private physician. Every effort has been made to see that these clinics are adequately equipped and staffed. The highest standards of treatment are set up. Opportunities are offered to the general practitioner to study and observe the most approved methods of procedure. At the same time, an effort is being made to discover new cases early and to lay foundations for a long-time campaign of prevention. The chief reliance is on the education of the public through special literature, the radio, and the newspapers. This part of the program stresses the desirability of periodic physical examinations and the avoidance of dietary excesses, especially among older people. Emphasis is placed on the value of regular exercise as a means of controlling overweight. It is to be hoped that the progress of this campaign in our largest city will be such as to set a pattern which may be followed by others.

We have no right to expect to eliminate diabetes. In modern societies like our own where life is mechanized and made easy, there will continue to be a great many diabetics, but they will not be a group apart. Armed with constantly accumulating knowledge of their disease and its control, they will, to an even greater extent than now, live full and long lives. The sword of Damocles, which has hung over the heads of diabetics in previous generations, although not yet altogether removed, has at least been sheathed.

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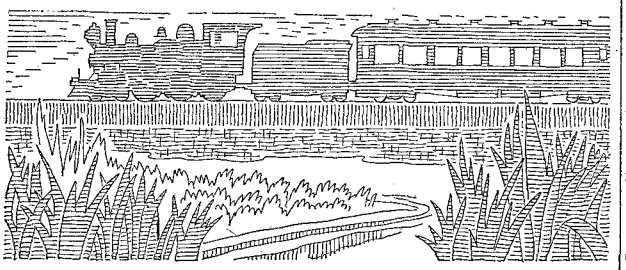
Marjorie

A STORY

By Raymond Holden



It had been raining all day. The wheels of busy taxis made a shrill and showery sound as they sped over the wind-blown scallops of street water. The wheels of the street-cars slipped on their tracks and the motors groaned. Women with umbrellas tilted forward, in rather academic opposition to a wet that came from everywhere, pushed their way through the wind. Men with dripping hats, their collars turned up and their shapeless trouser legs wrapped about their calves, went miserably by, clutching bundles, newspapers, briefcases.

Ellis Crocker stood on the top step of the subway stairs, sheltered by the dirty glass of the kiosk. He looked gloomily out upon the avenue and held his hat against the draught of stale warm air that belched from the cavern behind him playing a low rumble on the reeds of cold rain. It was one of those moments when human life seems as provisional as the attitude of a fly on a window-pane. Ellis thought of nothing, did nothing but hold his hat and watch the full gutter with its eddies and bubbles of miscellaneous filth.

If an empty taxi had passed him he would have hailed it and been carried the few blocks he still had to go. All of the taxis that passed were occupied. Ellis stood, anesthetized by the silver-gray cone which the weather held over him. Occasionally a straggler from the subway below would come up the stairs, stand a moment looking moodily at the avenue, put up an umbrella, and plunge forward, parting the rain.

Ellis became conscious of one who stood for some time as he did, watching rather than acting. From the slenderness of the back of the black caracul coat, the tidy angle at which the cylindrical hat of the same material was set upon carefully wound brown hair, from the neat narrowness of the heel-tendons sheathed in thin silk, which rose from shiny black patent leather slippers, Ellis, although he could not see the face, got the impression of youth, or at least of that prolongation of it over the fringes of middle age which is fostered by leisure and the means to be stylish.

The lady called with a pleasant imperiousness to each full taxi and lifted the hand which held her purse. Even an empty taxi could not possibly have heard her. Ellis made a note that she would, nevertheless, unhesitatingly climb into whatever cab he was able to attract, and drive off leaving him to find another.

During a minute when no vehicles passed by, the lady turned and bent over her purse searching for something. She drew out a handkerchief and lifting it to the tip of her nose, raised her head. Ellis, as his eyes met hers, became conscious of the beginnings of a memory of some kind. Fearing to stare, he turned away, persuading himself that what he recognized was just a type. When he again ventured to look at the lady, however, he saw that her eyes were upon him. This time he saw her face more clearly, the wide blue eyes, the regular undistinguished features, the full, rather insipid mouth, the tiny birth mark on the right cheek.

Suddenly he remembered. He opened his mouth and stepped forward.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but aren't you Marjorie Halsey?"

The lady smiled radiantly.

"I thought it was you," she said. "Isn't this nice!"

They shook hands.

"It must be, let's see, at least twenty years!" said Ellis.

Marjorie grimaced.

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"Don't remind me," she said, laughing.

When Ellis Crocker was sixteen or seventeen and a simpler adolescent than the same number of years could have hung upon today, his mother had taken him to Atlantic City for a week of sea air after a bad session with influenza.

When it came time to return home, Ellis was feeling much improved. Even though the Easter holidays were over he had lost most of his feeling that school was a thing to which he could not bear to return. He knew what it would be like now. High school discipline, after the holidays, began to run down hill, as if there were in the routine of learning a kind of penumbra of doubt as to where to begin and where to leave off. There was no distinct mark separating examinations from the period of study preceding them or from the period of summer leisure which followed them.

Ellis held a copy of *Popular Mechanics* before him and stared beyond his mother, down the row of parlor car seats. For almost three hours he had been doing the same thing, almost always catching the eye of a brown-haired girl in a checked suit bound with black braid. She sat facing him reading a book, with as little attention as he was giving to *Popular Mechanics*. Whenever he felt bold enough to look directly at the place where the girl was sitting, he found her looking at him with wide eyes and a face that seemed to be drawn back away from the eyes, leaving only their glance. There was nothing particularly impressive about the girl's features except for a kind of rosy glow which suffused them and which seemed to be concentrated in homely tenderness within a large pinkish blemish upon her right cheek. She wore her brown hair in a braid down her back. There was about her glance as it met Ellis's an air of something impending. Ellis occasionally turned from it to look out at the New Jersey marshes and the red-winged blackbirds, silent beyond the plate glass of the car window, fluttering up from the cat-tails as the car went by.

Ellis had noticed the girl almost as soon as he and his mother entered the car at Atlantic City, and had been watching her in a silent panic of excitement ever since. Now he realized that they had passed Newark and New York was less than half an hour away, and that the brown-haired girl was not to be sitting opposite him always.

At that moment the girl, giving her head a shake, and straightening her pig-tail with her hands, got up and walked down the car away from Ellis. As she reached the end of the car she turned and again looked at Ellis with that same projection of her gazelle-like eyes. Ellis thought that she smiled, but he could not have told upon what feature of her countenance the smile was written. Not knowing exactly what he was doing he put down his magazine, got up and walked the length of the car, toward the point at which the girl had disappeared.

When Ellis reached the vestibule of the car she was there. She was not looking out through the glass of the vestibule door—she was merely standing, drawing him on with those wide eyes of hers. Ellis was suddenly overcome with humiliating embarrassment. He felt that, in spite of the come-hither look of those eyes, the burden of his being there might be put upon him. He was not prepared to bear it.

"I saw you on the beach," said the girl.

Ellis still had nothing to say.

"Do you live in New York?" she asked. "Where do you go to school?"

Ellis was not quite certain what answer he made, he was so deeply concerned with his watching of the delicate but almost-expressionless face, so dominated by the compelling depth of those eyes. He was very much excited. When the conductor came through the vestibule and frightened the two of them back to their seats, he felt that something extraordinary had taken place, and felt rather proud of himself because he had learned that the girl's name was Marjorie Halsey and that she lived on West 89th Street.

In the press of helping his mother get off the train he lost sight of Marjorie but he thought of nothing else.

When school was over, Ellis got on a bicycle and rode up West End Avenue as fast as he could pedal. As he turned into 89th Street his heart beat very rapidly. Marjorie's house stood by itself between two vacant lots. It was a narrow, misshapen, dyspeptic dream of a house, seeming, in its isolation, immensely tall and narrow. It was made of an artificial stone, the texture of which resembled the sugar cookies which one sees in glass-fronted boxes in country grocery stores.

Ellis got off his bicycle and pushed it slowly by the house, hunching his shoulders as if to hide. The poplar trees, with their heart-shaped leaves, rustled overhead, and dropped a silent shade upon the sidewalk. Ellis, much to his regret, did not dare to look up at the windows as he passed. When he reached Riverside Drive he climbed on his bicycle again and rode home, past the rows of newly built private houses which it had seemed wise to some real-estate promoter to build. Ellis reached home very hot and out of breath and found that his music teacher had been waiting for ten minutes. She had a new piece for him, made very simply of simple notes with none of those complicated chords which looked like telegraph poles. The sound of it, as the teacher played it over, made no demands upon the piano and had no effect upon Ellis's ear.

The lesson seemed interminable. When it was over he rushed upstairs and wrote in his round, weak-footed handwriting a letter to Marjorie.

The next morning he was off to school on his bicycle half an hour earlier than usual. At the corner of 89th Street and Riverside Drive he dismounted and waited, his hands very moist and cold. Anxiety was too much for him, and he got on his bicycle and rode down the block to West End Avenue, again not daring to look at Marjorie's windows as he passed. He rode well out in the middle of the street, avoiding the hoses of the housemen who were giving the sidewalks their morning washing-down. It was cool and pleasant under the poplar trees.

At West End Avenue he dismounted again, and stood looking back at Marjorie's front door.

The clatter of hoofs on the asphalt of West End Avenue distracted him, and he turned and watched with familiar interest the sight of a drove of cows being driven uptown from the freight-yards to the abattoirs. Two men with sticks walked behind the cows, shouting at them and keeping them off the sidewalks. When the cows had passed, Ellis looked back down the street.

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A victoria, drawn by one horse, now stood before Marjorie's door. It was driven by a coachman in a silk hat who held his whip at an angle. Ellis saw Marjorie run down the steps, her pig-tail flying behind her, her full skirts spread. She climbed into the victoria. The sound of the horses' hoofs came toward him down the street. Ellis backed up his bicycle around the corner and did not mount until the carriage had passed him. Then he jumped into the saddle and with handle-bars pushed low, started after the vehicle. He could just see over the back of it the flat crown and upturned brim of Marjorie's beaver hat. He followed her through what seemed to him like the farthest outskirts of the section in which he lived, through the remote borderland of the Park and down the almost-unknown East Side. Never, except at Christmas-time for a shopping excursion, did Ellis get out of that region which to him was New York, and which was bounded by 72d Street on the south, by Columbus Avenue on the east, by Grant's Tomb on the north, and the Hudson River on the west, the district which had once been the villages of Bloemingdael and Haarlem. He followed Marjorie down through the embarrassing vastness of Fifth Avenue, and across to the brown-stone decorum of Madison Avenue. At Madison Avenue and 54th Street Marjorie got out of the carriage and ran with her arms full of books up the steps of a brown-stone house which housed her school. Ellis turned his bicycle about and pedalled as rapidly as he could back to his own school in West 77th Street, arriving just in time for chapel.

In answer to a note from Marjorie which he was not certain that his family had not read before passing on to him, Ellis, after reproducing the morning ride of the day before, appeared on his bicycle at Marjorie's house, immediately after school on the following afternoon. In front of Marjorie's door, leaning against the iron guard which kept horses from biting the poplar trees, was leaning an Indian motorcycle, surrounded by a crowd of children. Ellis chained his bicycle to another tree and trotted very shyly up the steps. Marjorie herself opened the door. She did not say anything, but gave Ellis that same deep-eyed look which he had first noticed in the Pullman car on the way home from Atlantic City. He followed her into the dining-room where, standing on the far side of an enormous mahogany table, were two of a very frightening sort of boys, apparently about five years older than Ellis. They paid no attention to Ellis and not a great deal to Marjorie, but whispered one to the other. When Marjorie went near them one or the other of them would grab her by the shoulder and either pull her pig-tail or try to spin her around like a top. As they did this, the two boys winked at each other. They seemed more like visitors to a zoo or an aquarium than like Marjorie's friends. Marjorie looked at Ellis with her wide grave eyes.

There was an atmosphere of mystery about the whole occasion. Ellis stood almost in a corner and looked on, his cheeks burning. The two older boys stood talking to each other. Marjorie suddenly, without any apparent instigation, jumped over a chair, her heavy skirt flying up about her knees, the tufted edges of her petticoat showing. When her feet were on the ground again, Ellis saw that she was staring at him. The two boys laughed, and walked up to Marjorie. One of them put his hand on her shoulder, and said something to her. Marjorie laughed rather shyly. The older of the two boys looked at his companion and shook his head. "Come on," he said, "we've got to be going!" Marjorie opened the door for them. Ellis, waiting in the dining-room in something like terror, heard the motorcycle motor start with a roar. When Marjorie came back she had her hat in her hand. She and Ellis, as if there had been some previous conversation about it, which there had not, went out and walked down 89th Street to Riverside Park.

Ellis kept a moist hand in his pocket firmly clasped upon the note which he had had from Marjorie that morning. They walked down to the water's edge, very slowly, saying almost nothing. They stood and watched a truck with restless horses from which men were throwing rocks into the river. They were half-way back to 89th Street again before Ellis realized that Marjorie had her arm through his. He trembled with excitement, but it did not occur to him to kiss her.

At Marjorie's door they stood and said a puzzled good-bye. Ellis explained rather proudly that he was taking his preliminary examinations for college. Marjorie went backwards through her front door, her eyes appearing to be the last of her to disappear. Ellis was late again for his music lesson.

For many days thereafter although he rode through 89th Street in the morning, he saw neither the victoria nor Marjorie, nor could he find her in the afternoon. One morning he rode through 89th Street even earlier than usual, for his own house was being dismantled, preparatory to a departure for the country. The window curtains were all taken down and wrapped in paper. There were crash covers on all the furniture and carpets. On the way down to 89th Street the hoses of the housemen spraying the morning sidewalks drew from the hot cement a smell like brimstone. The windows and the front door of Marjorie's house were all boarded up. The house looked as if it had put on a mask. The silence of the street was increased.

A sudden shift in the wind, caused perhaps by the air sucked into the tunnel by the roaring passage of a train below, spattered Marjorie and Ellis with rain. Marjorie said, "Oh, isn't this awful! Did you ever see such weather?"

"Which way were you going?" asked Ellis. "I'm just going to 55th Street, but I think there will be a better chance of getting one cab than two. If you're going the same way perhaps we could combine."

"Why I'd love to," said Marjorie. "But tell me, what have you been doing with yourself. Isn't it funny we've never met before! We must know loads of the same people."

Ellis looked at Marjorie, admiring the simple excellence of her costume, the dignified prettiness of her face. He was looking for that little mystery the sense of which had come back to him riding upon recollection of his early acquaintance with her.

"Oh, I haven't been up to much," he said. "Just the usual thing. College. Earning a living."

Marjorie leaned back against the kiosk wall, her head tilted back a little, her eyes absenting themselves in appraisal.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm a lawyer," said Ellis.

"How interesting!" Marjorie straightened up.

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Ellis looked out into the street and became conscious of the rain again. He had suddenly become very depressed. A taxi rolled slowly along the curb, coming out of the side street and jockeying for the traffic lights. Ellis ran out to the sidewalk yelling "Taxi, hey, Taxi!"

He pulled the door open and stood in the spitting rain beckoning to Marjorie who ran gracefully out and climbed in past his outstretched arm. She settled back while he got in beside her.

"I thought we'd never get one," she said.

"They're always hard to get on rainy days. Where shall I tell him to go?"

"Why I'm just going to Hattie Carnegie's for a fitting, it's in Forty-something near Madison. The driver'll know."

"Forty-ninth," said the driver.

"Okay," said Ellis. He sat back and began shaking his wet trouser-legs. He wondered if Marjorie remembered his name. As a matter of curiosity, why had she remembered him at all? Or did she, really? If she did, did she remember such a violent stomach-wrenching agony of hope as that which had possessed him as he watched her jump over the chair in her dining-room and later as he walked beside her in Riverside Park?

"Have you lived in New York right along?" she was asking.

"Oh, yes, except for the war."

"You must have had an awfully interesting life," said Marjorie without appearing to mean anything in particular. "I always thought you would—out of all the people I knew."

Ellis was puzzled. He could not tell whether or not this was merely a formula for conversation, or a confusion of memory. Whatever it was it increased his depression. He edged toward the corner of the cab-seat and looked at Marjorie in some embarrassment, smiling faintly. Marjorie met the look with an arch smile of her own.

"Why do you look at me like that? Are you disappointed in me?"

Ellis looked out the window.

"Oh no," he said.

So this was Marjorie Halsey! Ellis had, in the first few years after losing track of her, thought of her often and with an irrational excitement, often had fearfully wondered what would become of her. He had pictured her as a kind of desperate nymph who would forever remain both nymphlike and desperate. He had felt what he supposed was a slight contagion from her imagined wildness making him a stranger to the world of simple health and regular act in which he lived. Here she was after twenty years, beside him in a taxi. Now the houses in which he and she had lived had long since been torn down and replaced by apartments. There were no bicycles in the streets. The shade of poplar trees was gone from the sidewalks, the zoological smell of hay and horses had vanished from the fire-houses, the sound of hoofs from the streets. Marjorie, also, that childhood Marjorie, was gone. She had become as much like every other well-to-do woman in New York as the quarter in which she and Ellis once lived had become like every other locality whose identity was submerged in the vastness of the city.

Marjorie, too, was looking out of the cab window when the driver stopped at Hattie Carnegie's.

"Well, here you are," said Ellis, jumping out under the marquee and holding the door. He took Marjorie's elbow and helped her down from the cab.

"Thank you *so* much!" she said extending her gloved hand. "I'm sorry I can't ask you in. It's been *so* nice, seeing you."

Ellis stood for a moment watching as she crossed the sidewalk to the door, but the sight of her slenderness did not produce the same effect upon him as it had when, unknown, he had seen it at the head of the subway stairs.

"Marjorie Halsey!"

What is it that men think they are looking for that they find likeness and clue to in the brief bloom of youth? Of what finished state is the eager, inviting wantonness of the young girl a preliminary sketch? Rarely of the mature woman, surely. Perhaps of the antic charm of rebirth into a more careless world.

Ellis could not help thinking that if his inclination toward the adolescent wonder of Marjorie had been a little stronger this dull and fashionable figure of a woman would now have been his possession.

Ellis climbed into the cab again and, sinking back on the seat as Hattie Carnegie's doorman slammed the door, bit his lip and closed his eyes.

From the cathedral spire a block to the north came, through the rain, the tolling of a bell.

CREED

By Sara Henderson Hay

To meet the day with courage and clear eyes,
And, being in the world, to recognize
The obligations and the dues appended.
Not to seek sanctuary in denial
Of what is not most sweetly comprehended,
Or pleasant to be seen. To take to trial

My Self, most strictly quizzed, examined straitly
For honesty, minutely shamed or greatly;
For honor and tolerance, man's noblesse oblige,
For purity, by inner law defined,
For selfishness, if I have made him liege
By any petty trickeries of mind.

To love all loveliness, but likewise know
That it is not enough gently to go
Recording beauty on the soul and sense . . .
A sybarite, ignoring lesser state . . .
But to do battle, and with violence,
Perceive and loathe, magnificently hate!

To hold a faith that if I do my part
So well as lies within my scope and art,
Trying to better what I believe is worse,
To an avowed integrity sworn fast,
That Power which moves upon the universe
Will not do less to make it fair at last.

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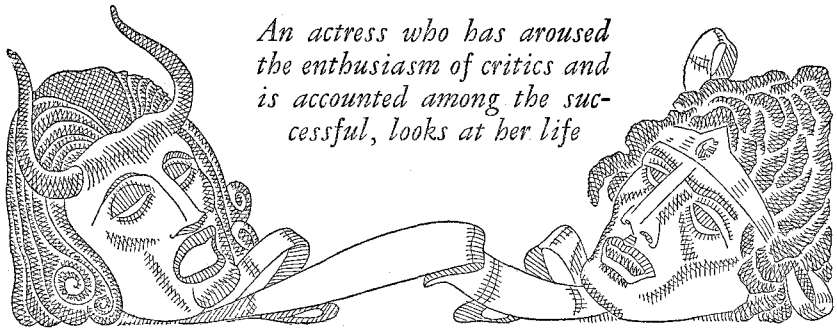
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Don't Be an Actress



An actress who has aroused the enthusiasm of critics and is accounted among the successful, looks at her life

FIFTEEN years ago, at the age of eighteen, I decided to honor the Theater by becoming one of its most illustrious stars. I had been in a few school plays, and had acquitted myself well, but my ignorance of all things concerned with Broadway was so vast as to be almost splendid. Clothed provincially, to say the least, but wrapped round with a profound belief in myself, I came to New York and went on the stage—and what a headache I've had ever since!

Of spiritual blows I will say little. Any girl who ventures beyond the protection of custom and convention (however scorned), and tries to make her living by the necessary parade of herself on a stage, must learn very early that the charm of her mind and the quality of her soul will get short shrift from the grasping, ignorant, coarse over-lords who control three-fourths of the "show business." There must be few places in the world where a woman's endowments are judged by a standard as false and as pernicious as in the few blocks of theater district in New York City. And she must have a sturdy character, and an almost unnaturally well-balanced mind, to be able to cling, year after year, to her integrity and her regard for all that is good and beautiful, in life as in art.

As to material things—out of fifteen years, there have been two during which I have been able to live on what I have earned. The rest of the time I am my friends' greatest luxury. Don't think because of this that I am one of those many who never took even the first step up the ladder toward fame. No, indeed. I am considered a successful actress, one of the hopes of the American theater. I have worked for almost all the good managements; my name comes up for discussion in the casting of a large per cent of the plays done in New York every season, and appears again and again in honor lists for acting; I have been lauded in lectures to drama classes at Columbia University, and cited for praise in theater talks over the radio; there is probably not a moving-picture concern in America which doesn't have my name near the top of its "preferred list" of talented stage people—yet I am quite unable to earn a living wage. I have two press books bulging with good notices—not just "adequate performance" or "fair support given by," but "this fine artist," "this best of the younger actresses," "this great artist," even "genius"—yet I haven't had a winter coat for years.

What can be the matter? Theater people would say that I haven't had "the breaks." By the very nature of the business, nine-tenths of those who choose the stage must forego "the breaks." There just aren't enough to go around. Since I came to New York I have been in fifty-six plays. The longest run I have ever had is seventeen weeks, the shortest—one night. Out of a possible seven-hundred-and-eighty weeks, I have worked two-hundred-and-twenty-one, or less than one-third of the time. Just before 1929 my salary had risen to five hundred a week. I was definitely coming on. However, by dint of much figuring, I discover that my average income has been thirty-one dollars a week. Dear, dead dreams of wealth and glamor!

Perhaps I hear the loud clamor of voices from those who are earning a good deal less than that. Very well, stenographers, clerks, saleswomen, seamstresses—but what is demanded of you, other than good work and cleanliness? Are you expected to wear the finest clothes? Must you have your hair waved, rain or shine, and your nails manicured? Are you expected to use taxis, no matter how far, or how near, you are bound? Must you keep your own telephone and use it many times a day in your business? Must you give cocktail parties, at least occasionally? Do you have to appear at first nights dressed as though you were a woman of wealth? Do you have to have a maid to open your dressing-room door? Must you provide a wardrobe, as we do for stock companies, of from one to seven costumes a week, all smart and charming? Are you called upon to meet, on an equal footing, the great and near-great of three continents? No. On your fifteen or twenty dollars a week you live according to that amount. It isn't so on Broadway. Not that it's necessary to make any ridiculous splurge, but that it isn't possible to live as the simplest actress should do, without four thousand a year. There are very few people in the theater earning anything like that. It may be stated as a fact that, for the great majority of actors, there is no money to be made on the stage. But the actress must always *appear* to be financially secure. And, as Anthony Trollope says in one of his novels: "The weight of the work of life in these circumstances is so crushing, requires such continued thought, and makes itself so

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continually felt, that the mind of the sufferer is never free from the contamination of sixpences." There is nothing more degrading than this keeping up with the Joans and the Marlenes.

One dream I had when I first came to New York was of going to the theater, seeing plays, studying the performances of all the famous actors from London, Paris, Berlin. The first year I did. I was living on borrowed money, and I lived like a lady. I saw everything. But after that—? Does any one imagine for a moment that I ever see the fine things showing here season after season? Does any one think I can really *go to the theater?* Not unless some one gives me tickets. And even then, there is the problem of either going, as I should, in evening dress, and spending two dollars for taxi fare, or sneaking in, with my worn collar turned up, hoping that nobody will recognize me. Don't tell me that a noble heart need not fear to go in rags. If there's one place where a noble heart is just that much excess baggage, it's on Broadway.

The young thing with dreams of glory will not be impressed by all this. She will think to herself: "It's all right for *her* to talk. Who is *she?* She probably isn't any good, anyhow. But if *I* went to New York—!" My dears, when I was eighteen I had the heart of a lion and the soul of St. Joan. "My voices" told me that Duse and Bernhardt were all very well, in their way, but that their achievements were almost pitiable beside what *I* was going to accomplish. I believe that if the whole United States Army had barred my way I would have walked through them unharmed. I was conscious of nothing but footlights, and I immediately established myself behind them by means of my first part. (I secured this engagement partly because I knew some one who knew a producer, and partly because I astonished the latter by having the entire rôle—a long one—memorized for my first reading, twenty-four hours after I met him.) Well, I was acclaimed! Headlines on the theater pages! Oh, what a poison in the blood! What a cruel thing for a beginner! "Where are the years of struggle? Where is the hard battle?" As a seasoned veteran I can say now that they're right ahead of you, dearie. All you have to do is to keep on going.

True acting, like any communication with the arts, is realized only through fasting and prayer. You will get plenty of fasting, but do you know how to pray? The stage is one of the most difficult careers in the world. It demands everything and, oftener than not, gives nothing in return; yet every year 1500 untried youngsters pour into New York —mostly in the summer, when the schools have closed—and try to induce some casting agent to register them on his books. One agent recently had fifty inexperienced applicants come into his office in a single day. And how many did he register? Not one. No agent will sign any one without having seen her on the stage. It may have been only in a cow-shed on an August night, but still—she has been seen, and they call it acting.

No one is permitted to act on Broadway without first having joined the Actors Equity Association. It costs fifty dollars. As the minimum salary for junior members is twenty-five dollars, the young hopeful would be wise to bring some extra money from home, along with the maledictions of her father and mother. There are 4500 Equity members (that is, members who have been able to pay their dues for this year, or else have gotten what is called an "excuse card" for non-payment). At this moment, at the height of the season, there are 530 actors employed in New York productions. There are perhaps that many Equity members busy in Hollywood (one doesn't have to belong to the union to work in the moving pictures), and a few on the three or four road tours that are trying their luck this winter. It doesn't demand any higher mathematics to conclude that there are several thousand actors left who have not the slightest chance of work. The average length of employment for all Equity members during 1934 and 1935 was from two to three weeks *a year.* It's true that these are depression years, but the professional theater, without a doubt, is becoming more and more the luxury of the few. It is a luxury to go to it, and a luxury to work in it. The moving pictures and radio are taking care of the mass entertainment, and it is most unlikely that the stage, as we know it, will employ great numbers again. It is true, certainly, that the theater is a stepping-stone to a career in Hollywood. Given youth, good looks, and any part in any play, a girl will get her chance in the movies. (This wasn't true, of course, ten years ago, before the talkies.) However, I am not thinking of movie ambitions now, but only of those who love the legitimate theater, and want to devote their lives to it. For an opportunity to act in the pictures it is not at all necessary to go on the professional stage. Almost any school play will do as well. Last month I attended a graduation performance of a Barrie play, and one beautiful girl playing a small part had two offers of movie tests before she got her make-up off. Such things are happening all over the country. If it's the movies you want, join your University dramatic club. Sooner or later, the picture scouts will find you.

But the theater, with its limited opportunities, and its stern demands, is a different matter. And any young girl who insists on joining its dismal hordes of unemployed should ask herself several questions. First, Have I enough money to keep myself for at least two years? Second, Do I know how to speak? Third, Can I sing? Fourth, Can I dance? Fifth, Do I know how to dress? Sixth, Am I attractive-looking? Seventh, eighth, and ninth, Can I take it, and take it, and take it? She must be able to say calmly to herself: "I will need twenty years to learn to act." In other professions, the aspirant takes it for granted that she must spend half a lifetime getting to the top, but with acting—! In one or two years she expects to burst full-blown upon the eyes of an astonished public. Sometimes, unfortunately, that very thing happens, and then, so much the worse for her. She has just that much more to unlearn. And it will be very hard on her vanity to realize that a new face and a little talent are enough to send critics and public into spasms of praise, but that in a year or two her face won't be so new, and her talent, unless she has a good deal of sense (and money), and has worked hard, will still be undeveloped, and the producers will be, oh, *so* uninterested in last year's notices! As for this working hard—I hear her say she would be delighted to work hard—but my dear girl, where are you going to do it? Who is going to give you the chance? Each year a great wail goes up from the newcomers: "Where are we going to learn, if no one will give us parts until we *have* learned?"

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And nobody answers, because nobody cares. So . . . have you enough money to take lessons in voice and dancing for four, five, or six years? Don't think that you can learn by yourself in your own room. Very little was ever learned in solitude about so public a craft as acting.

There is one hope for you. Almost your sole chance of a start—except knowing a friend who knows a friend who knows a producer—lies in a lucky break in one of the summer theaters. There are a great many of them—about seventy-five along the east coast each year—and up to now, they have been more than willing to try new people. Because why? Because they haven't had to pay you, Little Red Ridinghood. They housed you, badly, and fed you, worse (just enough to enable you to totter to performances and then to the nearest hot-dog stand), and washed their hands of you. But now, all is changed. Equity has passed a ruling that actors in summer theaters must be paid at least the minimum wage ($25), of which not more than tweny-one dollars can be taken out for board and lodging. So now, if you're lucky enough to be engaged for the season, you will have four whole dollars a week for all outside expenses, including your costumes. Fun?

If you do not get into the regular company of one of these summer enterprises—which, to give due credit, are becoming better and better every year, as far as quality of output is concerned—you may join the "apprentice group" attached to many of them. That is, you may, if you know some one who will pay the necessary hundred or two hundred dollars plus expenses. Do you? And when you get back to the city, do you feel equal, from September to June, to making the rounds of the agents' offices, year after year, with one chance in several thousand of landing a part? Think seriously of these things, and also of the fact that when you have put in your first ten years, and still find yourself with an insecure foothold, it will be a little late to start afresh in some other field. You have to keep on, whether you want to or not. Your pride won't let you admit that you can't make the grade, and more insidious than that, the occasional hundred or two hundred a week you have received in wages will have spoiled you for a twenty-a-week job. You may even have refused to marry, because you had wider horizons in view. So there you are, with a very narrow horizon indeed, washing your own collars and cuffs, hopefully wearing that string of artificial pearls, touching up that lusterless hair, and smiling girlishly at the agents as they say, "Nothing today." And for nine-tenths of the applicants, it will always be "Nothing today." Nothing but one day more toward a barren old age.

Of course—I mention it diffidently—there is, on this path as on all others, a faith that may sustain you; a faith, not in yourself, but in the great and noble work which might be, and occasionally is, accomplished in the theater. In his introduction to his book, "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," Bernard Shaw says: "A theater to me is a place 'where two or three are gathered together' . . . a Church where the oftener you laugh the better, because by laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness. . . . I took it seriously in that way, and preached about it instead of merely chronicling its news and alternately petting and snubbing it as a licentious but privileged form of public entertainment . . .; what lay at the root of my criticism was their (the players') deeper claim to be considered, not merely actors and actresses, but men and women, not hired buffoons and posturers, however indulged, but hierophants of a cult as eternal and sacred as any professed religion in the world." Do you think you could cling to this creed through the long months when you are idle and penniless? Could you adhere to it in the face of years of continual contact with stupidity and greed? If you could, you would probably make a better nun than an actress. Acting is a worldly business. In the eyes of the cloak-and-suiters the theater has no great traditions and no great dreams. The temple is full of money-changers.

If you love the theater, why need you come to New York? Why not build up one in your own town? *There* is a project to try your mettle, and to interest you all the days of your life. Theaters have always been founded and held together by one person with intelligence and energy, and it is not "the where" that matters, but "the how."

Go back home, all you glory-seekers. If the theater is not a religion with you, you should not come, and if it is, you must not. Stay where you can find true and enduring pleasures; do not give them up for a questionable and painful success. The human heart is capable of only so much satisfaction, and surely there is more to be derived from a real accomplishment in a small town than from a remotely possible curtain call on a New York stage. If the pursuit of a career made us broader-minded, more intelligent people, there would be some reason for these agonized efforts, but a career on the stage is one long attempt to keep up appearances. I speak as an actress who has "made good," not as a disgruntled failure: I think life would mean a good deal more to me now if my interests had been homelier and my sphere more restricted. The world can seem a poor place to a woman who spends most of her time under the cold regard of casting agents and producers who evaluate her as they would a side of mutton.

All this is not the *whole* picture, naturally. I am not trying to say that there are no satisfactions and compensations in the life of an actress. There are, of course, many of them. But I do say that for the time expended, the effort and the tears, the actress reaps a meager reward. Unquestionably, the same amount of care and work directed toward some other goal would yield a richer harvest.

Well, I am not leaving the theater. For one thing, I am here for better or worse, like an old-fashioned wife. I have been wedded too long to change. For another, these people have become my people, their godlessness my godlessness. But oh, I wish, and so would you, that I had left to others the anguish of failure and the terrible responsibility of worldly success. I don't want this kind of battle, or this kind of glory. In the end it is only a waste of human material and a disregard of all true values. Give me, instead, some humbler pursuit, and a less complex existence—work that might one day bring me some small measure of security, and even, perhaps, once in a while, a simple luxury. If I weren't an actress, putting up a showy front, I might be able to get, for instance, a victrola and some records. I might even buy a book, the way my friends in business do. And maybe—sh! quietly!—I could have an occasional ticket to a play. I do love to go to the theater.

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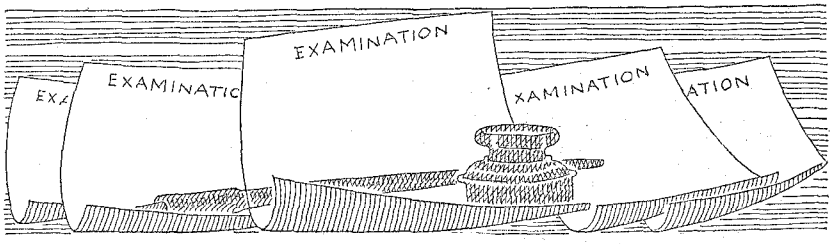

"Out of the Mouths"

By Bergen Evans

You can never be sure what a student is getting out of a lecture. Sometimes the most amazing misunderstandings result. Mr. Evans has filled his article with amusing "howlers" and has an interesting theory about them. He would be pleased to hear from any reader who knows of similar misunderstandings

BONERS, ludicrous answers on examination papers, have become almost a staple of humor. They appear in annual series and classified volumes. Not a comic paper is without its share of them. And naïve pedants hunt them down in triumph and rush them into print with a complete disregard of the fact that they may reflect as severely on the teacher as the pupil.

The more sophisticated men, however, conceal them and brood upon them until they sink into a melancholia that unfits them for all human contacts for at least three months, a condition which—and not, as some laymen suppose, indolence—necessitates our long summer holidays. Few survive as many as four yearly shocks without taking refuge in cross-word puzzles or research.

Paradoxically enough, a glimmer of hope emerges from the darkest fact of all—that the most egregious blunders sometimes occur in the papers of intelligent and attentive students—for it suggests that the fault may not lie entirely with lecturer or listener, but in the mechanism of transmission.

The wise teacher soon learns that his words must pass through a screen, the pattern of whose mesh is determined by the individual student's experiences and background. And that which emerges may not bear much resemblance to what he intended to convey.

That sound, to use an extreme example, which conveys to a boy at the forty-fifth parallel on the zero meridian line a conception of a middle-aged female, conveys to another, at the fifty-fifth parallel of the same longitude, a conception of a sweet cake with raisins. Neither lad is necessarily an imbecile; they simply come from communities, France and England respectively, whose conventions have attached different significations to the sound *bun*.

When we say that these words belong to different languages, we are saying that the fact that different meanings have been attached to them in different places has been formally recognized. But it is not frequently enough borne in mind that different communities within the same language group, different economic and social groups within the same community, and even different families in the same social group, frequently attach different meanings to the same words and place widely differing interpretations upon the same ideas: "Communist," an anathema in the suburbs, has no terrors in the slums; "love," one of the most-used words in English, may suggest anything from a doxy to the doxology, depending on the hearer.

So that the teacher who wishes to make himself clear, especially in such an inclusive subject as literature, will find the methods and interpretative patterns of his students' minds almost as important an object of study as his material, and will make every effort to familiarize himself with vocabularies, social backgrounds, and emotional and cultural experiences.

There are certain basic tendencies of the mind which are common to all people and all times. One of these is the tendency to ignore the utterly strange. Unfamiliar sounds, for instance, are often just not heard. The initial *w* sound of the Goths was alien to the Greeks; *Wulfilas* sounded like *Ulfilas* to them, and so they recorded it. Philology has many such examples.

And as with sounds, so with ideas. Unless they touch in some way upon the known, we are inclined to ignore them. When savants discuss relativity, or ladies, knitting, the uninitiated do not struggle to comprehend; they merely think of something else that comes easier.

Even more dangerous is the tendency of the mind to adapt the unknown to the known on the basis of some fancied resemblance—as the French *écrevisse* became the English *cray-fish* (and colloquially, because it crawls, *craw-fish*) and the Dutch *huizenblas*, sturgeon's bladder, became *isinglass*, *icing* plus *glass*. *Muscle*, possibly because it suggests power, seems to have displaced completely the lowly bivalve that once gave Mussel Shoals its name.

Now every word is foreign that is unfamiliar, and may undergo this change. Every one can remember some of the amazing meanings that he attached to the commonest words as a child. There was the "dunzerly" light, for instance, that illuminated the star-"spankled" banner, which, until it faded into the light of day, called up a glorious suggestion of rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air. Aldous Huxley once thought *carminative* to be a sort of dye, and so used it with disastrous consequences. A friend tells me that he used to pray, "Hallahan be thy name," Hallahan, the local baker, being suggested by the request for daily bread.

The inexperienced teacher who assumes that if the pupils fail to understand him they will say so, overlooks the fact that they may believe they understand him at the very moment of their grossest misconception. True, what they hear may sound like lunacy to them, but they are cynically tolerant and do not point this out.

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Hymns, with their peculiar vocabularies and archaisms, are a particular source of juvenile confusion. Even in the cradle-roll I felt that the pragmatism in the injunction to be "always *kinda* good" that terminated our parting song, "Sunday School is over," was unworthy of the church. And why should the fact that the green hill far away was *without* a city wall merit comment? "Rise to adore the mystery of love," we warbled in the second grade, when the Ulster riots were much in our parents' table-talk, "of God *in Connaught* and a Virgin's son"; while the unfinished comparison in the line, "Thou art like the fountain of" (our version of "Thou of life the fountain art") haunted my infantile broodings.

Then there was the second verse of "The British Grenadier," a song endeared to us by its thundering, kettle-drum rhythm, which really goes:

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses and we with hand grenades.
We throw them from the glacis, etc.

It shouldn't have made any sense at all, stuffed full of eighteenth-century military terms, but it did, and we sang with shrill delight:

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march *refuses* and we with *angry nades*.
We throw them from the *glasses*, etc.

It was perfectly clear: on a particularly nasty assignment the pusillanimous leaders always reneged; whereupon the men, with angry nades (we didn't know what *nades* were, but we were equally ignorant concerning *palisades* and dozens of other words which we used daily) threw them into something like a greenhouse! It was an exhilarating scene!

The process applies to ideas as well as words; the unknown will be made to fit the procrustean bed of the known in some way. One of the many follies of educational tests is their assumption that a child is stupid if he does not give the *expected* answers. A case in point was the Buffalo psychiatrist who graded a child zero who when asked to state the similarity, if any, between a snake, a cow, and a sparrow, replied, "None of them talk." The answer, the aggrieved psychologist averred, should have been, "All of them are animals."

Particularly dangerous is teaching by inference, and much moral teaching is of this kind. Children are logical, but, proceeding from unexpected premises, they may arrive at unexpected conclusions, like the compassionate boy who, as his mother was explaining to him a Sunday-school picture of martyrs in the arena, cried out, "Oh, mummy, *this* poor lion over here hasn't got a Christian!" Or like the philosopher of five who, having just been spanked for using profanity, demanded tearfully, "Why does God *have* a swearword for a name?"

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has been ordained many a rebuke for the pedant.

Years ago when I was young and learned, ere those rigorous masters, my students, had purged my faith and trimmed its fire, I gave a lecture on the book of *Jonah*, in preparation for which I had toiled mightily over commentaries and encyclopedias. I expatiated upon the nature of midrashim. I weighed the evidence for identifying the prophet with the historic Jonah Ben-Amittai. I discussed the custom of mourning in sackcloth and ashes, its origins, significance, and parallels. I described the glories of Nineveh, and pondered upon certain inaccuracies in the sacred text. I dwelt upon the charm of the little story, its grace and pathos. I was erudite. I was eloquent. And I felt my labors fully rewarded by the rapt attention of a young lady in the second row, who, however, as soon as I had finished, demanded eagerly, "Were the ashes *hot* they sat in?"

As an undergraduate I took a course in organic evolution, the last meeting of which was reserved by the instructor for a smashing Q.E.D. For clarity's sake he confined himself to the horse's hoof, illustrating his remarks with bones, fossils, embryos, photographs, and illustrative charts, which were spread before him in impressive confusion. He showed us that the four toes of the *hyracotherium* had become the three toes of the *mesohippus*, which, in turn, with the progressive enlargement of the middle toe and atrophy of the others, had become the hoof of the modern horse, bearing the mute witness of its atavistic splints. He advanced corroborative evidence from the embryo, and clinched the argument from comparative anatomy, crying, at five minutes to the hour, "Is there any question?" in a tone of voice which said plainly and proudly, "There cannot be!"

But there was. A hand went up from the far end of the front row, the hand of a girl who had hung on his every word and nodded gratifying comprehension at every point. She assured him that she had followed his reasoning step by step. She understood this, and that had been made wondrous clear. But one doubt yet remained in her mind: "Dr. Smith, when did the iron thing get on the hoof?"

Every teacher runs into something like it. You are *never* sure what a student is getting out of a lecture. No magician ever pulled rabbit from hat with more disconcerting defiance of expectation than some of them will pull a proverb out of any piece of literature. They seem to have been taught that the great question in studying prose or poetry is, "Which one of half-a-dozen mouldy mottoes does this illustrate?" They would wring a moral from a bill of lading! Bacon's cynical discussion of the exploitation value of friendship conveys the thought that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." *The Ancient Mariner* is a tract by the Audubon Society. One lad was uncertain whether *Gawain and the Green Knight* taught "Honesty is the best policy" or "Try, try again." He might have added "Early to bed, and early to rise."

Perhaps the most depressing thing of all is their talent for remembering all the poor things you ever said. A friend of mine used to account for this by an ingenious theory. The students, he said, after twelve to sixteen years in classes, have developed a protective inattention. This you occasionally pierce by stressing something important. Or perhaps you are delivered of an epigram. Unconsciously you raise and intensify your voice. And the peak passed, you naturally relax, and rest for a moment on some banality. Now it is the heightening of your voice at the good moment that arouses the student's attention. He seizes his notebook, and is just in time to catch your ensuing stupidity. This he gravely writes down, and then he relapses into reverie until your next climax arouses him in time to get your next platitude. At the end of the term he memorizes as much as he can of this collection of you at your worst, and records it with cold-blooded accuracy for your perusal.

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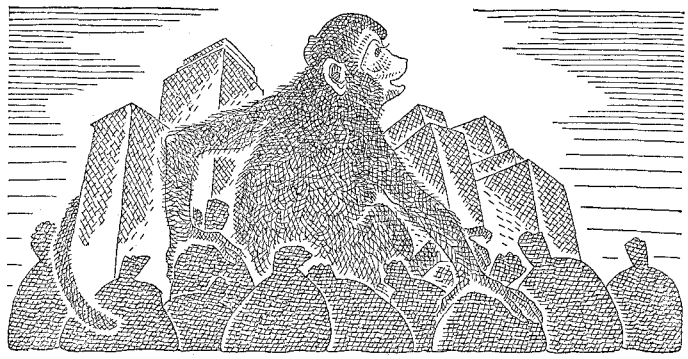
It's depressing, but it carries a pretty plain pedagogical lesson. As in pleading, those arguments are of most value which will affect the judges, so that teaching is best, not which displays the most erudition on the part of the teacher (I have often thought that in examinations there should be two sets of questions—one to show the examiner's colleagues what a subtle dog he is, and another to find out what the students know)—but which brings the subject most closely home to the student's interests.

Naturally this can be done only by one who knows and to some extent shares those interests. Teaching is a form of translating, and a great translator has said that a knowledge of the language into which one is translating is the more important of the two. A cognizance of Tom Slade, Elsie Dinsmore, Mickey Mouse, and Moon Mullins might be more valuable in teaching undergraduates than a comprehension of all the textual variants that ever vexed dull brains.

But if the teacher's task is likely to be greater than he foresaw from the graduate school, when he looked forward to parroting the witticisms and aping the eccentricities of some distinguished professor, so are his rewards. The joys of showing off are keen but fleeting, but the joys of really stimulating intelligent young people are profound and lasting. And they often come from the most unlooked-for sources. One of the great revelations of experience in teaching is the pleasure one gets from "poor" students.

I remember a Polish boy who seemed impervious to poetry. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth had left him puzzled and uneasy, and the year was drawing to its close. And then —the ways of the spirit are inscrutable —Amy Lowell's *Patterns* moved him. He felt sorry for the "lady," he wrote. He worked in a garage, and on hot days, when things were most disagreeable, he longed to chuck the job and go swimming in a pool he knew of in an abandoned gravel pit. But he never gave up the job, just hated it and stayed on. "Christ, what are garages for?"

That may not seem like much of a reward, but that's because you don't know Borowski. If you did, you would realize that it was the equivalent of a ringside seat at the creation.



Popular Opinion and Our Acquisitive Economy

By Joseph K. Hart

Why must the distributive side of our national life be left to "instinct" when great intelligence, science, and inventive genius are applied to production? Can a society half intelligent, half animal, long endure?

One phase of recent social development has greatly puzzled observers during these years of depression. With millions on relief, and with other millions clinging to a narrow margin of self-support, there has been but a slight increase in the number of "radicals" in America. Probably not every shift of opinion has been registered in new party affiliations. But, on the surface, at least, there has been little change. Leaders of left-wing groups have counted on large additions to their numbers. They have been disappointed. There has been much talk of a "united front" of all radical groups. Little has happened in that direction. Apparently there has been an increase of critical interest among college students. Aside from this, there is much room for the suspicion that the average American is more fully committed to our traditional economic system, today, than he was in 1932. If this is so, how is the fact to be accounted for?

Our orthodox economists have not been wholly comfortable during these same years. They had been serenely able before 1929 to show that the capitalist system assured a perfect balance between production and consumption, between supply and demand, with a maximum of "net satisfactions" to all concerned. One group had even gone so far as to declare that "there *are* economic laws" which industry *must* obey. But the last five years have made those "laws" look strangely like certain scholastic dogmas of the Middle Ages.

Popular mind, having little share in this expert theorizing, seems to have even less share in its defeats and its fears. The efforts of President Roosevelt to save the "profit system" have become a little tiresome. A recent poll of national opinion shows popular opposition to the "new deal" in the ratio of five to three. In other words, the profit system does not need to be saved: *it is safe!* What is the meaning of this growing conservatism?

Several answers to this question are offered. The most probable seems to be that, for people in general, capitalism rests, not on any economic theory, of "utility," or of "equilibrium," or of

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"net satisfactions," nor on any ordinance of government, but on the far more fundamental faith that it is definitely rooted in *human nature,* as such. In moments of extreme distress, as in 1932, people may turn to governmental agencies for help. But, after all "new deals" have been declared unconstitutional, and after all academic theories have crashed, human nature—in its most ineradicable characteristic, the "acquisitive instinct"—will still be doing business at the old stand. The capitalist system, as the institutionalizing of this acquisitiveness, is the last word in economic orders, because it is simply nature-at-work. If nature be in it, who cares that the theorists stumble; that the politicians seek to feather their own nests; that the supply of commodities sometimes exceeds the demand? In the long run, *nature will have its way,* and all these incidental disturbances will be settled.

Within the last year, popular opinion seems to have swung strongly back to this standpoint. Those who have suffered most from the industrial breakdown feel this acquisitiveness strong in their hopes, and they *know,* with a knowledge that passes statistics, that the old system is *right.* They may have little now; but when the corner shall have been turned, they will come, again, into their chance to *own* something!

In the face of this cosmic faith, inquiry into the reality of this *instinct of acquisitiveness* may seem sacrilegious. But in the seventeenth century, the English psychologist, John Locke, made an inquiry into the reality of "innate ideas," and in so doing he completely destroyed the *natural* defenses of the Divine Right of Kings. In like manner, doubtless, our psychologists and anthropologists will, presently, deflate the doctrine of "instincts" and so destroy the *natural* foundations of our acquisitive economy. That development awaits the convenience of the specialists concerned. Meanwhile, *acquisitiveness* is still with us, in full force. No one can deny that fact. But we can ask what are the personal and social results of accepting this acquisitiveness as a fact of nature, ineradicable element in human nature and in social organization. As an *instinct,* what does this acquisitiveness do to us as persons, and to the society in which it operates?

Forty years ago, William James made much of instincts in human nature. Since then, however, psychology has greatly shifted its ground. The "instinctive" still remains as a level of human nature, but "instincts"—specific mechanisms that cause the individual "to behave in a predetermined manner in a given situation"—have almost completely disappeared from the categories of human psychology. They have been relegated to the realm of animal psychology. It is as Mr. Robert Briffault has pointed out:

"A human being whose mind should consist of unmodified inherited instincts, only, and whose behavior should be governed solely by those instincts, would not differ from an animal, and would be locked up in an asylum."

Must we not add to this that, just to the extent that a human being is made up of unmodified instincts, and just to the extent that his behavior is governed by those instincts, he remains on the animal level, and his conduct is essentially brutish? And does not this fact reveal to us the great and real gulf that exists, today, both within the individual person and within our economic society—the gulf between intelligence and instinct; between science and drift; between production and distribution? On the one hand, most men seem eminently reasonable, intelligent, and humane; on the other, the same men may turn out to be irrational, grasping, ruthless, even brutish in their efforts to "lay up a modest competence." On the one hand, modern society is civilized, Christian, devoted to science and philanthropy; on the other, the very same society may be cruel, belligerent, devoted to getting its "rights," no matter what violences may be involved. One part of human nature we gladly consent to raise to the level of the human; the other part we insist must remain on the level of animal instincts. The one part is devoted to the production of wealth; the other part concerns itself with the distribution, rather the "acquisition," of this wealth. On the one side we are civilized humans; on the other, we are beasts fighting for our prey! This is what "instinct" does in us, and what the doctrine of instincts serves to rationalize.

No one questions the existence of this acquisitiveness. But, as an *instinct,* it is beyond social control, just as the Stuart kings of England were beyond social control as long as they could hide behind the doctrine of Divine Right, which, as an Innate Idea, was an ineradicable part of human nature. Instinctive man must be controlled, if at all, just as animals are controlled. The great humanists, like Ruskin and William Morris, mercilessly criticized industrialism, calling it "brutish." We can now see that, in so far as, on its distributive side, industrialism insists upon remaining on the level of animal instincts, that characterization was both literally accurate and morally just. But no human society can permit itself to remain long at the mercy of such obscurantist doctrine, if there is any way out. Theoretically, no society wants to remain, even in part, on the animal level, permanently.

However, as long as we must accept this division of society and of personality into two areas, a human and an animal, we are at its mercy. If we should discover that acquisitiveness is nothing but a strong cultural trait, the product of education, we should be able to escape its strangle-hold on our economic life, if we should want to do so. Of course, we really like things as they are, more or less. Though the acquisitiveness of contemporary society shames us, at times, yet it profits us, too; or some of us, at any rate. So, while we draw our profits, we hide our embarrassment under comforting rationalization that the system is "inevitable," since it is the expression of "natural instinct." Our sense of shame is a credit to us; but a more critical attitude would be still more creditable. What would be the findings of that more critical attitude?

Here we must consult the psychologists for a moment. In listing the activities of the untaught babe, the psychologists tell us that they find, in addition to reflexes and emotions, a large group of "random movements," which, as one says, "seldom appear twice in exactly the same manner and which seem to lack the definite rôle in life's economy so apparent in the case of the reflexes." In other words, the human infant has a large equipment of *unpatterned capacities* which have, at first, *no definite rôle,* but which are ready to be shaped to any patterns that exist in the society in which the child is born. This is that area of *plasticity,* found only in the human young, which

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makes possible the astonishing fact that a child can, in a few years, take on the cultural complexities of organized society. Within a short time after birth, those indefinite "random movements" begin to show the patternings of the group. The unpatterned impulses of the child assume the habit patterns of its parents, or its group. If the parents are acquisitive, these native impulses quickly fit into the acquisitive patterns and become the "acquisitive instinct." But, in exactly the same way, if the parents are cooperative, those impulses as readily fit into the cooperative pattern and become a "cooperative instinct" In either case, the final result is a cultural trait. But it has the native drive of those random movements and this makes it look like an instinct. That is, civilized behavior can have the drive of natural, instinctive energies, without remaining on the animal level of specific instincts.

Failure to recognize these facts is doing our social order irreparable harm. Acquisitiveness, in itself, is not an evil trait. In moderation, it is socially desirable. Darwin tells of a primitive tribe he saw in Terra del Fuego, whose members, half-starved, cold, and brutish, were primitively communistic. They were given a piece of cloth, which they tore, as nearly as they could, into equal bits so that each one could have a share. As a single piece, the cloth would have helped to warm one member of the group; in its equalitarian bits, it did no one any good. The lack of individual acquisitiveness held that group to brutish levels.

The desire for private property has been a strong drive toward civilization. But acquisitiveness, left as an instinct to its own natural aggrandizement, grows by what it feeds on, and some men reach an insanity of greed. Such men are not greatly different from Darwin's Terra del Fuego primitiveness: the latter had no possessions, the former have nothing else. Each operating on instinctive levels, live the lives of animals, and nothing can be done about it, in either case.

On the scientific side, in the areas of *production,* modern industrialism has developed a plant and a technic comprehensive enough to make prosperity permanent and universal. That fact is beyond dispute. On this side of the gulf, capitalism employs all the science, all the inventive intelligence, and all the technologies that are available, and calls for more. This is modern, civilized, humane, and its results may be seen in the growth of social welfare, in certain moments of "prosperity."

But, on the *distributive* side, this same capitalism, speaking through its stanchest defenders, demands that everything shall be left to *instinct,* the play of *acquisitiveness.* Science and inventive intelligence, which made possible this vast development of material productivity, must *not* interfere with the distributive processes. *There must be no planning, here.* Machines may be planned, and factories: but *society* must be "natural." Here instinct must rule. Science may help build automobiles and radios; but the wealth thus produced must be owned and distributed on the level of *instinct.* Science is permitted to help build submarines; but the *policies of nations* must still be determined by forces that never rise to the level of critical understanding.

Can a society thus divided—half intelligent, half animal—long endure? We are in danger of being involved in a devastating civil war, or even world war, over this very problem. Seventeenth-century England was torn to shreds over the doctrine of Divine Right. After the Civil Wars were over, John Locke showed what a ghostly thing it was the defenders of the doctrine were fighting for. Must we wait until after a similar war to learn the identical lesson? Our psychologists, anthropologists, and critical economists could save us from that by utterly deflating the metaphysical doctrine that acquisitiveness is an instinct.

Such a service would shock large areas of popular opinion. But it would make possible new organization of those areas on more realistic lines. It would also clear away much of the jungle in which that creature of animal instinct, the distributive half of economic man, still ranges savagely, and where he will continue to range, in spite of depressions, as long as he can justify his acquisitiveness by an appeal to instinct.

Denied that appeal to obscurantism, capitalists might learn to use the same kind of mind in shaping the distributive part of the economic order that they now so freely employ in shaping new products for the market. Such use of mind would be rather novel, to be sure, and its first effects might be more or less disastrous. Popular opinion would be shocked. Later, however, most of us would begin to wonder why the experiment had never been made earlier; why, indeed, anyone could ever have assumed that, in an age of technological innovations in all *productive* directions, the *distribution* of the wealth thus created could be left to the uncontrolled play of animal instincts!

Next month—The August Fiction Number of SCRIBNER'S *with stories by William Faulkner, John O'Hara, Caroline Gordon and Nash Buckingham, Stephen Clarke, Bernice Kenyon. Articles and other features by Desmond Holdridge, Arthur Train, Nathaniel Peffer, Janet Mabie, Nicholas Murray Butler.*

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The Bright Margin

By Conrad Aiken

But having seen the shape, having heard
the voice, do not relate the phantom image
too nearly to yourself, leave the bright margin
between the text and page, a little room
for the unimagined. What's here, beneath your hand,
is less and more than what you see or feel;
deeper than air or water; deeper than thought
can dive, whether between stars or between gods,
deeper than the sound of your heart. Walk right or left
it is no matter, whether in room or field,
under a tree or beside a road, the shape
will be deciphered only to elude you.
Is the fog only the shape of yourself, idiot?
and the fog an idiot too? is the god
only the shape of yourself, idiot, and the god
your own vast fog of folly projected?
Think better of your guts than this.

She reads a book:
her hands are on the table: the bright light
falls on the opened pages, the two pages,
and on the ordered words; and while she breathes
the braids upon her bosom rise and fall
as slowly as her eyes recite the lines,
from left to right, from right to left, softly
reshaping from that sight a world of sound.
There with her ears, but not with ears, she learns
how leaves can make an aureate grace of air
weaving a visual pattern, but in sound,
moved by the wind, heard by the poet's ear,
and now in visual sign transcribed again.
What miracle is this? that she who reads
here in a simple room of time and chairs
can watch a bough dissect an arc of sky?
can feel the current of the wind that lifts it?
can hear and see and feel that wound in air?
As the bough dips and flurries, she reads and breathes;
as move the leaves, her hands upon the page;
as lives the tree, or as the poet lives
in living with the tree, so lives her eye;
and as the poem lives, her woman's grace.
But which lives first? and who is living?

God
is such a margin as thus lies between
the poem and the page's edge, a space
between the known and the imagined, between
the reported and the real. He is your fancy.
And you are his.

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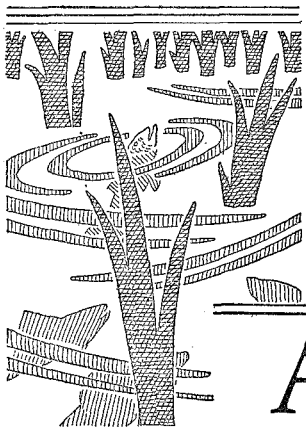
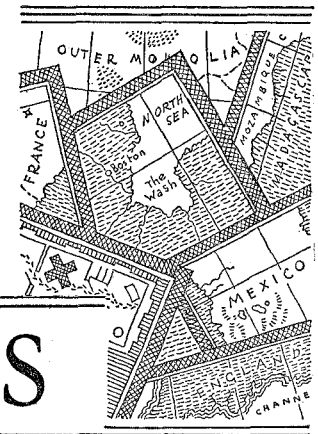


Fisherman Turned Naturalist — Map Collecting Returns a Profit — A Mother Makes Books for Her Children and a Hobby for Herself. Readers' avocations show that whatever they do when they're busy, when time is their own there is no end to the way they keep themselves out of trouble



AFTER HOURS

TAMING FISH

By Armstrong Perry

In the Mammoth Cave he has seen the pallid, eyeless fish rise to the surface of the underground river. One winter a half-frozen wasp lived in his room till spring, feeding from drops of syrup on his finger. Once an eager hunter and fisherman, Mr. Perry believes that field glasses, microscopes, bird houses, are better investments than powder and shot, hook and line.

It came over me one day as I sat at the edge of a lake that it would be better sport to teach fish to eat out of my hand than to catch them.

The sunfish gave me the idea. They were nesting not far from the shore. Their movements were spirited and graceful. They seemed almost human in their solicitude for the welfare of the anticipated family.

I waded out to examine their nests, which were neat, round bowls in the sand. Each couple was sweeping out its honeymoon house with its fins. Sticks and pebbles that could not be swept out were carried in the fishes' mouths. They were not satisfied until they had a perfectly clean and smooth place for the eggs.

Inadvertently I stepped into a nest. Instantly Mother Sunfish banged into my leg. If she had been four feet long instead of four inches she would have knocked me down. She tried to bite me. Father Sunfish joined the fight. They battered me until I withdrew to a safe distance; then, with a wary eye on me they went to work to repair the damage I had done.

To show my good will I went and dug some earthworms. To the vanquished belongs the bill for reparations. Wading in again, more carefully this time, I took a worm between my thumb and finger and tendered it as a peace offering.

It was obvious that I was still a suspicious character. For fifteen minutes I waited, while the pair inspected me from all sides. They would edge up, then shoot away, then come back and eye the worm hungrily. At last Mother Sunfish took a bite. She found it good and came back for the rest. I fed them both until they were swimming around with the tails of worms sticking out of their mouths and waiting for room to stow them away.

In less than a week these and other fish were not only rising promptly to take worms from my fingers but were waiting for breakfast whenever I appeared. If I started out in my rowboat they followed into deep water.

I thought they had come to know me in a personal way and it was with real regret that I left them when vacation ended. Two friends came to occupy my tent as I left. That night they sent me a post card:

> When we went down to the lake to wash our hands we were attacked by a school of fish. They kept after us until we dug some worms and fed them. Looks as though we would have to spend our entire vacation digging worms!

The next summer I saw a black bass hanging around near the cook-house. I dangled a worm in the water and coaxed him up to the low wall where I lay. He would come within a quarter of an inch of the worm and if fishes' mouths ever water, his did, but he would not touch it. When I dropped a worm it disappeared like a straight whiskey at a corner saloon, but it always had to be dropped. Bass must have an Emily Post who teaches that it is not polite to grab morsels from the hands of humans.

Seven years passed. A friend just back from a vacation told me that where she had spent it the fish in any part of the lake would eat from any one's hands.

"So you have been at Island Pond!" I ventured.

"Yes," she answered, "how did you know?"

I didn't! I was as much surprised as she was for I had not been there during all that time. Evidently others had carried on the sport that I had started.

Carp in private ponds are easy to tame, I find. They will come in schools, big fellows weighing up to five pounds or more, and eat bread from my hands. At the Alhambra, in Spain, I fed them kernels of corn as is the local custom although that food must require an extraordinary digestive apparatus in a fish without teeth. Sometimes I have found the carp so sociable that I have lifted them out of the water. They have submitted with no apparent alarm or displeasure. When I put them back they go on eating as before.

Brook trout are quite different. They are nervous and shy and hide if even an unfamiliar shadow falls across a pool. At first I doubted that a trout would come near me but I found, after hours of observation, that when I rested quietly beside a stream large fish were likely to drift down or move cautiously up to where I was and watch me as

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closely as I watched them. A worm flipped into the water may be snatched as soon as it reaches a spot near a good hiding place.

In a pool in Canada an old plank lay along the bottom near the edge. Over it was another on which I could kneel or lie. I saw trout dart out from under the submerged one. So I lay on the exposed plank and for a long time held a worm close to the hiding place.

At last I was rewarded. Quicker than thought, a big fellow shot out, caught the worm as he turned, and was back again before I had a good look at him. This was repeated many times.

In a mountain trout brook in Pennsylvania I saw a pool that had been deepened by lumbermen so that water buckets could be dipped into it. I saw a trout in it and I sneaked up to the edge carefully. It was a large fish for so small a stream, weighing perhaps half a pound.

As I looked down at the trout it looked up at me. There were plenty of places to hide but it remained in the open. I wanted to take a picture of it but there was no chance of getting a clear one unless I removed it to shallower water. Very cautiously I rolled up my sleeves, knelt and reached in, thinking to corner the trout under a stone. To my utter surprise it permitted me to pick it up without a struggle.

Taking care to keep my hands wet so as not to injure its tender skin, I examined it. There was no indication of sickness or injury. I placed it in shallow water and took a time exposure, then returned the fish to its pool. There seemed to be only one possible explanation. The trout must have been the pet of some lumberman who had gone away when the logging job was finished. The stream was so low that no fish were going up or down. The trout was lonesome.

This pastime has increased immeasurably my enjoyment of the out-of-doors. The sport went out of trout fishing for me when fish commissions began filling the streams with fish, and fishermen followed the fish truck and caught them. The value of fishing, of course, is in the fresh air, the exercise, the recreation, the communion with Nature. But the difficult task of winning the confidence of wild, free creatures, who have learned to look upon man as a natural enemy, now challenges my sporting blood. Killing is too easy and too unpleasant.

COLLECTING MAPS

By H. D. Jones

Thirty, a graduate of a mid-western college, and a salesman ("so help me," says Mr. Jones). He has published a few poems but his customers must never know. When he is not collecting maps, long cross-country ski trips or walks are his diversion. Otherwise, he bores his friends with terrifying theories about what the world is coming to.

Until a year ago, whenever Christmas or birthday time rolled round, I used to lower my eyes and hint as wistfully as dignity allowed that an atlas would just fit there on that big bottom bookshelf. And just as often my wife would callously point to the pile of bills on the desk—and I would get socks or suspenders. Banking a little on last year's advertised improvement in Christmas spirit to come to my aid, I tried once more—with the same results. Now, Spartan fortitude in adversity was my only defense. Either that or I could make my own atlas. I chose the latter.

Once the resolve was made, my problem was not to keep it, but to keep it from absorbing all my time. I began by clipping maps from newspapers. After a few weeks, Lincoln Ellsworth's terrific experience stared up at me disquietingly from a heap of clippings—which incidentally displayed more up-to-date cartography of the antarctic than many a recent atlas. Maps literally filled my desk. I even began to fancy myself an authority on the icy desert at the opposite end of the world.

I started a collection of arctic maps too, and some of these came from the oddest places. One for instance, a beautiful long one folded three times, fluttered out of an old Cornhill magazine which my grandfather had left with other books, and I had kept, more from sloth than sentiment. This map, and the story with it, revealed all the daring and horror of the search for a tragic nineteenth-century Ellsworth—Sir John Franklin, who wandered on a scientific mission into Boothia Land, and down south toward the Fish River Basin, only to die before reaching even Montreal Island. This disaster, and the heroism of the party that went out to rescue Sir John, are a constant source of wonder to my children. Chroniclers of the top of the world seem almost to have forgotten this passage in history.

And there are other adventure maps. One group I got by downright intrigue. I had seen Leonard Outhwaite's *Unrolling the Map*, and coveted its magnificent graphic history of man's exploration of the world. I wanted these maps separate and not bound together, but my book-lover's conscience balked at destroying a new and very readable volume. So I thought and plotted.

Finally by asking Mr. Smith who knew Mr. Brown who knew Mr. Robinson, I found that a slightly damaged review copy lay idle in the offices of one of the big magazines. Long before my pilfered treasure arrived, I began to worry about the ethics of the situation. Moreover, the laws of intrigue all dictated that I should pay a bribe somewhere along the line. But when I saw how amused Mr. Robinson was at what he called my "mapomania," I gave up all notion of rewards.

Soon maps, this time from travel sections in the daily press, began to lead my wayward mind south, step by step—or rather, splash by splash. From my casual clippings I was able to piece together a complete inland water route from Boston to Miami. Skirting the coast almost as closely as the beach and giving frequent chances for a dash out to sea in fine weather, my maps could guide the way, and incidentally they led me on to discover that a trip in search of warmth in a second-hand gasoline launch would not cost so much after all. But . . . there go the day dreams.

Day-dream maps abound in the most unexpected places. My twentieth-century Mapa Mundi profited enormously for instance from the governmental propaganda which has been pouring from the Capital presses. Advertisements are good sources (*The Country Gentleman* puts out a beautiful—and valuable—map of the United States showing where money is, and where it ain't). Mildewed textbooks long since relegated to the attic also tend toward the practical and factual. Filling stations and Sunday supplements are invaluable sources. The latter may provide dramatic diagrams showing the ominously long frontier from either

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side of which Soviet and Japanese forces face each other; or the supplements may provide charts showing the present status of Roosevelt's strength, state by state; or they may offer shaded outlines of Europe, showing Nazi Germany being encircled by France and her allies.

At the beginning of my hobby career, I had assumed one handicap. I resolved (see my wife for further explanation) not to spend one penny of family funds on maps or anything to do with them. This meant I had to think fast. My collection was growing guinea-pig fashion. Each new type of map soon "littered" dozens and scores of its kind.

Old scrap books seemed the most likely way of making the maps permanently available, but elaborate indices would have to be prepared to render them useful. Besides, the supply of old scrap books I could get free was decidedly limited. So I developed the idea of filing them away in folders made of heavy wrapping paper and light cardboard cut to a uniform size and folded in the middle. These home-made folders made just as satisfactory containers as the ones to be had at the stationer's, and soon I had the whole family mobilized to save wrapping paper, suit boxes, pasteboard from laundered shirts.

Headings on these folders almost took care of themselves. There was "Ethiopia" of course (part of a whole section marked "Africa"), "Antarctic," "Arctic," "North China," "Volcanoes," "Hidden Treasures" (a surprising number of very plausible maps fatten this folder), "Air Routes and Air Ports," "Economic Maps," (Where Great Britain Gets Its Oil, Where Potatoes Grow, Where Townsend Clubs Are Strong), "World War" (there is still a steady supply of these maps in the sensational press), "Riots" (Peiping, Cairo, Madrid, Paraguay, Tokyo), "Subways," "Early America" (mouse-eaten geographies up to a hundred years old). Each country in Europe has a folder, built up from its original contents which consisted of maps from guide books I used on a long-past European tour. "Bird flights" is another section, "Weather Maps," another—the whole list is much too long to give.

My practice is to mark each map with the date and place of its publication. Then, if I file, say a map of Maui under "Volcanoes," I put a note to that effect on a sheet of paper in the "Hawaii" file. A note appears in the French folder saying that World War maps all appear under "World War." The folder "England" discloses that maps of the Shakespeare country appear under "Literary Maps" and so on.

Soon I had half of present-day publications paying tribute to me in the form of maps. Even by an economic miracle, a bookstore became contributor to my collection. In one fabulous book warren on Manhattan's Fourth Avenue, my wife and I sold some books one day. After completing the deal, I asked if there were any volumes of old maps around that I could look at. The omniscient clerk recalled one, and poked around, in vest and shirt sleeves, in a dusty corner, bringing out an enormous tome—which he *gave* to me with much gracious gusto! I began to wonder if I had sold him a rare first edition by mistake, but finally decided the impulsive dealer was merely trying to impress my beautiful spouse.

Thanking whatever stars watch over impetuous people, I trudged away with this new treasure—a pleasant fifty-year-old British atlas with colored maps, which, I noted, were easily detachable. For just this once I resolved on the career of a vandal. Uptown furniture stores had tantalized me for weeks with their displays of screens decorated with lovely old maps. . . . I would destroy my new atlas, and from it create a screen.

It was little trouble to piece together a simple screen made of three sections. A light frame, very light plywood on either side, and two sets of reversible hinges—that was all. Over this I spread a coat of shellac (varnish is better, but costs more). Then I trimmed each map to size, smeared the back of them smoothly with rubber cement, and when the shellac was dry, placed them on the panels. Over the screen, maps and all, I then put another coat of white shellac and the screen was finished. Soft colors in the maps and subtle geographic lines combined beautifully with the natural shade and graining of the plywood. I had a really attractive screen—but not for long.

Like all mortals, I suppose, I have my price. And when I was offered both praise and money for my screen, I could not resist. Besides, I knew well enough where the money would go. Two more screens came out of the old atlas, and I sold them also. My hobby had attained a sound financial basis. I could at last relax and buy long-desired British Ordnance maps and U. S. Geological Survey maps. Now with just a flick of a folder I can summon to my room almost any path or pasture or battlefield in the English-speaking world, and I have a good record of the present—and past—of the rest of the world too. So far, I lack only maps of the future, but I am hopeful of getting even them.

I can't stop telling about my hobby without a word on "Morgue Maps," which are my particular passion. Ordinary projections and elevations and contour-configurations will only give you capitals, boundaries, hills, roads. But a special lively record I keep, tells where the crew of a Norwegian freighter was lost last week; where frozen Siberian creatures 4000 years old were recently brought back to life; and (may I confess?) one very full folder marked "Murder Maps" reveals in every circumstantial detail that "X marks the spot where the body lay."

MAKING CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Val Teal

"Val" is short for Valentine, and February 14 is an occasion in the Teal home. Mrs. Teal was born on that day, so was her grandfather, and so, having delayed his coming for a week, was her son. The two sons for whom the books are made are often called holy, not terrors, but apostles. Their names are John and Peter. Their ages six and three.

I, too, bind books for a hobby. But in this I am different from the other amateur bookbinders: I make the books I bind. I compose them, print them myself, draw and color the illustrations. Then I bind them.

Even before the advent of my own children I was interested in children's books. Particularly readers. I started in a rather lackadaisical manner to collect old readers. They are still a source of much pleasure to me. The first readers of from thirty to forty years ago are full of stories of not only good, but

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positively philanthropic little girls and boys named Jessie, Hattie, Edith, May, Charlie, Harry, Carl, or Fred who were always giving away their toys or their apples or the very clothes on their backs. Of tales of and poems written by a certain Mr. Longfellow. Of the dirty finger prints of little boys of long ago. And of smearily and no doubt triumphantly pasted gold stars at the tops of the pages. The fourth to sixth grade readers run to sad poems like "Calling the Roll" by a man named Shepherd, or very moral ones like "Sowing and Reaping" by Adelaide Procter. "Eter ice ats ish nd atches agles" is written in a column at right angles above the word Preface and beneath it and facing the other direction "agles atch lligators ish at aw otatoes." The male-owned have the customary finger prints; the female, the cancelled pairs of names with the outcome, "love," "marry," or "courtship," written after them; and the pressed leaves and four-leaved clovers.

My children love to turn from their modern Peter and Peggy to these worn old volumes to spell out the words and trace the penmanship displayed under the sentences.

But this scarce-started hobby has given way to the more fascinating one of making our own books. It came about in this manner:

As John, in those first wonderful days of learning-to-read, used to proudly but haltingly read over and over and over again, "Peter has a dog. Peter's dog has a house. Peter made the house," Peter, John's brother, would hop excitedly on one foot and then the other and ask:

"Me, John? Me? Do you mean me?"

Till John would look down from his superior knowledge and disgustedly and emphatically answer, "No! Not you!"

Till one day in tears Peter said, "I wish I had a book about *me*."

So we made one.

This first attempt of ours was hugely successful. It tells very simply the story of Peter's birthday party, who came, what they ate, of the big snow the following day, the fun John and Peter had playing in it, the snow man Daddy made, the letter Peter scribbled to his cousin to thank him for his birthday gift. Each separate, small event is copiously illustrated. I can draw well enough to make my figures faintly (Oh, very faintly) resemble the individuals they are intended to represent. And the children's imaginations go far. I water-color the drawings with colors suggested by the children—that is, the colors things really are. It would be a dreadful breach to put a blue dress on Joan when she wore a pink one to the party.

All of this was done on folded sheets of bond paper. I sewed the sheets together, and to the piece of cloth at the back, on the sewing machine. To this cloth I glued the cardboard covers, one piece for the front, another for the back. Then the whole book cover, back and front, I enveloped in a large paper cover, glued on. This cover was made in much the same fashion as the paper or cloth covers we used to put on our school books. Another sheet of paper was then glued over the inside of the cover, completely covering it and reaching over to completely cover the fly-leaf. This end paper is all in one piece; when the hard cover is open a piece of paper is seen covering it and the first page of the book. Next I decorated the covers and the end papers and our book was ready. A little glue smeared, a little bulgy at the corners, perhaps, this first one; but, not bad.

For the first few days afterwards we had troops of children coming in to see the book. Children who were in it and children who weren't. And I tasted the nectar of success. My public was agog and the exclamations were rampant:

"Look! There's Beth."

"And there's Antoinette."

"There's me! Look!! *There's* ME! I'm running with my balloon."

"Let's see this teddy bear. (Indicating in the book.) Did Peter really get it?"

"Couldn't you make us one—about me and Janet?"

"Are you a artist?"

"Why doesn't Joan give him the package? She's holding on to it."

"I wish I had a book like that," wistfully.

Well. Naturally, this sort of thing went to my head. Could there be any more perfect recompense for labor (for enjoyable labor, mind you) than praise—the naïve, genuine praise of children? I began furiously to make books.

Themes are everywhere. We take a trip down town before Christmas. There's a plot for a book. The new (two-runner) skates are tried out and John is disillusioned about flying over the ice with the greatest of ease. Another one. No conflict is needed, no love interest, no suspense. Just lots and lots of atmosphere. Big blobs of it, in color, on every page, accompanied by a few well chosen words. We went, we saw, we came home. There you are. As simple as that.

And my public loves it. They eat it up. Of an afternoon they come. And sit on both sides of me on the davenport. They are allowed to take turns to read, if they choose, but only I handle the books. Their respect for this, my handiwork, is profound. Never a little finger reaches out to touch the page. All the pointing is done inches away. Because "you can't ever get any more books like this one, if this one is spoiled; this is the only one in the world like it," John explains.

In my latest venture, I am straying into the field of morals. Intended to speed up John's dressing process is a book-in-the-making showing in detail the cumbersome clothes Mother used to wear when she was little. Perhaps my detail has been too explicit. For so far the interest seems to be centered more upon the "funny couch," the base burner, the wash stand. Or on how fat or how old Mother looked, rather than upon the quite obvious lesson preached by this good little girl who had to get up so early in the morning and work so hard to get herself into all those clothes in time and who had, at that, extra time to play before going to school.

It may not be much of a hobby—in fact, I didn't know it was one until I read about that woman in Tahiti getting her stuff all over the house and going mildly crazy in her zeal. That's the way it is with me. The breakfast dishes may stand in the sink till dinner time while I erase and draw and erase again and print and paint and glue. Several times we've had to set up a card table in the living-room to eat on. We haven't any hobby room so I have to use the dining-room table to spread things out to dry. Once or twice the door has quietly opened and I find the man of the house home from his labors, ready to be fed and I say:

"It isn't—it can't be—six o'clock!"

That's the trouble with hobbies. You have to go on doing other things too.

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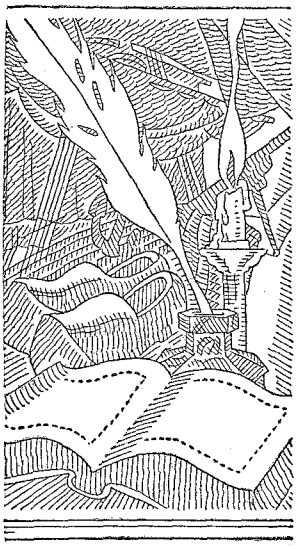
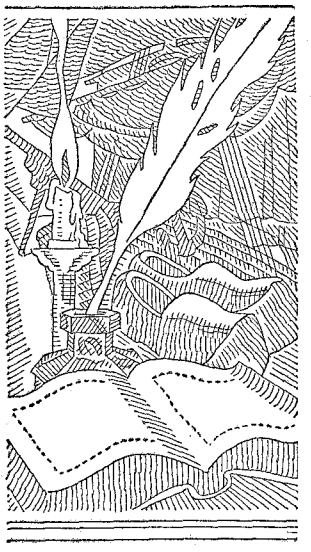


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



A Selection of One Hundred Good Books Published Since the First of June, 1935. And Twenty Thrillers

HERE follows my own individual and irresponsible choice of one hundred books published since the first of June, 1935, with an appendix of twenty thrillers. Every one of these books is worth reading; perhaps those who are buying for clubs, private or public libraries, may find the list useful. These volumes are for those who read for pleasure; for those who are interested in the eternal themes of human nature.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Life with Father, by Clarence Day. On the narrow ridge between the desert of irony and the quagmire of sentimentality, this master-humorist walked with the grace and assurance of a cat.

North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. She writes as perfectly as she flies.

The Living Jefferson, by James Truslow Adams. Quite different from what Adams on Jefferson was in 1800. But the imminent danger of losing liberty has added to the stature of T. J.

The American Language, by H. L. Mencken. The new edition of this important work contains an immense amount of additional information.

God's Soldier, by St. John Ervine. This biography of General William Booth is at once scholarly and inspiring.

The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, by H. V. Marrot. The life is shown in the letters. The major part of the book is taken up with Galsworthy's own words, which reveal his private life, his public career, and his political and religious opinions.

From a Surgeon's Journal, by Harvey Cushing. This great surgeon, famous with both knife and pen, reveals an intimate view of the war hospitals. His personality gives a salty flavor to the whole work.

Annals of the Poets, by Chard Powers Smith. A flow of interesting anecdotes about their daily lives and habits.

Jane Austen, by Lord David Cecil. Brilliant lecture delivered at Cambridge.

The Return to Religion, by Henry Link. An immensely valuable case-book with principles derived therefrom on human nature.

If Memory Serves, by Sacha Guitry. Autobiography of the French actor-playwright, with pungent remarks on the education of children.

The Drama of Pirandello, by Domenico Vittorini. The best and most illuminating interpretation of Pirandello that I have seen. Pronounced authoritative by Pirandello.

Vachel Lindsay, by Edgar Lee Masters. Admirable biography of one American poet by another.

Seven League Boots, by Richard Halliburton. Highly entertaining account of unusual and thrilling experiences.

Daniel Frohman Presents, by Daniel Frohman. A string of diverting incidents and anecdotes by the most beloved theater-man in America.

Mark Twain's Notebook, edited by A. B. Paine. Now it can be told, and it is.

Mark Twain, by Edward Wagenknecht. One of the best critical works on Mark that have ever appeared.

The Twenties. (Our Times, Vol. VI), by Mark Sullivan. The text and illustrations are as interesting as they are valuable.

Discovery, by Richard Byrd. He brought every member of the expedition safely home, out of the night that covered them.

We Who Are About to Die, by David Lamson. He isn't, but he thought he was; story made more thrilling by objective candor.

English Years, by James Whitall. Charming story of an American and his wife living in England, with amazing descriptions of George Moore.

What a Word! by A. P. Herbert. A diverting and valuable book on the correct use of the English language.

The Poet of Craigie House, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. An account of Longfellow's life from birth to death. An intimate, revealing picture of the man.

The American Army in France, by Gen. J. G. Harbord. An accurate and exciting account of the great drama by one of the chief actors, whose knowledge and accomplishments are equalled by his modesty.

From Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by W. R. Benét. Additional letters from Mr. and Mrs. Browning to her family.

Threescore, by Sarah Cleghorn. Disarming autobiography, with beautiful original poems, like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

Footprints in Palestine, by Madeleine Miller. Appreciative chapters by one who has visited the Holy Land many times and with ever-growing enthusiasm.

Alma Mater, by Henry S. Canby. Account of the ways of Yale at the turn of the century.

"The More I Admire Dogs," by Robert H. Davis. Literature and Dogma. Wonderful dog-tales by a wag.

Stars and Telescopes, by James Stokley. A book for enthusiastic lovers of the stars.

James Oglethorpe, by Amos A. Ettinger. Excellent biography of the great Georgian.

More Studies in Murder, by Edmund Pearson. Our foremost literary criminologist in his best vein.

Will Rogers, by P. J. O'Brien. In this book one really becomes acquainted with a genius.

Bold Blades of Donegal, by Seumas MacManus. The eternal boy in an Irish environment.

Return to Philosophy, by C. E. M. Joad. Necessity for philosophy presented from the common-sense point of view.

Propaganda and the News, by Will Irwin. An important book that will be believed until the next war breaks out.

Letters by John Keats, ed. by M. B. Forman. The real Keats compels as much respect for his mind and personality as wonder at his genius.

Letters of Thomas Gray, ed. by Toynbee and Whibley. The best scholar and the best letter-writer of the English poets.

Strange Street, by A. Beverley Baxter. Excellent autobiography of a Fleet Street newspaper man.

The Fool Hath Said, by Beverley Nichols. "Religio Laici." Really one of the best accounts of conversion to Christian faith that I have read. Reverence mixed with humor.

The Life of Washington Irving, by Stanley Williams. Exhaustive but not exhausting. A first-class biography of a second-class writer.

Arnold Bennett, by Dorothy Cheston Bennett. Epistolary biography by his second wife.

Arnold Bennett's Letters to His Nephew. The world was too much with him, but although it killed him, it added to the interest of these letters.

Oscar Wilde Discovers America, by L. Lewis and H. J. Smith. Interesting and important.

John Jay, by Frank Monaghan. A scholarly and entertaining biography of the first Chief Justice.

Humor, by Stephen Leacock. It is remarkable

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that here is a book about humor that is not dull.

Eugene O'Neill, by R. D. Skinner. A spiritual interpretation of progress in dramatic masterpieces.

The Politician, by J. H. Wallis. If any one wonders at our contempt for the experts in this art, let him read this guide.

And Gladly Teach, by Bliss Perry. Showing that the teacher's lot is unlike the policeman's.

Gold, Diamonds, and Orchids, by William La Varre. This South American expedition is told in such a terrifically exciting manner as to make it seem almost incredible.

Joseph Conrad and His Circle, by Jessie Conrad. A man's wife knows him better than any one else, but his friends wish any one else had written the book.

Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, ed. by Ernest de Sélincourt. The rise from poverty and obscurity to comfort and fame.

For Authors Only, by Kenneth Roberts. A humorous book for any and everybody.

The Secret Path, by Paul Brenton. Showing definitely how to acquire peace of mind and to avoid every trace of fear, despondency, or worry. I wish I had the patience to give the method a trial. Perhaps you will.

Leaves from a Greenland Diary, by Ruth Bryan Owen. Our distinguished Ambassador to Denmark has written a charming book. No wonder they love her.

Washington—An English Judgment, by Count Michael de la Bedoyère. Fair and sensible account of the First in War, etc. A statue brought to life.

Dramatis Personæ, by W. B. Yeats. Leaves from his autobiography. The retort to George Moore.

Epitaph on George Moore, by Charles Morgan. A literary estimate of the great novelist, beautifully written.

The Voice of England, by Charles G. Osgood. Useful as an historical review, attractive as a work of literary art.

A Handbook of Greek Literature, by H. J. Rose. A survey of the whole field. Had he written this fifty years ago, he would have said that "Homer" did not write Homer's poems; now he believes he did.

Autobiography, by John Cournos. An interesting account of the life of a man of letters, who has continually been "up against it."

With Napoleon in Russia, by Gen. de Caulaincourt. Almost too good to be true; but we come into close intimacy with the "Corsican ogre."

Letters to Harriet, by W. V. Moody. The letters from an American poet reveal an interesting mind and a *schöne Seele.*

President Randolph as I Knew Him, by John F. Goldsmith. I hope that this picture of the future will prove to be true.

Sweden—The Middle Way, by Marquis W. Childs. A plain and detailed account of things in Sweden, and how they have avoided Communism and Fascism.

A Visit to America, by A. G. Macdonell. This Scotsman has seen with clear eyes, and accurately reported everything.

Obiter Scripta, by George Santayana. A selection of his fugitive pieces on a large variety of subjects. Edited by Buchler and Schwartz.

Boston and the Boston Legend, by Lucius Beebe. Illuminating comments on past and present Boston.

Noah Webster, Schoolmaster to America, by Harry R. Warfel. Admirable biography of a man who standardized American English.

Arctic Adventure, by Peter Freuchen. Thrilling story of the far North.

Essays of Today, by R. W. Pence. A collection in one handy volume with biographical notes of fifty contemporary American and British essays.

Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys, by Franklin P. Adams. A reprinting in two attractive volumes and with no changes of his written comments on men, books, and affairs from 1911 to 1934. Mr. Adams combines humor and wisdom with impeccable taste.

Personal Pleasures, by Rose Macaulay. Brief and witty essays on a wide variety of subjects.

FICTION

The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. A memoir, filled with ideas, cast in the form of a novel. If it becomes a classic, it will be because of the beauty of its prose style. It looks like an addition to American literature.

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. Another book magnificently written, with the characters like David in Saul's armor. They are clothed in such shining array as to dazzle our eyes. As a novel, it leaves much to be desired; but it will repay readers, who take the trouble to consider its mystical ideas.

Lucy Gayheart, by Willa Cather. A gem of purest ray serene. An impeccable work of art, making an impression on the reader's mind like the impression made by the little girl.

Vein of Iron, by Ellen Glasgow. A story of a family who followed their principles rather than their impulses.

It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis. The title has already become proverbial. And I hope it is literally true.

The Exile, by Pearl Buck. Not so objective as *The Good Earth;* this is biography and autobiography, in the form of a novel.

Darby and Joan, by Maurice Baring. A beautiful story, spiritually-minded.

The Voice of Bugle Ann, by MacKinlay Kantor. This already belongs to the caninical works. It is a model.

The Luck of the Bodkins, by P. G. Wodehouse. Another masterpiece of humor from an inexhaustible source.

Victorious Troy, by John Masefield. A storm that lasts for three hundred pages.

Mr. White, the Red Barn, Hell, and Bridewater, by Booth Tarkington. Much in little. Hell on earth.

Honk the Moose, by Phil Stong. One of the best children's stories I ever read, and interesting to the aged.

Head O' W-Hollow, by Jesse Stuart. These are stories of American life that are very remarkable; they are full of humor and of tragedy, and are lifelike. I believe in this author's future.

Let the King Beware, by Honoré Morrow. This is the best of her remarkable novels.

Autumn, by Robert Nathan. Reprint of a masterpiece.

Deep Dark River, by Robert Rylee. Original and powerful novel about a Negro.

Too Good Looking, by Gelett Burgess. Sophistication and naïveté so skilfully combined that it will fool many reviewers. Continuously interesting.

Marriage by Conquest, by Warwick Deeping. Old-fashioned romantic thriller, if you like that sort of thing. I do.

They Lived, by E. T. Cook. Excellent novel about the Brontë sisters.

The World Over, by Edith Wharton. Seven tales by a literary artist.

POETRY

Murder in the Cathedral, by T. S. Eliot. There is an austere dignity in this drama, which in some strange fashion actually adds to its compelling interest on the stage.

Flowers of Evil, by Baudelaire, translated by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. In a certain sense this may almost be considered an original work.

The Song of the Undertow, by Wilson Macdonald. A splendid poem-autobiography, with the interest steadily maintained at a high level. A notable addition to Canadian literature.

The Dog Beneath the Skin, by W. H. Auder. Biting satirical verse. One winces while one laughs.

King Jasper, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. A melancholy interest attaches to this volume.

Strange Holiness, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Pulitzer Prize poetry winner for 1935–1936.

The King of the Great Clock Tower, by W. B. Yeats. Ireland's foremost living poet, and perhaps we can omit the word "living."

APPENDIX

TWENTY MURDERS

The League of Frightened Men, by Rex Stout. Nero Wolfe sits and thinks, and like Bulldog Drummond, demands beer; much more beer.

The Rubber Band, by Rex Stout. The Rex of all the murderwriters.

The Case of the Sleepwalker's Niece, by E. S. Gardner. Perry Mason is not a detective, he is a lawyer, ably assisted by Della Street.

The Catalyst Club, by George Dyer. A fearful and horrible murder, with an original plot. Fishy.

Murders in the Mortuary, by Austin Stone. Almost grisly enough for my depraved taste.

Dead or Alive, by Patricia Wentworth. Not a dull line. The female of the species.

Why Shoot a Butler? by Georgette Heyer. A very fine murder story, well told.

The A B C Murders, by Agatha Christie. She has many murder masterpieces, and I think this is her best.

The Rose of Death, by Walter S. Masterman. A really devilish villain.

The Red-House Mystery, by A. A. Milne. Extremely well written.

Murder Stalks the Mayor, by R. T. M. Scott. Corruption in politics becomes physically perilous.

Judge Robinson Murdered, by R. L. Goldman. Equally dangerous to run a newspaper.

Murder from the East, by Carroll J. Daly. Continuous action.

Two Knocks for Death, by Wallace Jackson. The wise guy rushed in where devils feared to tread.

The Garden Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. One of his best.

Murder at the Piano, by George Bagby. And he almost got away with it.

Murder in Black, by Francis Grierson. Murder most foul.

Dangerous Mr. Dell, by David Hume. Dangerous is a conservative word for this adroit and unscrupulous scoundrel.

The Battle of Basinghall Street, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Fully up to his reputation.

Murder in the Park, by C. F. Gregg. The time and the place.

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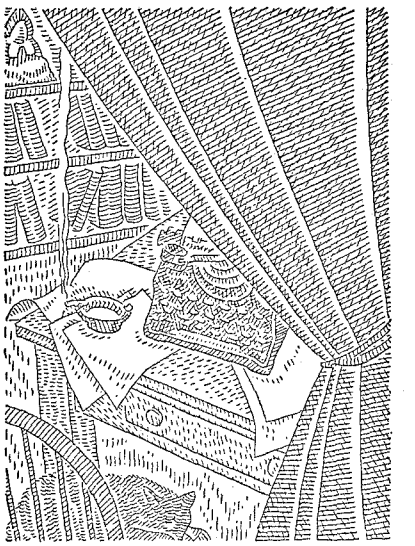
Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Good-natured response to V. F. Calverton's attack on the South . . . "Static on the Red Network" praised and blamed . . . Pictures from Desmond Holdridge



Desmond Holdridge's knowledge of the South American Indians and their ways, gained from three or four previous trips of exploration, made possible the astonishing adventures which he describes in "Report on Redfern."

"The elements so mixed in him—" and **Max Eastman's** range of thought and writing cover such a field that it is difficult to pigeonhole him at all. Poet, critic, psychologist, sociologist, he has written books on all those subjects and has had a wide influence on American thought today. He is one of the few people we know, with the exception of Robert Forsythe, who is interested in Communism and Humor at the same time, and has written much on both. A new book, *Enjoyment of Laughter,* will be out in the fall. In "Humor and America" he tells why ours is peculiarly our own.

"The Bitter Passion" is one of a group of stories of the Congo by **Grace Flandrau** soon to appear in a book. Mrs. Flandrau has spent months in the great Equatorial Forest in Africa known as the Ituri. The book which she wrote about this experience—not a travel or a hunting book, but a book about people, white and black—was *Then I Saw the Congo* and her short stories on the subject have appeared frequently. Her novels have been on many subjects and *Indeed This Flesh* was the last and perhaps best known.

Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, philosopher, and man of letters, needs no introduction to any one in this country. Many people agree and many disagree with him and his beliefs, but perhaps no other statesman has made his aims and philosophies so available to those who care to find out what they are. His books *Statesmanship and Religion* and *New Frontiers* and articles such as "We Are More than Economic Men" in our December, 1934, issue, go far to explain him and what he does. "The Search for an American Way" is an historical, philosophical, and practical approach to a question which concerns us all.

C. Longworth de Chambrun—Comtesse de Chambrun—is widely known as an authority on Shakespeare. A book of hers, *My Shakespeare, Risel* has appeared just recently and another, *Shadows Like Myself,* will be published soon. She is a sister-in-law of Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

August W. Derleth's Gus Elker stories are more and more in demand. He is an author who has lived all his life in Sauk City, Wis., and who writes about the people, or the kind of people, that he knows. He has just done the final draft of a book of poems, *Hawk on the Wind,* he is working on the final revision of a long novel *Still Is the Summer Night,* and in his "leisure" is writing another novel, more poems, and reading.

Doctor Louis I. Dublin has been connected with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1909, and is now a vice-president. He has done research in many fields, based on the records of the life-insurance company, and has written several books resulting from this research. He has also been lecturer on vital statistics at Yale. The controversy which arose around Nancy Hale's story of a diabetic, "Love Is Not Love," in our February issue, and which was printed in the Behind the Scenes department, shows that the lay as well as medical interest in the subject is enormous and that "Modern Life Takes Its Toll," the story of diabetes, is timely.

Primarily a poet, whose book of poems *Granite and Alabaster* is familiar to many, **Raymond Holden** has been writing fiction for some time. His novel *Chance Has a Whip* appeared last fall and his articles and stories have appeared in the magazine from time to time.

There is almost no field of human knowledge that has not been applied by somebody to our present economic situation to show how all branches of human activity are bound together. History and the technological sciences have been used to throw as much light as possible on the subject, and now **Joseph K. Hart,** teacher and author, shows that psychology has a place in the picture. While "Popular Opinion and Our Acquisitive Economy" is appearing on the newsstands, Mr. Hart himself can probably be found along trout brooks in the North Country. His last book was *Education for an Age of Power.* A new one to be published this summer is *This Primitive World.*

Bergen Evans is an instructor of English at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., and his magazine articles are well known. He has worked in his time in a paper mill, in a freight office, in summer hotels as a waiter, and once as a night watchman. He

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worked his way almost entirely through college and says he regards it as one of the greatest mistakes of his life. "Out of the Mouths" reports one angle of teaching experience.

If a magazine publishes an article criticizing any section of the country, it is more than natural that blame and opprobrium be heaped on the editor's head, whether he agrees with the article or not, or even whether or not he himself happens to come from the particular section under discussion. But now and then an understanding fellow, with a sense of humor to boot, sees the point and with neatness and dispatch, and no hurt feelings, turns the conversation in a different and well-taken direction. Such is the editor of *The Charleston, S. C., News and Courier* who writes:

The Light that Heals

With a sense of sadness we observe that our young friend *The Montgomery Advertiser* uses two whole columns of the most valuable space in the country and lets hard and fighting words slip into them in reply to an article of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May by a scribe named V. F. Calverton saying that the South is a place of sorrow, desolation and decay 200 years behind the North in culture, culchah, or however you spell it. Mr. Calverton is followed in the magazine by John Crowe Ransom (a young Rebel) in an article turning Calverton into sawdust pie, notwithstanding that Calverton's stuff has heavy streaks of appalling truth running through it.

One hundred years we have been reading articles like Calverton's in "Yankee" magazines, reading them so regularly that as King Agrippa said to St. Paul, they "almost persuade" us "to be a Christian," which is the same thing as to be a "Yankee." The Northern magazines long ago got to be so fair to the South in allowing it space for defense that their charity puts to shame the average federal relief administrator. But the South is always the defendant at the bar, always pleads "not guilty," and always the defense put up is eloquent, hot and moving.

The South is the subject of the perpetual clinic conducted by the scribes. So it has been ever and perhaps ever shall be. The scribes pronounce it dead, as Calverton does, then they dig it up and dissect it again, always in the hope that it was buried by mistake and that some part of its flesh, like *The Montgomery Advertiser*, will quiver or squeak. And the scribes are now merged with the Pharisees. The Brother Calvertons might perish but for the South. One of the evidences supporting their case most convincingly to *The News and Courier* is that the South contains no magazines in which to reply to them, is dependent on dear old SCRIBNER'S, dear old *Harpers*, and the like.

So nearly have we been persuaded to be a "Yankee," or Christian, that the last thirty years we have looked toward Massachusetts for the salvation of the republic. Our ancient mind dwelt on the Adamses, the Russells, the McCalls, the Hoars, the Andrewses, and the Lowells to rescue the culture of the country —and the other day a "chunk of old red sandstone took us in the abdomen." We were talking with a fine young fellow from somewhere in the Berkshire Hills, and the substance of what he said was that no longer could a real gent hope for preferment in Massachusetts. (He spoke in the dolorous accents of a South Carolina gent.)

. . . We are for Amurrikinism first last and all the time, the Melting Pot and the Salary Pot. If Massachusetts shall never be delivered out of the hand of the Boston Irish, it will never return into the hand of the Abolitionists, and that is solace.

From all of which the conclusion is that it is time for John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson and their cohorts to stop awhile from defending the South, and go to Massachusetts and save it, Grover Hall (and we) accompanying them to keep their feet on the ground. The party could make a few side excursions and save New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Michigan from the wrath to come and the woe to culture, and we would spend our rest periods in New Hampshire and Vermont which have come to be the soul-capitals of the Southern Confederacy, the last hill caves and hiding places of the Lost Cause.

Let us take our turn at exposing the sores of the North to the light cure and healing them.

Like any liberal statement these days, Chard Powers Smith's article, "Static on the Red Network" brought in both criticism and acclaim. H. A. Whipple of Atlanta, N. Y., says:

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

"I should like to propose a brief history of . . . American imaginative culture. . . . It would be conceived . . . as a rough laughing growth springing up out of the struggles of the pioneers, and having its background in a humorous mythology, in legendary heroes taken as a joke."

Max Eastman. P. 9

"Today it is clear that State's Rights are being invoked not for the rights which they defend, but for privileges they protect."

Henry A. Wallace. P. 22

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has been ordained many a rebuke for the pedant."

Bergen Evans. P. 51

"Acquisitiveness, left as an instinct to its own natural aggrandizement, grows by what it feeds on, and some men reach an insanity of greed."

Joseph K. Hart. P. 53

A Greater Respect

Sir: I have read with much interest Mr. Chard Powers Smith's "Static on the Red Network" in your May issue. This article might well have a sub-title, "So Don't Be Unkind to the Pinkos."

It is just such "liberals" as Mr. Smith thinks should have been left out of Mrs. Dilling's book that arouse my ire. I have greater respect for an Earl Browder than for a Charles A. Beard or a Harry Emerson Fosdick.

And Harry H. Moore of Bronxville, N. Y.:

Menace of Fascism

Sir: I have just read "Static on the Red Network." It is one of the most illuminating, clarifying, and useful statements on the political situation and the menace of fascism which I have seen in many a day. I hope that either you or the author will make reprints available.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is certainly performing a great public service in publishing articles of this kind.

J. E. Fuller of Minneapolis, Minn., commenting on the whole number, deals also with "Static on the Red Network":

On the Average

Sir: As a rule, I avoid women writers; but now and then one comes through with a gem. "Our Destructive Idealism," by Louise Maunsell Field, in your May number, must be placed in that classification. This timely, thoughtful, ably written article deserved, it seems to me, a more prominent position in the magazine. The Field woman has placed a finger on a fundamental fallacy of the times: our infatuation with idealistic, utopian fantasies; gorgeous dreams, impossible of attainment howsoever desirable, even through generations of striving toward the goal.

Although she did not mention the obvious conclusion, the writer might well have hooked up her theme to present-day obsessions of the so-called New Dealers and Liberals that the idealistic goal may be attained by fiat; and that it must be done *right now!* In this connection, "Static on the Red Network," by Chard Powers Smith, is quite illuminating. The smugness and complacency of this crop of modern crusaders—divinely inspired torch-bearers, lighting the way to the promised land of the more abundant life, are fascinating in their very naïveté, don't you think? Well, perhaps they would be if they were not so dangerous in their enthusiasms.

The Smith article, for its type, is well done: that specious type of reasoning—so well exemplified by New Dealism—which takes off from a false premise; proceeds by devious routes of circumlocution; only to arrive inevitably at an erroneous conclusion. We have had a plethora of such attempts to exalt the liberal motif.

James Truslow Adams always has something worth-while. To venture praise of this master writer would be gilding the 24-karat fine. His "Enforced Gambling" shows no letdown.

So, as it averages up, permit me to congratulate you on your material.

Miss Field's "Our Destructive Idealism," so highly praised by Mr. Fuller above, is put under fire by Hyim Hull of North Bergen, N. J.:

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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